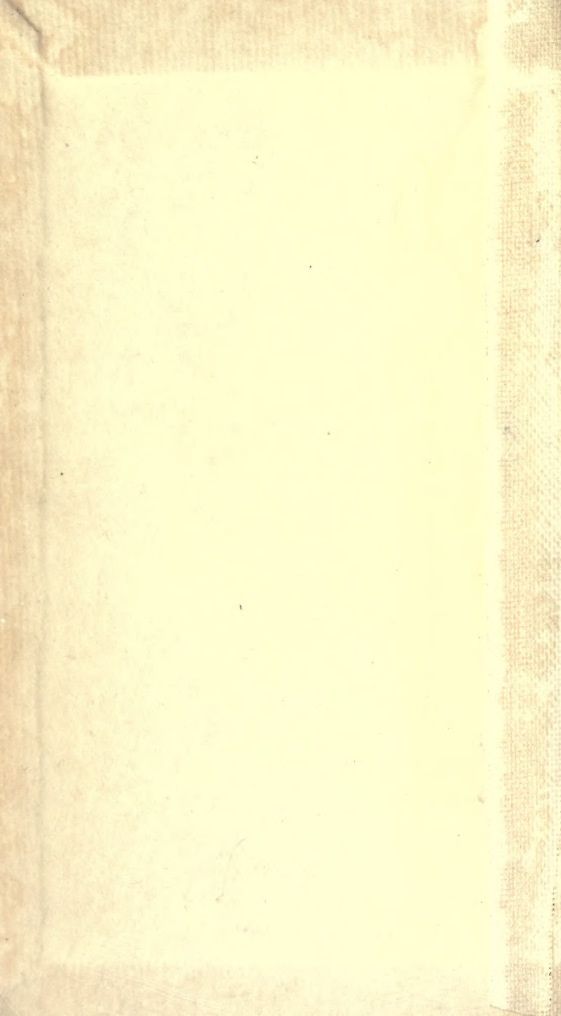




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SPENSER, AND HIS POETRY.

BY

GEO. L. CRAIK, M.A.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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LONDON:

CHARLES KNIGHT & Co., LUDGATE STREET.

1845.

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C7

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS,
STAMFORD STREET.

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SPENSER AND HIS POETRY.

SECTION I.

SPENSER'S EARLY LIFE, AND LOST POEMS.

THE object of the present publication is to present not merely an account of Spenser and his works, but such an edition of his poetry as shall contain all of it that is of universal and indestructible interest. Time, the great destroyer as well as creator, changes much in the significance of literature as well as in most other things. What was full of life for one age has little in it that another is affected by or can sympathize with; what once stirred all hearts may have even become generally unintelligible,—only to be interpreted by the patient research and curious learning of antiquarians. In such cases there still, indeed, remains a value in every fragment of the past; but it is the value of a relic, a skeleton, a petrification. It is something for storing up in museums and libraries, not for common use. To much of the earlier poetry of every country what we have said is especially applicable. The body remains; the soul is gone out of it; and no miracle will ever again make the dry bones live.

Of our own old poetry, including under that name everything written before the commencement of the seventeenth century, little or nothing continues to be generally read, except only the dramas of Shakspeare.

They alone, truly immortal, belong very nearly as much to the present age, and to every age, as to that in which they were produced. This single fact, about which nobody can have any doubt, may be taken as attesting their superiority, their entire distinction in nature from all the rest of our old literature, more convincingly than could be done by a volume of commentary. All else has been thrown more or less into the shade, has passed either into total or partial oblivion; they alone retain their place in the hands and in the hearts of men as at first.

If we except some two or three of the other dramatists who were the contemporaries of Shakspeare's earlier career or his immediate predecessors (and perhaps Marlow is the only one of the latter, Ben Jonson the only one of the former, whom we need include in the exception), we have only two other poets besides Shakspeare, before the seventeenth century, any portion of whose works is still generally read, or even a partial familiarity with whom it would be possible to revive in the popular mind. There is much that is meritorious in several of our eldest poets. The Visions of Pierce Ploughman abound both in spirit and fancy; the verses of Lawrence Minot, who wrote still earlier, in the reign of Edward II., are remarkable for their correctness as well as their animation; Lydgate was master of a full and flowing style, and he may be admitted to have aided in refining and improving the language, and extending its compass of expression; Hawes and Gascoigne are even still for the greater part harmonious; Skelton and Sackville, as well as Surrey, and Wyatt, and Sidney, have much of true poetical life and fervour. But yet no one of these writers has left us anything which forms what we may call an essential portion of our literature. What comes nearest to being such is Sir Philip Sidney's prose work, the *Arcadia*; and even that, popular as it once was, is now rather a famous than a living book. All else, at least, that they have written might perish, and what the world now understands by English literature would be much what it is. Our only poets before

Shakspeare who have given to the language anything that in its kind has not been surpassed, and in some sort superseded, are Chaucer and Spenser—Chaucer in his *Canterbury Tales*, Spenser in his *Fairy Queen*.

These two poems belong, not to the antiquities or curiosities of our literature, but to its living substance. Yet even they retain this universal attraction and suitability only in parts; and the proper manner of presenting them for the use of the general reader seems to be that which we are now about to follow with the *Fairy Queen* and the rest of Spenser's poetry, by means of such a complete analysis or survey of it as shall preserve all the passages more eminent for beauty or spirit—all that would be marked for reperusal on a first thorough examination, or recurred to for any purpose of real poetical gratification by the poet's more studious admirers—while it at the same time supplies a sufficient abridgment of whatever is not quoted at full length. Even let such a compendium as we are about to present be received as nothing more than an introduction to Spenser's poetry, and, if properly executed, it will serve an important purpose. It will also be found convenient as a recapitulation and summary by those most familiar with the poet's works in their whole extent.

Such an account as we propose to give differs essentially from any mere selection of extracts offered as specimens of the body of poetry from which they are taken. It differs in its design and nature from such a selection as a reduced copy of a drawing differs from the copy of a part of the drawing. Our object, and what we hope to accomplish, is to give, in a certain sense, the whole of Spenser's poetry either in full or compressed. Nor, on the other hand, will our attempt be of the nature of a review, or of a discourse or commentary upon Spenser. If such an attempt could be successfully sustained through several volumes after Warton's learned and curious '*Observations*,' we aim at nothing so ambitious. We would exhibit Spenser, not ourselves—his poetry, or what is in it, rather than our own speculations or remarks

about it. Yet, while thus keeping for the greater part to analysis and exposition, we shall find it not difficult to throw in as much of explanation as may be required by any difficulties or obscurities in our author's text.

With the single exception perhaps of Homer (who nowhere goes farther than a vague *I* or *me*, and only on some two or three occasions so far), all the great writers of the world who have not (like the dramatists) been precluded by the form of their compositions from ever coming forward in their own persons have told us, either by allusion or by direct statement, something of themselves in their writings. In general, indeed, an author's life both throws light upon his works, and derives illustration from them. Spenser's poetry abounds in references to his personal history.

He has himself expressly informed us that he was born in London. In his *Prothalamion* on the marriage of the two daughters of the Earl of Worcester, printed in 1596, his words are—

—— merry London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native source ;

and it is a tradition preserved by Oldys, the antiquary of the last century, in one of his MS. notes on Winstanley's *Lives of the Poets*, that the district of the metropolis in which he first saw the light was East Smithfield by the Tower. George Chalmers, as he tells us in his *Supplemental Apology for the Believers in the Shakspeare Papers* (p. 22), offered a reward for the discovery of the baptismal record without success ; but the parish registers of the city about the period of Spenser's birth have, he adds, generally disappeared, owing to various causes.* At any rate, although some doubt has been lately expressed on the point, Spenser's own words just quoted do not seem to leave it liable to dispute. We have also some hints from himself as to what stock he was sprung from. The intimation in the *Pro-*

* Mr. Collier in his *Life of Shakespeare*, 1844, states (p. cxxii.) that "subsequent investigations instituted with reference to this question have led to the same result."

thalamion, that it was in London he first drew breath, is followed by the words—

Though from another place I take my name,
An house of ancient fame.

In the prose dedication of his *Muiopotmos* (1590) to the Lady Carey, wife of Sir George Carey, who became Lord Hunsdon on the death of his father in 1596, he expresses a hope that what he offers may perhaps be deemed to derive something of greater worth than it would otherwise have "for name or kindred's sake" by his patroness vouchsafed. This lady was Elizabeth, the second of the six daughters of Sir John Spenser of Althorpe, the ancestor of the noble houses of Spenser and Marlborough. She is most probably the same person to whom, under the name of "The Lady Carew," one of the sonnets sent with the presentation copies of the *Fairy Queen* is addressed. Again, in dedicating his *Tears of the Muses* (1591) to Lady Strange, who was Sir John Spenser's sixth daughter Alice, he refers in the same manner to "some private bands of affinity" which it had pleased her ladyship to acknowledge. Lady Strange's husband, Ferdinando Lord Strange, became Earl of Derby on the death of his father in 1592, and died in 1594: his widow became in 1600 third wife of Sir Thomas Egerton, then keeper of the Great Seal, afterwards created Baron of Ellesmere and Viscount Brackley. It was for this same lady, then residing at Harefield Place, Middlesex, in the neighbourhood of his father's property at Horton in Buckinghamshire, and styled the Countess Dowager of Derby, that Milton long afterwards wrote his *Arcades*; and the piece was performed by her grandchildren, the children of her daughter by her first husband and of Lord Brackley's son by his first wife, who after his father's death had been created Earl of Bridgewater—the same for whom the *Comus* was also composed, and before whom it was presented by some members of his own family at Ludlow Castle in 1634. It is interesting to trace even such chance links of connexion between the master spirits of different ages.

Another of Spenser's poems, his *Mother Hubbard's Tale* (also first printed in 1591) is dedicated to Sir John Spenser's fifth daughter Anne, then the wife of Lord Compton, previously that of Lord Monteagle, and afterwards that of Robert Lord Buckhurst (the son of the author of the *Introduction to the Legend of Buckingham*, in the *Mirror for Magistrates*), who on the death of his father in 1608 became Earl of Dorset. In this dedication he speaks merely of the humble affection and faithful duty which he has always professed and is "bound to bear" to the house from which the lady he addresses was sprung. Finally, all these three ladies are commemorated, and the poet's relationship to them distinctly asserted in his '*Colin Clout's Come Home Again*,' most probably composed in 1594:—

No less praiseworthy are the sisters three,
 The honour of the noble family
 Of which I meanest boast myself to be,
 And more that unto them I am so nigh;—
 Phyllis, Charyllis, and sweet Amaryllis:
 Phyllis the fair, is eldest of the three;
 The next to her is bountiful Charyllis;
 But the youngest is the highest in degree; &c.

Here Phyllis is Lady Carey; Charyllis, Lady Compton; and Amaryllis, the Countess of Derby. The last named, who had recently lost her first husband, he describes as (whether therein to be deemed fortunate or unfortunate) "freed from Cupid's yoke by fate"—adding, "Since which she doth new bands' adventure dread"—with somewhat less perhaps of prophetic insight than a poet might have been expected to show.

"The nobility of the Spencers," says Gibbon, in his *Memoirs of his own Life*, "has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough; but I exhort them to consider the Fairy Queen as the most precious jewel of their coronet." Yet the biographers of the poet have not discovered the exact relationship in which he stood to the ennobled Spencers. It is only very recently that certain facts have been stated which for the first time throw some light upon the subject. It has always been

asserted that upon leaving the university Spenser went to reside with some relations he had in the north of England; there, we are told, he wrote his *Shepherd's Calendar*: and Dryden, in the Dedication of his translation of Virgil's *Pastorals* to the Lord Clifford, has taken notice of the mastery of "our northern dialect" shown by Spenser in that work, by which, as he says, the English poet has been enabled exactly to imitate the Doric of Theocritus. But the most distinct and conclusive testimony we have to this residence of Spenser in the north, and to the fact of the *Shepherd's Calendar* having been, in part at least, composed there, is that of his friend E. K., whose annotations accompanied that poem on its first appearance. In his "gloss" on the Sixth Eclogue (for June), where Hobinol (that is, Gabriel Harvey) says to Colin (that is, Spenser),—

Forsake the soil that so doth thee bewitch :
Leave me those hills, &c.

E. K. remarks, "This is no poetical fiction, but unfeignedly spoken of the poet's self, who, for special occasion of private affairs (as I have been partly of himself informed), and for his more preferment, removed out of the north parts and came into the south, as Hobinol indeed advised him privately:" and he adds, in explanation of the words *those hills*, "That is, in the north country, where he dwelt." Now, in a communication inserted in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1842, which has not attracted the attention it deserves, the writer, Mr. F. C. Spenser, dating from Halifax, produces such evidence as can leave scarcely a doubt that the branch of the Spencers from which the poet was descended was that of the Spencers, or Le Spencers, of Hurstwood, near Burnley, in the eastern extremity of Lancashire; and that the family to which he immediately belonged was probably seated on a little property, still called "Spencers," at Filley Close, in the Forest of Pendle, and at the foot of Pendle-hill, about three miles to the northward of Hurstwood. He may not have been a son of this family; his having been born in London would

seem to make it more likely that he was an offshot from the Spensers of Spensers; but that they were his near relations may be held to be established by a remarkable circumstance. It appears from a pedigree of the poet's descendants, attested by Sir William Betham, Ulster King of Arms, to have been compiled by him from the public records of Ireland, that Spenser, whose own Christian name of Edmund was perpetuated in his posterity of the elder branch, being borne by his grandson and again by his great-great-grandson, descended from his eldest son Sylvanus, had another son to whom he gave the name of Laurence. It may be fairly assumed, then, that Edmund and Laurence were family names. They are both rather uncommon names in England; but it so happens that they are the prevalent names of the Spensers of Hurstwood and that neighbourhood from the middle of the sixteenth down to near the middle of the eighteenth century, as recorded in the various parochial registers. Thus, in the Register of Baptisms of Burnley from 1564 to 1703 there are twenty-nine entries in which occur the names of either Edmund or Laurence Spenser; besides that an Edmund Spenser signs the register as churchwarden in 1617, and again in 1649. Among the designations we have Edmund Spenser of Hurstwood, Laurence son of James Spenser of Exwhistle, Laurence Spenser of Pendle, Laurence Spenser of the Redge, Laurence Spenser of Bolton, Laurence son of George Spenser of Marsden, Edmund son of George Spenser of Filley Close, Edmund son of Richard Spenser of Briercliffe, Laurence son of George Spenser of Ighton Hill Park. In the Burial Register, which must be supposed to be a much more imperfect record, is found only Edmund Spenser of Hurstwood, yeoman, Sept. 28, 1654. The Register of New Church in Pendle contains entries of the burial in 1584 of Laurence Spenser, whom Mr. F. C. Spenser considers to have been probably the grandfather of the poet, and of the baptisms of three other Laurence Spensers, in 1592, 1631, and 1666. Finally, in the Register at Colne we have the baptisms of four Edmunds and three Laurences, between 1622 and 1723,

among the fathers being Spenser of Colne, Spenser of South Field, Spenser of Marsden Parva, and Spenser of Waterside. Mr. F. C. Spenser's own grandfather is also entered in this Register as Blakey son of John Spenser of Waterside, baptised May 4, 1719. Waterside is close beside Spensers. "Notwithstanding," observes Mr. F. C. Spenser, "the great prevalence, well-known to genealogists, of certain favourite baptismal appellations in particular families, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, perhaps few families ever exhibited such a formidable recurrence of names as we have here of *Edmund* and *Laurence*." Another little circumstance may confirm the inference that has been drawn from these Christian names. The poet himself spelt his surname, not, as the Spencers of Althorpe did and do, with a *c*, but with an *s*; and it appears from the entries in the parochial registers that it was spelled, in the same manner, with an *s* at Hurstwood and for six or seven miles round, not only in the age of Elizabeth, but for a century afterwards—and that while even at Kildwick, near Skipton, at only ten or twelve miles' distance, it was spelled with a *c*. It may be doubted, indeed, we apprehend, if the spelling with an *s* was known anywhere else than in this small district.*

The date of Spenser's birth has been commonly assumed to have been about the year 1553. This date is inferred from the following lines in his sixtieth sonnet:—

So, since the winged god his planet clear
 Began in me to move, one year is spent;
 The which doth longer unto me appear
 Than all those forty which my life outwent.
 Then, by that course which lovers' books invent,
 The sphere of Cupid forty years contains;
 Which I have wasted in long languishment, &c.

* We reserve a further examination of the subject of Spenser's family for an Appendix, in which we shall be able to bring forward several new particulars with which we have been favoured from private sources.

The Sonnets were published in 1595; they were entered for publication in the Stationers' Register in November, 1594; and they were probably composed in 1592 and 1593. The sixtieth, being one of the last, would upon this supposition be referable to the year 1593: and the meaning of the above lines seems to be, that when the poet wrote it forty-one years of his life had been already spent—namely, one in love, and forty in what he calls languishment, or deprivation of the influence of the winged god. This calculation would carry back the date of his birth to 1552 at the farthest.

Yet there are some circumstances which have suggested a suspicion that he may have been born some years earlier. In Mr. Peter Cunningham's Introduction to his 'Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court,' printed for the Shakspeare Society, 8vo., Lond. 1842, is given (at p. xxx.) an entry from the Books of the Treasurer of the Queen's Chamber, recording that in the year 1569 there was "paid upon a bill signed by Mr. Secretary, dated at Windsor, 18^o Octobris, to Edmund Spencer, that brought letters to the Queen's Majesty from Sir Henry Norris, knight, her Majesty's ambassador in France, being at Thouars, in the said realm, for his charges the sum of 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, over and besides 9*l.* prested to him by Sir Henry Norris." Mr. Cunningham says, in a note, "As this is the only mention I have found of an Edmund Spencer in the different books of account that I have gone through of the reign of Elizabeth, and the name is not a common one, I confess an inclination to believe that I have here discovered a notice of our great poet." But, if so, the poet must surely, when thus employed, have been older than sixteen or seventeen.

Again, in the same year, 1569, George Turberville, being then resident in Russia as secretary to the English ambassador, Sir Thomas Randolph, thence addressed epistles in verse giving an account of the country and the people to three of his friends in England, one of which is headed simply 'To Spencer,' both in Turberville's volume entitled 'Tragical Tales,' 8vo., 1587,

where it appears among the 'Epitaphs and Sonnets' at the end, and in the first volume of Hakluyt's Voyages, 1589, where all the three epistles are transcribed in full, but is expressly stated by Anthony Wood to have been written to Edmund Spenser the poet. If Wood be correct in this statement, the circumstance affords another ground for suspecting that Spenser was older when thus distinguished than the common account would make him. Turbervile himself is supposed to have been at this time in his twenty-ninth or thirtieth year, which is not the age at which men choose boys of sixteen for their friends. Besides, the verses seem to imply a friendship of some standing, and also, in the person addressed, the habits and social position of manhood. They commence thus:—

If I should now forget or not remember thee,
Thou, Spencer, might'st a foul rebuke and shame impute
to me;

For I, to open show, did love thee passing well,
And thou wert he at parture whom I loathed to bid fare-
well;

And, as I went thy friend, so I continue still;
No better proof thou canst than this desire of true good
will.

I do remember well, when needs I should away,
And that the post would license us no longer time to stay,
Thou wrung'st me by the fist, and, holding fast my hand,
Did'st crave of me to send thee news, and how I liked
the land.

The only personal reference that occurs in the sequel is contained in the following lines:—

I wished thee oft with us, save that I stood in fear
Thou would'st have loathed to have laid thy limbs upon a
bear,
As I and Stafford did, that was my mate in bed.

The address or superscription, 'To Spencer,' without prefix or addition, as if the single name were distinction enough, may be taken as rather supporting Wood's account; and, if there be nothing in the internal evi-

dence to prove that this Spenser was the poet, there is as little to contradict that supposition. But it has not been commonly noticed that this Epistle from Russia is not Turbervile's only poetical address to his friend Spenser. Among his 'Epitaphs and Sonnets' are two other pieces of verse addressed to the same party. One, running to four quatrains and a couplet, is an expansion of a text from Boccaccio, *Sola miseria è senza invidia* (Only misery is without envy), and begins, "My Spenser, spite is virtue's deadly foe," but contains nothing from which any inference can be drawn. The other is longer, extending to about forty lines; it begins, "My Spenser, spare to speak, and ever spare to speed," and seems to refer to some real circumstance in his friend's situation or history. Here is a part of it:—

Give him an ivy leaf instead of pipe to play,
That dreads to board^a a noble dame for fear she say him
nay.

Where valour is but small, and booty very great,
A coward knight will hazard there, in hope to work his
feat.

Wherefore, when time shall serve, my Spenser, spare to
blush;

Fall to thy purpose like a man, and boldly beat the
bush

Experience hath no peer; it passeth learning far:

I speak it not without my book, but like a man of war.

The pipe mentioned in the first of these lines seems to point to the poetical genius of the person addressed.*

^a Accost.

* Turbervile's volume, entitled 'Tragical Tales,' is an exceedingly rare book. There is no copy in the Museum either of the old edition of 1587, or of a reprint of it in 4to. (408 pp.) which was produced at Edinburgh in 1837, and of which, however, only fifty copies were thrown off. There is said to have been an edition in 1576; but it is apparently unknown to the Edinburgh editor. In the Edinburgh reprint, the Epistle to Spenser from Russia is at pp. 375—383; the first of the two other poems at p. 300; and the second at p. 308.

But, if neither the Edmund Spenser who was sent over from France by the English ambassador with letters for the queen in 1569, nor the Spenser to whom Turbervile in the same year addressed his poetical epistle from Russia, may be allowed to have probably been the future great poet, there is another fact of the same date bearing upon the question which can hardly be so disposed of. There is every reason to believe that by this year, 1569, Spenser, whether or no he was receiving epistles in verse from Turbervile, had already come before the world as a verse-writer himself. A duodecimo volume, printed at London in 1569, with the title of 'A Theatre wherein be represented as well the Miseries and Calamities that follow the voluptuous Worldlings, as also the great Joys and Pleasures which the Faithful do enjoy, &c., devised by S. John Vander Noodt,' is introduced by what are called six 'Epigrams,' which, with the exception of a few words, and of four lines added at the end, are the same with the first six of seven sonnets which long afterwards, in 1591, were published as Spenser's by his own bookseller, Ponsonby, and along with other pieces all undoubtedly his, under the title of 'The Visions of Petrarch, formerly translated.' It is possible, indeed, that Ponsonby may have been mistaken in attributing these Visions to Spenser. It is clear, from his own account, that he had not had the aid or sanction of the poet in collecting the pieces composing his volume, which he brought out to meet the public demand for anything of Spenser's excited by the success of the three first Books of the Fairy Queen, published the year before. And it is deserving of notice that in the original publication the authorship of them seems to be claimed by Vander Noodt himself, or rather by a Theodore Rolst, whom he appears to have employed to translate his treatise from French into English. "Of which our Visions," the words are, "the learned poet M. Francisc Petrarch, gentleman of Florence, did invent and write in Tuscan the six first; . . . which because they serve well to our purpose, I have, out of the Brabants speech [that is, the Dutch,

or the Flemish, Vander Noodt's native language], turned them into the English tongue." What we are probably to understand by this is, that, Vander Noodt having first turned them from Italian into Flemish, or having found them so translated into his native tongue, rendered them from that into French for the purposes of his treatise, and that his translator finally substituted an English for the French version. But, if this English version was not the work of Spenser, where did Ponsonby procure the corrections, which are not of mere typographical errata, and the additions and other variations that are found in his edition? It is remarkable, further, that the six Visions translated from Petrarch are followed in Vander Noodt's volume by fifteen others, which he, or his English translator, describes as "of one Joachim du Bellay, gentleman of France,"—adding, "the which also, because they serve our purpose, I have translated them out of Dutch into English." The translations are in blank verse; and versions in rhyme of eleven of the same sonnets, and of four others, were also published as Spenser's, under the title of 'The Visions of Bellay,' by Ponsonby in his collection of 1591. It is pretty evident, too, that the translations in rhyme are founded upon the previous translations in blank verse, the changes amounting, for the most part, to little more than were required to suit the different form of the composition.*

* The author of the 'Theatre of Worldlings' is probably the same person to whom we are indebted for a tract entitled:—"The Governance and Preservation of them that fear the Plague; set forth by John Vandernote, Phisicion and Surgion, admitted by the Kynge his Highness. Now newly set forth at the request of William Barnard, of London, Drapier, 1569. Imprinted at London by Wyllyam How, for Abraham Veale, in Paule's Churchyard at the sign of the Lamb;" 12mo. Black Letter; 24 leaves, unpagged. In a short Preface the author gives the following account of himself:—"To the honour of Almighty God, and profit of all Christen people, and to maintain health in the hole bodies, and to remedy them that are corrupt and infest with the

Finally, to these three facts may be added another, which has been only recently discovered. In this same year, 1569, it appears from the Muster-book of Warwickshire, preserved in the State Paper Office, an Edmund Spenser lived at Kingsbury in that county. If this was not the poet, Mr. Collier, who announces the circumstance in his *Life of Shakspeare*, is strongly inclined to think that it may have been his father, whose name has nowhere been preserved.

One fact, at any rate, of this date may be assumed to be certain. On the 20th of May, 1569, Spenser was admitted of Pembroke Hall, in the University of Cambridge, as a sizer—his adoption of which lowest academic rank may be taken as an evidence that his family was in humble circumstances. Of his university career we know next to nothing. The assertion of some of his biographers that he was an unsuccessful candidate for a fellowship in Pembroke Hall with Lancelot Andrews, afterwards the celebrated Bishop of Winchester, has been shown to be a mistake. There is reason for suspecting, however, that he met with some treatment which he considered unfair or harsh from the authorities of his college; and it has been supposed that he may have left Cambridge on that account sooner than he would otherwise have done. Yet he is recorded to have taken his degree of B.A. in January, 1573, and that of M.A. in June, 1576. George Chalmers, writing between forty and fifty years ago, says (*Supplemental Apology*, p. 23), "There are in Pembroke Hall two pictures of Spenser; yet he is almost forgotten there as an *alumnus*." Todd, in his *Life of Spenser*, observes,

infections of the pestilence, I, John Vandernote, Phisicion and Surgion, admitted by the King his Highness, and sworn unto my Lord of Suffolk his Grace, now abiding at the late Grey Friars in London, do think it meet to wright certain things concerning the pestilence, as well drawn out of divers autentie doctors and experimenters as of mine own experience, being conversant and a minister (under God) in the said infection in Rome, Italy, Lombardy, Poelles [Apulia], and Low Countries, by the space of many years."

“It is remarkable that he makes no mention of Pembroke Hall either in his letters or his poetry. The university he has repeatedly celebrated with filial regard.”

He is supposed to have left the north of England, and come to London sometime in the year 1578. He may have been principally induced to come up to town, as is commonly stated, by the advice of his friend Gabriel Harvey, whom he had known at Cambridge; but it is probable that the connexion he had with London as his birthplace may also have partly drawn him thither. This is consistent with the statement of E. K., the annotator on the Shepherd’s Calendar, already quoted. By Harvey he is supposed to have been now introduced to Sir Philip (then Mr.) Sidney, and by that accomplished person to his uncle, the powerful Earl of Leicester. He is believed to have accompanied Sidney to the family seat at Penshurst in Kent in 1578 or 1579; and in October of the latter year we find him writing to Harvey from Leicester House in London.

The correspondence between Spenser and Harvey, which was printed in 1580, consists of five Letters, three by Harvey and two by Spenser, mostly occupied (with the exception of the longest, which is a dissertation by Harvey on the earthquake of the 6th of April, 1580) with the subject of English *versifying*, as it was called, that is, the attempt to imitate in English the measures of the Greek and Latin poetry, and indeed to reduce all English versification under the laws, or supposed laws, of ancient quantity. It was throughout his life the boast of Harvey—who soon after this became a Doctor of Laws, and was one of the most learned persons of that learned age, as well as a writer of much general literary ability, though the gods had not made him poetical—that he was the inventor of this new prosody; and not only Sidney and his friend Mr. (afterwards Sir Edward) Dyer joined him in his scheme, but Spenser too was at first persuaded to countenance and go into it. We shall not, however, detain the reader with any samples of the hexameters, pentameters, and trimeter

ianbics which he was induced to perpetrate—more, perhaps, to humour Harvey and Sidney than from any real approbation of the reformed system of versifying. Some of his expressions, indeed, seem to indicate that he was doing little less than making sport of it and of them all the while. At any rate he soon abandoned it, and for ever; and no part of his poetical reputation rests upon his few slight performances in this absurd style.*

This correspondence with Harvey, taken along with what is stated by E. K., and with the address by Ponsonby prefixed to the collection which he published in 1591, shows not only that Spenser was already at work upon the *Fairy Queen*, but that, besides his *Shepherd's Calendar*, he had by the year 1580 completed various compositions, and made more or less progress in others, which have perished. We will enumerate the several titles that are mentioned, and collect and arrange what is said respecting each:—

1. *The Fairy Queen*.—In his second letter to Harvey, dated Westminster, 10th April, 1580, Spenser writes:—“Now, my *Dreams* and *Dying Pelican* being fully finished (as I partly signified in my last letters), and presently to be imprinted, I will in hand forthwith with my *Fairy Queen*, which I pray you heartily send me with all expedition; and your friendly letters and long expected judgment withal, which let not be short, but in all points such as you ordinarily use, and I extraordinarily desire.” Harvey, in his answer, says:—“In good faith, I had once again nigh forgotten your *Fairy Queen*: howbeit, by good chance I have now sent her

* A full account of these attempts, and of the correspondence between Harvey and Spenser, so far as it relates to this subject, may be found in the *Life* by Todd; and the Letters have been reprinted from the original edition in the second volume of the collection entitled ‘*Ancient Critical Essays upon English Poets and Poesy*; edited by Joseph Haslewood;’ 4to., Lon. 1811. We have given an abstract of their contents in ‘*Sketches of the History of Literature and Learning in England*,’ vol. iii. pp. 64—70.

home at the last, neither in better nor worse case than I found her. And must you of necessity have my judgment of her indeed? To be plain, I am void of all judgment if your *Nine Comedies*, whereunto, in imitation of Herodotus, you give the names of the Nine Muses (and, in one man's fancy, not unworthily), come not nearer Ariosto's comedies, either for the fineness of plausible elocution, or the rareness of poetical invention, than that Elvish Queen doth to his Orlando Furioso; which, notwithstanding, you will needs seem to emulate, and hope to overgo, as you flatly professed yourself in one of your last letters. If so be the *Fairy Queen* be fairer in your eye than the Nine Muses, and Hobgoblin run away with the garland from Apollo, mark what I say; and yet I will not say that [which] I thought; but there an end for this once, and fare you well till God, or some good angel, put you in a better mind."

2. *Nine Comedies*.—Such being Harvey's opinion of the *Fairy Queen*, he is impatient that it should come in the way and delay the completion, or at least the publication, of other works on which he set a much higher value. Thus, in his letter dated 7th April, 1580, he writes:—"Commend me to thine own good self, and tell thy *Dying Pelican* and thy *Dreams* from me, I will now leave dreaming any longer of them till with these eyes I see them forth indeed; and then again I imagine your *Magnificenza* [the *Fairy Queen*, where Arthur, the hero, is intended to represent the virtue of Magnificence] will hold us in suspense as long for your *Nine English Comedies*, and your Latin *Stemmata Dudleiana*—which two shall go for my money when all is done, especially if you would but bestow one seven-nights' polishing and trimming upon either; which I pray thee do for my pleasure, if not for their sake nor thine own profit." And in his subsequent letter, in addition to what has been quoted in the preceding paragraph, he says, in reference to these *Comedies*:—"You know it hath been the usual practice of the most exquisite and odd wits in all nations, and spe-

cially in Italy, rather to show and advance themselves that way than any other; as, namely, those three discoursing heads, Bibiena, Machiavel, and Aretine did (to let Bembo and Ariosto pass), with the great admiration and wonderment of the whole country; being, indeed, reputed matchable in all points, both for conceit of wit and eloquent decyphering of matters, either with Aristophanes and Menander in Greek, or with Plautus and Terence in Latin, or with any other in any other tongue." It is clear from this passage that Spenser's nine comedies were not, as has been sometimes assumed, merely certain poems of the same description with the others he has left us, to which he gave that title in imitation of Dante and other early Italian writers; they were evidently dramatic compositions, like those of Bibiena, Machiavelli, and Aretino, to which, as well as to the comedies of Aristophanes and Menander, of Plautus and Terence, they are compared. They must have been comedies in the sense in which the name is now generally used. It is difficult for the reader of Spenser's existing writings to conceive of him producing anything very successful either in comedy or in tragedy. We should scarcely guess that his genius was at all dramatic; nor is the judgment of his friend Harvey in such matters, apparently, worth much. A comedy, or a series of comedies, by Spenser, however, would at any rate have been a curiosity; and they might have had more merit than the rest of his poetry would lead us to expect. His *Fairy Queen*, it may be observed, is not destitute of strokes of sly humour and passages of a comic character. And there is such diversity of style in his known compositions—in the prevalent manner of his *Fairy Queen*, for example, or in the Hymns, as compared with Mother Hubbard's Tale,—that it would be rash to infer his incapacity, or inferiority of capacity, for any particular kind of writing. Who would be prepared by the *Fairy Queen*, with its generally abstracted, contemplative, and unworldly spirit, its rainbow-coloured visions, its sweet and tender music, for the sharp and searching political sagacity of

the View of the State of Ireland? It would seem, indeed, from what we have of his poetry, that Spenser's was the genius of picture rather than of passion; but might we not have so deemed even of Shakspeare himself if he had left us only his Venus and Adonis and his Lucrece?

3. *Dreams*.—In his letter of the 10th of April, 1580, Spenser himself, as we have seen, speaks of his *Dreams* and *Dying Pelican* as being then both fully finished; and Harvey would have the satisfaction of receiving that piece of intelligence soon after despatching his epistle of the 7th of the same month, in which he expresses something like despair of ever seeing them set forth. In a postscript Spenser adds:—"I take best my *Dreams* should come forth alone, being grown by means of the Gloss (running continually in manner of a paraphrase) full as great as my *Calendar*. Therein [that is, apparently, in the Gloss] be some things excellently, and many things wittily, discoursed of E. K., and the pictures so singularly set forth and portrayed, as, if Michael Angelo were there, he could, I think, nor amend the best, nor reprehend the worst. I know you would like them passing well." E. K. himself mentions this Gloss in a note upon the Eleventh Eclogue (for November) of *The Shepherd's Calendar*:—"Nectar and ambrosia," he says, "be feigned to be the drink and food of the Gods: ambrosia they liken to manna in Scripture, and nectar to be white like cream, whereof is a proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and stained the heavens, as yet appeareth. But I have already discoursed that at large in my commentary upon the *Dreams* of the same author." In a subsequent letter, without date, but written after the *Dreams* had come into his hands, after rallying Spenser on "living by *Dying Pelicans*, and purchasing great lands and lordships with the money which his *Calendar* and *Dreams* have [afforded], and will afford him"—from which we may infer that the booksellers had already purchased one or more of these productions (the *Calendar*, indeed, as we shall presently find, was published by this time)—Harvey

proceeds:—" *Extra jocum*, I like your *Dreams* passingly well; and the rather because they savour of that singular extraordinary vein and invention which I ever fancied most, and in a manner admired only in Lucian, Petrarch, Aretine, Pasquill, and all the most delicate and fine-conceited Grecians and Italians (for the Romans to speak of are but very cyphers in this kind); whose chiefest endeavour and drift was to have nothing vulgar,* but, in some respect or other, and especially in lively hyperbolical illustrations, rare, quaint, and odd in every point, and, as a man would say, a degree or two at the least above the reach and compass of a common scholar's capacity." He then goes into a criticism or panegyric upon the Revelation of Saint John, which he declares he thinks deserves to be preferred, "as well for the singularity of the manner as the divinity of the matter, . . . before all the veriest metaphysical visions and jollyest conceited dreams or extasies that ever were devised;" concluding, "But what needeth this digression between you and me? I daresay you will hold yourself reasonably well satisfied if your *Dreams* be but as well esteemed of in England as Petrarch's *Visions* be in Italy; which, I assure you, is the very worst I wish you." From these expressions Todd conjectures that these *Dreams* of Spenser's are nothing else than the six sonnets, or epigrams, as they are there called, originally published in Vander Noodt's book, and long after reprinted, with very slight alterations, by Ponsonby in his collection. But this can hardly be. Harvey's comparison of the *Dreams* to Petrarch's *Visions* is rather an argument against the supposition of the one being a translation of the other; and the poem, or series of poems, which Spenser called his *Dreams* was evidently, from what is said of it both by himself and Harvey, a production only recently finished, and one which had been for some time in hand and had cost him considerable labour, which could not have been the case with the few verbal amendments he made (if he did make

* That is, common-place, as we should now say.

them) on the translation of the six Visions of Petrarch. The *Dreams* are mentioned, along with other lost poems, in the epistle from E. K. to Gabriel Harvey prefixed to the Shepherd's Calendar:—"Hereunto" [that is, to the *Calendar*], says the writer, "have I added a certain Gloss, or Scholion, for the exposition of old words and harder phrases; which manner of glossing and commenting, well I wot, will seem strange and rare in our tongue: yet, for so much as I knew many excellent and proper devices, both in words and matter, would pass in the speedy course of reading either as unknown or as not marked, and that in this kind as in other we might be equal to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the pains upon me; the rather for that, by means of some familiar acquaintance, I was made privy to his counsel and secret meaning in them, as also in sundry other works of his; which albeit I know he nothing so much hateth as to promulgate, yet thus much have I adventured upon his friendship, himself being for long time far estranged; hoping that this will the rather occasion him to put forth divers other excellent works of his which sleep in silence; as his *Dreams*, his *Legends*, his *Court of Cupid*, and sundry others, whose commendation to set out were very vain, the things, though worthy of many, yet being known to few." It is somewhat remarkable that this epistle from E. K. to Harvey is dated at London, the 10th of April, 1579, exactly a year before the letter from Spenser announcing that he had at last fully finished his *Dreams*, and a year, all but a few days, before the letter from Harvey expressing his apprehension that he might never see them published. If the final revision of them was thus so long in being brought to a conclusion after they had assumed an apparently completed form, we have another presumption that they were of considerable extent.

4. *The Dying Pelican*.—All that is said of this poem in the correspondence between Spenser and Harvey has been already quoted under the head of the *Dreams*. It is described as fully finished in April, 1580. It is also

mentioned by Ponsonby, in his Preface to the collection of 1591, as one of "some other pamphlets loosely scattered abroad," "which," says Ponsonby, "when I can, either by himself or otherwise, attain to, I mean likewise, for your favour sake, to set forth." We are not to suppose from this that it had been previously printed, but only that it had been circulated in manuscript, as literary works of all kinds then often were for a long time before they were sent to the press.

5. *Slomber* (or *Slumber*).—In his first letter to Harvey, written from Leicester House on the 16th of October, 1579, Spenser, after noticing the folly of Stephen Gosson (whom, however, he does not name) in dedicating his *School of Abuse* to Sidney—by whom he "was for his labour scorned, if at least it be in the goodness of that nature to scorn"—adds, "Such might I happily [haply] incur, entituling my *Slomber*, and the other pamphlets, unto his honour. I meant them rather to Maister Dyer. But I am of late more in love with my English versifying than with rhyming; which I should have done [with?] long since if I would then have followed your counsel." The *Slomber* is no doubt the same poem that is mentioned by Ponsonby, under the title of *A Sennight's Slumber*, as one of sundry other pieces besides those printed in his collection which he understood Spenser had written—"being all dedicated to ladies, so as it may seem he meant them all to one volume." All these Ponsonby intimates his intention of publishing if he can procure copies of them, as well as the *Dying Pelican* and the other pamphlets that had been "loosely scattered abroad."

6. *The Court of Cupid*.—The passage already quoted from the Epistle of E. K. contains our only record or notice of this piece; but it may probably have been the embryo or rudimentary form of the splendid Masque of Cupid in the last Canto of the Third Book of the Fairy Queen.

7. *Legends*.—The only mention that is found of this title occurs also in the Epistle of E. K. There are, however, many portions of the Fairy Queen for which it

would be an appropriate designation, and which may be reasonably supposed to have been formed out of the pieces originally so named.

8. *Pageants*.—This title is mentioned by E. K. in his gloss to the Sixth Eclogue of the Shepherd's Calendar, where he defends the expression "many graces" in that Eclogue by the authority of Musaeus, according to which, he observes, "this same poet in his *Pageants* saith, 'An hundred graces on her eyelid sat,' &c." From the resemblance of this line to one in the glorious description of Belpheobe in the Third Canto of the Second Book of the Fairy Queen—"Upon her eyelids many graces sat"—it may be conjectured that the substance also of the *Pageants*, even if the form was altered, was woven by the author many years after into his great poem.

9. *Sonnets*.—One of these is quoted by E. K., in his Commentary on the Tenth Eclogue (for October) of *The Shepherd's Calendar*, thus:—"It is said of the learned that the swan, a little before her death, singeth most pleasantly, as prophesying by a secret instinct her near destiny, as well saith the poet elsewhere in one of his *Sonnets*—

'The silver swan doth sing before her dying day,
As she that feels the deep delight that is in death, &c.'"

10. *Epithalamion Thamesis* (Marriage Song of Thames).—In his second letter to Harvey, dated the 10th of April, 1580, Spenser writes:—"Trust me you will hardly believe what great good liking and estimation Maister Dyer had of your satyrical verses; and I, since the view thereof, having before of myself had special liking of English versifying, am even now about to give you some token what, and how well, therein I am able to do: for, to tell you truth, I mind shortly, at convenient leisure, to set forth a book in this kind, which I entitle *Epithalamion Thamesis*; which book I dare undertake will be very profitable for the knowledge, and rare for the invention and manner of handling. For, in setting forth the marriage of the Thames, I show his

first beginning and offspring, and all the country that he passeth through, and also describe all the rivers throughout England, which came to this wedding, and their right names and right passage, &c. ; a work, believe me, of much labour, wherein, notwithstanding, Master Holinshed hath much furthered and advantaged me, who therein hath bestowed singular pains in searching out their course till they fall into the sea. *O Tite, siquid ego, ecquid erit pretii?* But of that more hereafter." The marriage of the Thames and the Medway, then, was originally intended to be the subject of a poem written in hexameters or trimeter iambics. It is probable, however, that the design was never executed; the poem at any rate, if it was ever written in this form, was suppressed by the author, or has fortunately perished; and the wedding of the two rivers is celebrated with all the truest graces of song in one of the most brilliant passages of the *Fairy Queen* (Book iv., Canto 11).

11. *Translation of Moschus's Idyllion of Wandering Love*.—This performance is mentioned by E. K. in his notes upon the Third Eclogue of the *Shepherd's Calendar*:—"But who list more at large to behold Cupid's colours and furniture, let him read either Propertius, or Moschus his *Idyllion of Wandering Love*, being now most excellently translated into Latin by the singular learned man Angelus Politianus; which work I have seen, amongst other of this poet's doings, very well translated also into English rhymes."

12. *The English Poet*.—This appears to have been a prose tract. All that is known of it is what we are told by E. K. in the Argument prefixed to the Tenth Eclogue of the *Shepherd's Calendar*, in which, he observes, one of the speakers, designed for the perfect pattern of a poet, "finding no maintenance of his state and studies, complaineth of the contempt of poetry, and the causes thereof; specially having been in all ages, and even amongst the most barbarous, always of singular account and honour, and being indeed so worthy and commendable an art; or rather no art, but a divine gift and heavenly instinct, not to be gotten by labour and learning,

but adorned with both, and poured into the wit by a certain enthousiasmos and celestial inspiration; as the author hereof elsewhere at large discourseth in his book called *The English Poet*, which book, being lately come to my hands, I mind also, by God's grace, upon further advertisement, to publish." This is one of Spenser's lost compositions the disappearance of which is especially to be regretted.

13. *Stemmata Dudleiana*.—The subject of this work was no doubt the ancestry and descent of the poet's patron, the Earl of Leicester. Harvey, we have seen, describes it as written in Latin; but whether it was in prose or in verse may be questioned. It appears to have been finished, and Spenser himself speaks of it with much satisfaction: in the postscript to his letter of the 10th of April, 1580, he writes;—"Of my *Stemmata Dudleiana*, and especially of the sundry apostrophes therein, addressed you know to whom, must more advisement be had than so lightly to send them abroad: howbeit, trust me (though I do never very well) yet, in my own fancy, I never did better: *Veruntamen te sequor solum; nunquam vero assequor*." These last words, in which he declares himself to have followed or imitated his friend and correspondent, yet without having succeeded in equalling him, may indicate one motive of the partiality which Harvey expresses for this performance.

Here, then, was a goodly amount of work accomplished for the age which Spenser is commonly supposed to have reached about the beginning of the year 1580. And this may not have been all. Several of the titles that have been enumerated have been preserved in a single casual notice; others may not have been even so fortunate. Ponsonby, in the short address prefixed to his collection, mentions several which may, some or all of them, have been those of early compositions as well as those that have chanced to be specially remembered in the correspondence with Harvey, and in the Preface and Annotations of E. K. to the Shepherd's Calendar. His words are:—"Since my late setting

forth of the Fairy Queen, finding that it hath found a favourable passage amongst you, I have sithence endeavoured, by all good means (for the better increase and accomplishment of your delights), to get into my hands such small poems of the same author's as I heard were dispersed abroad in sundry hands, and not easy to be come by by himself; some of them having been diversely embezzled and purloined from him since his departure over sea." And he goes on to state that, besides the contents of the present volume, he understood the author had written sundry other pieces; namely, the *Dying Pelican* and *Sennight's Slumber*, which we have already mentioned, and also translations of *Ecclesiastes* and of the *Canticum Canticorum*, or Song of Solomon, *The Hell of Lovers*, his *Purgatory* (that is, probably, *The Purgatory of Lovers*), *The Hours of the Lord*, *The Sacrifice of a Sinner*, *The Seven Psalms*, &c. And, at any rate, he had also already produced his *Shepherd's Calendar*—of which we now proceed to give an account.

SECTION II.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

THE earliest notice we have of this work is in the register of the Stationers' Company, where it is entered under date of the 5th of December, 1579, as "The Shepherd's Calendar, conteyninge xii eclogs, proportionable to the xii monethes." The original publisher was Hugh Singleton, by whom it had probably been purchased from the author; and it was assigned by him to John Harrison, junior, on the 18th of October, 1580.*

It probably appeared in December, 1579. The exact title of the first edition is as follows:—"The Shepherdes Calender. Conteyning twelve Aeclogues proportionable to the twelve monethes. Entitled to the Noble and Vertuous Gentleman, most worthy of all titles, both of learning and chevalrie, M. Philip Sidney. At London. Printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in Creede Lane, near unto Ludgate, at the signe of the gylden Tunne, and are there to be solde. 1579.' The volume is a small quarto, and there are woodcuts heading each Eclogue. A second edition, in the same form, was printed in 1581 by Thomas East, for "John Harrison the younger, dwelling in Paternoster Roe, at the signe of the Anker, and are there to be solde;" and other editions were brought out, all by Harrison, in 1586, 1591, and 1597; the original woodcuts continuing to be used in each.

All these early editions are accompanied by the Gloss,

* See Note by Chalmers in Supplemental Apology, p. 24.

or explanatory commentary, professing to be written by E. K., a friend of the author, to which we have already had repeated occasion to refer. Who E. K. was is unknown. He is supposed to have been an Edward Kerke, or Kirk, for no better reason than that Spenser speaks in his first letter to Harvey of carrying the letter to Mrs. Kerke's, to have it delivered to the carrier, and of receiving from her a letter of Harvey's, despatched the preceding week, having just before said, "Maister E. K. heartily desireth to be commended under your worship, of whom what accompt he maketh yourself shall hereafter perceive by his painful and dutiful verses of yourself." So much of the letter as concludes with these words he had written, he states, "at Westminster, yesternight:" Mrs. Kerke, to whose house he adds he had come on the morning on which he dates the letter (16th October, 1579), probably lived in the city. In a subsequent part of the letter, having mentioned an intention he then had of going abroad, and requested his friend not to omit letting him hear from him, he adds that Harvey may always send news of himself most safely "by Mrs. Kerke, and by none other"—that is, apparently, through Mrs. Kerke. Another conjecture is, that the commentator's name may have been King. But even if it were ascertained that it was either King or Kirk we should be little or nothing the wiser; for nothing is known of any person bearing either of these names. One thing only is certain, that E. K., whoever he may have been, was in Spenser's most intimate confidence, and that his commentary was drawn up and published with the poet's concurrence and sanction. Todd notices as a guess too extravagant for refutation a hypothesis which has been advanced, that the poet and the commentator are the same person. It does not seem to us to be impossible, or very improbable. Such a device, by which the poet might communicate to the public many things requisite for the full understanding of his poetry which he could not have openly stated in his own name, and at the same time leave whatever else he chose vague and uncertain, or at least indistinctly declared, had mani-

fest conveniences. If he had really a friend who could do this for him, good and well; but no one would know so well as himself in all cases what to disclose and what to withhold, and he would perhaps be more likely therefore to perform the office himself than to intrust it to any friend. As for the real vanity, or whatever else it may be, with which he is chargeable, it would be very nearly of the same amount whether he thus actually sounded his own praises or got another to do it for him, although the indecorum might be less in the latter case. On this supposition, E. K.'s "painful and dutiful verses," spoken of in the letter of 16th October, 1579, may be merely the long Latin poem addressed to Harvey by Spenser himself, under the character or signature of *Immerito*, and transmitted in the same letter. However, it is impossible to affirm anything for certain upon this matter; and perhaps the manner in which Spenser speaks to Harvey, in a passage already quoted, of the gloss of this same E. K. upon his *Dreams*, may seem rather adverse to the conclusion that he is himself that friendly commentator. At the same time it is strange that even in writing to Harvey he should always so carefully keep to this imperfect mode of indication; he is not in the habit of naming Sidney and Dyer and his other friends by their initials: it seems impossible not to infer that there is some mystery—that more is meant than meets the eye.

Whatever was meant, Harvey, at any rate, it is probable, was in the secret. E. K.'s introductory epistle is headed "To the most excellent and learned, both orator and poet, Maister Gabriel Harvey, his very special and singular good friend E. K. commendeth the good liking of this his good labour, and the patronage of the new poet." It is to be remembered that Spenser's own name, as well as that of his annotator, was at first withheld from the world. Nor does it appear to have for some time been generally reported. Mr. Todd has given an account of a translation of the Shepherd's Calendar into Latin verse, still existing in manuscript, by a writer named John Dove, which must have been

executed, or at least completed, some time between 1584 and 1596, and in the dedication to which the original English poem is spoken of as the work of an unknown author. It does not seem, however, to have been Spenser's intention that his name should be sedulously concealed. The contrary rather may be inferred from what E. K. here says. Alluding to an expression of Chaucer's, he observes that "this our new poet," for that he is uncouth, is indeed as yet unkissed, and, "unknown to most men, is regarded but of a few." "But I doubt not," he proceeds, "so soon as his name shall come unto the knowledge of men, and his worthiness be sounded in the trump of Fame, but that he shall be not only kissed, but also beloved of all, embraced of the most, and wondered at of the best. No less, I think, deserveth his wittiness in devising, his pithiness in uttering, his complaints of love so lovely, his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly, his pastoral rudeness, his moral wiseness, his due observing of decorum everywhere, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speech, and generally in all seemly simplicity of handling his matters and framing his words; the which, of many things which in him be strange, I know will seem the strangest, the* words themselves being so ancient, the knitting of them so short and intricate, and the whole period and compass of speech so delightful for the soundness and so grave for the strangeness." What he adds on the subject of Spenser's old words is particularly worthy of attention, modern critics not being agreed in regard to that peculiarity of this poet's style. "And first," he continues, "of the words to speak, I grant they be something hard, and of most men unused, yet both English and also used of most excellent authors and most famous poets. In whom whereas this our poet hath been much traveled and thoroughly read, how could it be (as that worthy orator said), but that, walking in the sun, although for other cause he walked, yet needs he mought be sun-burnt; and, having the sound of those ancient poets still ringing

* Misprinted "and."

in his ears, he mought needs in singing hit out some of their tunes? But, whether he useth them by such casualty and custom, or of set purpose and choice, as thinking them fittest for such rustical rudeness of shepherds, either for that their rough sound would make his rhymes more ragged and rustical, or else because such old and obsolete words are most used of country-folk, sure I think, and think I think not amiss, that they bring great grace and, as one would say, authority to the verse. For, all be, among many other faults, it specially be objected of Valla against Livy, and of other against Sallust, that with over much study they affect antiquity, as covering* thereby credence and honour of elder years, yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the like, that those ancient solemn words are a great ornament both in the one and in the other; the one labouring to set forth in his work an eternal image of antiquity, and the other carefully discoursing matters of gravity and importance. For, if my memory fail not, Tully, in that book wherein he endeavoureth to set forth the pattern of a perfect orator, saith that oftentimes an ancient word maketh the style seem grave, and as it were reverend, no otherwise than we honour and reverence grey hairs for a certain religious regard which we have of old age. Yet neither everywhere must old words be stuffed in, nor the common dialect and manner of speaking so corrupted thereby, that, as in old buildings, it seem disorderly and ruinous. But, all as in most exquisite pictures they use to blaze and portrait not only the dainty lineaments of beauty, but also round about it to shadow the rude thickets and craggy cliffs, that, by the baseness of such parts, more excellency may accrue to the principal; for oftentimes we find ourselves, I know not how, singularly delighted with the show of such natural rudeness, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order; even so do those rough and harsh terms enlumine and make more clearly to appear the brightness of brave and glorious words. So oftentimes a discord in music maketh a

* Perhaps a misprint for "coveting."

comely concordance ; so great delight took the worthy poet Ælcaeus to behold a blemish in the joint of a well-shaped body. But, if any will rashly blame such his purpose in choice of old and unwonted words, him may I more justly blame and condemn, or of witless headiness in judging or of heedless headiness in condemning. For, not marking the compass of his bent, he will judge of the length of his cast. For, in my opinion, it is one especial praise, of many which are due to this poet, that he hath laboured to restore, as to their rightful heritage, such good and natural English words as have been long time out of use and almost clean disherited. Which is the only cause that our mother tongue, which truly of itself is both full enough for prose and stately enough for verse, hath long time been counted most bare and barren of both. Which default whereas some endeavoured to solve and cure, they patched up the holes with pieces and rags of other languages, borrowing here of the French, there of the Italian, everywhere of the Latin ; not weighing how ill those tongues accord with themselves, but much worse with ours. So now they have made our English tongue a gallimaufry, or hodge-podge of all other speeches. Other some, not so well seen in the English tongue as perhaps in other languages, if they happen to hear an old word, albeit very natural and significant, cry out straightway that we speak no English, but gibberish, or rather such as in old time Evander's mother spake. Whose first shame is, that they are not ashamed in their own mother tongue to be accounted strangers and aliens. The second shame no less than the first, that what they understand not they straightway deem to be senseless, and not at all to be understood ; much like the mole in Æsop's fable, that, being blind herself, would in no wise be persuaded that any beast could see. The last, more shameful than both, that of their own country and natural speech, which together with their nurse's milk they sucked, they have so base regard and bastard judgment, that they will not only themselves not labour to garnish and beautify it, but also repine that of other it should be embellished ;

like to the dog in the manger, that himself can eat no hay, and yet barketh at the hungry bullock, that so fain would feed. Whose currish kind, though it cannot be kept from barking, yet I conne them thank that they refrain from biting."

Although this passage relates more especially to the Shepherd's Calendar, the greater part of the reasoning, it will be observed, is of general application, and may be held to express Spenser's convictions on the phraseology proper for all serious poetical writing. For, whoever E. K. may have been, it is evident that throughout his commentary he speaks the poet's sentiments as well as his own. He proceeds to point out and defend the natural and unaffected style of the present poem—which he describes as "round without roughness, and learned without hardness, such, indeed, as may be perceived of the least, understood of the most, but judged only of the learned." Under the person of Colin, he observes, the author's self is shadowed, the baseness of the name indicating that "he chose rather to unfold great matter of argument covertly than, professing it, not suffice thereto accordingly." "Which," proceeds the Epistle, "moved him rather in Eclogues than otherwise to write, doubting perhaps his ability, which he little needed, or minding to furnish our tongue with this kind, wherein it faulteth; or following the example of the best and most ancient poets, which devised this kind of writing, being both so base for the matter and homely for the manner, at the first to try their habilities, and as young birds, that be newly crept out of the nest, by little first prove their tender wings, before they make a greater flight. So flew Theocritus, as you may perceive he was already full fledged. So flew Virgil, as not yet well feeling his wings. So flew Mantuan, as not being full summed.* So Petrarch. So Boccace. So Marot, Sannazarius, and also divers other excellent both Italian and French poets, whose footing this author everywhere followeth; yet so as few, but they be well scented, can

* That is, not having his feathers full-grown.

trace him out. So finally flyeth this our new poet, as a bird whose principals* be scarce grown out, but yet as one that in time shall be able to keep wing with the best. Now, as touching the general drift and purpose of his Eclogues, I mind not to say much, himself labouring to conceal it. Only this appeareth, that his unstaid youth had long wandered in the common Labyrinth of Love, in which time, to mitigate and allay the heat of his passion, or else to warn, as he saith, the young shepherds, his equals and companions, of his unfortunate folly, he compiled these twelve Eclogues; which, for that they be proportioned to the state of the twelve moneths, he termeth it the Shepherd's Calendar, applying an old name to a new work." *The Booke of Shepherdes Kalender* was the title of an old manual of the nature of an almanac, which is supposed to have been first printed by Wynkyn de Worde, and re-impressions, or new editions, of which continued to be produced probably till after the middle of the sixteenth century. It was taken from a French original, compiled in 1497. E. K. then goes on to give an account of his own Gloss, and to notice the other poems Spenser had written, in the terms that have been already quoted. He expressly intimates that the present is the first work of his author that had been printed, and he declares that he has vowed, that is, devoted, both it and his own labour to Harvey, in respect of that person's worthiness generally, "and otherwise upon some particular and special considerations;" "himself," he adds, "having already in the beginning dedicated it to the noble and worthy gentleman, the right worshipful Maister Philip Sidney, a special favourer and maintainer of all kind of learning." "Whose cause," he concludes, "I pray you, sir, if envy shall stir up any wrongful accusation, defend with your mighty rhetoric and other your rath † gifts of learning, as

* The two longest feathers in the wings of a hawk are so called.

† This word commonly means *early*; but it would seem to have a somewhat different signification here.

you can, and shield with your goodwill, as you ought, against the malice and outrage of so many enemies as I know will be set on fire with the sparks of his kindled glory. And thus recommending the author unto you, as unto his most special good friend, and myself unto you both, as one making singular account of two so very good and so choice friends, I bid you both most heartily farewell, and commit you and your commendable studies to the tuition of the Greatest.* Your own assuredly to be commanded, E. K." A short postscript expresses the earnest desire of the writer that Harvey would be prevailed upon to publish his own "many excellent English poems," so that the world might derive as much pleasure from them as it had already received from those he had written in Latin, "which, in my opinion," says E. K., "both for invention and elevation are very delicate and superexcellent." At the end the Epistle is dated "From my lodging at London, this tenth of April, 1579." If E. K. was really a person whose Christian name and surname were indicated by these initial letters, he was most probably some one who had been at Cambridge at the same time with Spenser and Harvey, and his name might perhaps be found in the registers either of Pembroke Hall, to which Spenser belonged, or of Christ Church or Trinity Hall, which were Harvey's colleges.

Spenser's own Dedication of the Shepherd's Calendar is in the following lines, which precede the epistle of E. K., and are entitled "To His Book :"—

Go, Little Book ! thyself present,
 As child whose parent is unkent,
 To him that is the president
 Of nobleness and chivalry ;
 And, if that Envy bark at thee,
 As sure it will, for succour flee
 Under the shadow of his wing.
 And, asketh who thee forth did bring
 A shepherd's swain, say, did thee sing

* That is, of the Deity.

All as his straying flock he fed ;
 And, when his honour has thee read,
 Crave pardon for thy hardihead.
 But, if that any ask thy name,
 Say, thou wert base-begot with blame ;
 Forthy^a thereof^b thou takest shame.
 And, when thou art past jeopardy,
 Come tell me what was said of me,
 And I will send more after thee.

IMMERITO.

Throughout our transcripts, we may here intimate, we shall modernize the spelling in all cases in which the pronunciation is not thereby affected. The object of our work is to diffuse a popular acquaintance with the poetry of Spenser; and we are convinced that that cannot be done without his language being presented in the established orthography. This in fact is the plan that is always followed in regard to all our old literature that is generally read. Nobody, for instance, ever dreams of offering the public either the authorised translation of the Scriptures or the plays of Shakspeare in the spelling of the original editions. The reproduction of the poetry of Spenser in that antiquated spelling is really for the greater part as unnecessary and absurd as would be such a reproduction of Shakspeare or of the Bible. It has not in the generality of instances any advantage even for critical purposes. To preserve this old spelling is in nine cases out of ten merely to perpetuate the blunders or caprices of the printer. What object, for example, would be attained by printing in the lines we have just extracted "goe," and "booke," and "selfe," and "childe," instead of the more familiar forms? At all events the continued intimation that such words used formerly to be so spelled could conduce nothing to any reader's better understanding or enjoyment of Spenser's poetry. Still less of any kind of profit, or of anything except perplexity and annoyance, could be got out of a transcript which should religiously, or rather superstitiously, preserve such carelessnesses

^a Therefore.

^b Of thy name.

as “so *flew* Theocritus—so *flewe* Virgil—so *flew* Mantuane”—which we find in three or four successive lines of the original edition of the epistle of E. K., and other similar inconsistencies which pervade all the printing of that age. But we are even disposed, in a popular reprint of the poetry of Spenser, to go a little beyond the correction of such typographical irregularity or blundering, and to consult the convenience of the modern reader by deviating, in one or two little matters, from the usage of the poet's age or his own peculiar manner of spelling. Our purpose is to exhibit his poetry, not his peculiarities or whims in the written representation of sounds. We conceive, for instance, that nothing of any value will be lost by neglecting his habit of endeavouring to make his final syllables rhyme to the eye as well as to the ear—as when he writes *tong* for *tongue*, *stearne* for *stern*, *ar* for *are*, &c., for no better reason than because the corresponding terminations are *wrong*, and *learne* (or *learn*), and *far*. It may be desirable that intimation should be given once for all of this disguise or perversion of words in certain circumstances being a practice, or, if you will, a principle, with Spenser; but it is only an impediment to the ordinary reader's enjoyment of the poetry to have it continually obtruded upon him. Under the same feeling we shall not consider it necessary to adhere to certain archaisms, such as the use of *then* for *than*, which have nothing in them that is either poetical or characteristic, and would be likely to prove only the occasion of ambiguity and perplexity. Such slight accommodations have been made in every modern edition of Shakspeare; and there can be no reason why the same thing should not be done with Spenser. At the same time we shall be scrupulous in preserving everything that can be said in any degree either to belong to our author's poetry, or to mark his style and manner. And now we proceed with our analysis of the Shepherd's Calendar.

In addition to the Epistle of E. K., and Spenser's own short Dedication in verse, the work is preceded in the old editions by what is entitled ‘The General Argument

of the Whole Book,' which may be regarded as the commencement or introductory part of E. K.'s commentary. The principal thing to be noted in it is a mistaken etymology and explanation of the meaning of the name *Eclogues*, which Spenser spells *Aeclogues*, and which his commentator, after declaring that the word is "unknown to most, and also mistaken of some of the best learned (as they think)," informs us means "*Aegon* or *Aeginomon logi*, that is, Goatherds' Tales." He means *Αἶγων* or *Ἀἰγονομῶν λόγοι* (*Aigon* or *Aigonomon logoi*), literally, the words of goats or goatherds. But *Eclogue* is undoubtedly *Ἐκλογή*, meaning merely a selection, in whatever sense that idea is to be understood of the particular kind of poetry to which the name is usually given. The notion probably is, that what is so short is, or should be, a selection or pure extract; much as in another view the same species of poem is called an *Εἰδυλλιον*, *Idyllium*, or *Idyl*; that is, apparently, a composition presenting its subject with remarkable vividness (from *εἶδος*, visual form). The most distinctive names are *Bucolics* and *Pastorals*; the former meaning the songs of cowherds, the latter those of shepherds.

E. K. further arranges the twelve *Eclogues* composing the present poem into three classes:—Plaintive, as the First, Sixth, Eleventh, and Twelfth; Recreative, "such as all those be which contain matter of love, or commendation of special personages;" and Moral, as the Second, Fifth, Seventh, Ninth, and Tenth. "And to this division," he adds, "may everything herein be reasonably applied; a few only except, whose special purpose and meaning I am not privy to." We may pass over his defence of Spenser for beginning the year with January instead of March. Having adduced the reasons on both sides, he concludes,—“But our author, respecting neither the subtlety of the one part nor the antiquity of the other, thinketh it fittest, according to the simplicity of common understanding, to begin with January; weening it perhaps no decorum that shepherds should be seen in a matter of so deep insight, or canvass a case of so doubtful judgment.”

E. K.'s Argument of the First Eclogue, entitled January, is as follows:—"In this first Eclogue, Colin Clout, a shepherd's boy, complaineth himself of his unfortunate love, being but newly, as seemeth, enamoured of a country lass called Rosalind; with which strong affection being very sore travailed, he compareth his careful case to the sad season of the year, to the frosty ground, to the frozen trees, and to his own winter-beaten flock. And lastly, finding himself robbed of all former pleasance and delight, he breaketh his pipe in pieces, and casteth himself to the ground." Colin Clout, it is to be remembered, is Spenser himself. "Colin Clout," says E. K., in his Gloss at the end of the Eclogue, "is a name not greatly used, and yet I have seen a poesy of M. Skelton's under that title. But, indeed, the word Colin is French, and used of the French poet Marot (if he be worthy of the name of a poet) in a certain Eclogue. Under which name this poet secretly shadoweth himself, as sometime did Virgil under the name of Tityrus, thinking it much fitter than such Latin names, for the great unlikelihood of the language." The poem of Skelton's here alluded to is that entitled 'The Boke of Colyn Clout.' Another name that occurs in this Eclogue, and also in several of the others, is Hobinol. This, says E. K., in the present Gloss, "is a feigned country name, whereby, it being so common and usual, seemeth to be hidden the name of some his very special and most familiar friend, whom he entirely and extraordinarily beloved, as peradventure shall be more largely declared hereafter." Accordingly, in one of the annotations on the Ninth Eclogue, Hobinol is declared to be "more rightly Maister Gabriel Harvey; of whose especial commendation, as well in poetry as rhetoric and other choice learning, we have lately had a sufficient trial in divers his works, but specially in his *Musarum Lacrymae*, and his late *Gratulationum Valdinensium*,* which book, in the

* The allusion here is supposed to be to a volume of Latin elegiac verse, published by Harvey in memory of Sir Thomas Smith, under the title of 'Gabrielis Harveii Valdinatis

progress at Audley in Essex, he dedicated in writing to her Majesty, afterwards presenting the same in print to her Highness at the worshipful Maister Capell's, in Hertfordshire. Beside other his sundry most rare and very notable writings, partly under unknown titles and partly under counterfeit names, as his *Tyrannomastix*, his *Olde Natalitia*, his *Rameidos*, and especially that part of Philomusus his divine *Anticosmopolita*, and divers other of like importance." The poet also, it is added, "by the names of other shepherds covereth the persons of divers other his familiar friends and best acquaintance."

About Rosalind, also, E. K. gives us some little distinct information, besides a hint as to her true name. "Rosalind," he says in one of his notes upon this First Eclogue, "is also a feigned name, which, being well ordered, will bewray the very name of his love and mistress, whom by that name he coloureth." From this it has been conjectured that her true name was probably *Rose Lind*, or *Lynde*. In his Gloss on the Fourth Eclogue, E. K. writes,— "He calleth Rosalind the widow's daughter of the glen, that is, of a country hamlet or borough, which I think is rather said to colour and conceal the person, than simply spoken. For it is well known, even in spite of Colin and Hobinol, that she is a gentlewoman of no mean house, nor endued with any vulgar or common gifts both of nature and manners; but such, indeed, as need neither Colin be ashamed to have her made known by his verses, nor Hobinol be grieved that so she should be commended to immortality for her rare and singular virtues: specially deserving it no less than either Myrto, the most excellent poet Theocritus his darling, or Lauretta, the divine Petrarch's goddess, or Himera, the worthy poet Stesichorus his idol; upon whom he is said to have so much doted, that, in regard of her excellency, he scorned and wrote against the beauty of Helen; for which his presumptuous and un-

SMITHUS; vel Musarum Lachrymae, pro obitu honoratissimi viri, atque hominis multis nominibus clarissimi, Thomae Smithi, Equitis Aurati, &c. 4to. London, 1578.

heedy hardiness he is said, by vengeance of the gods, thereat being offended, to have lost both his eyes." This account corresponds with a notice we find of Rosalind in one of Harvey's letters to Spenser—that without date, entitled 'A Gallant Familiar Letter, containing an answer to that of M. Immerito, with sundry proper examples, and some precepts, of our English Reformed Versifying'—in which, at the head of one of his examples, he says, "Think upon Petrarch's

Arbor vittoriosa, triomfale,
Onor d'imperadori e di poete;

and perhaps it will advance the wings of your imagination a degree higher; at the least, if anything can be added to the loftiness of his conceit whom gentle Mistress Rosalind once reported to have all the intelligences at commandment, and another time christened him Signior Pegaso." She was evidently a person of station and of cultivated mind. Yet if, as has been supposed with great probability, she be the lady Mirabella, who figures in the sixth and seventh cantos of the *Fairy Queen*, she was not of high birth:—

She was a lady of great dignity,
And lifted up to honourable place,
Famous through all the Land of Fairy;
Though of mean parentage and kindred base.

We do not understand, by the bye, what it is that has led the modern commentators to look for this "skittish female," as Upton drolly designates her, in Kent. The author of the *Life of Spenser* prefixed to Church's edition of the *Fairy Queen* (1758) observes, that "as Rose is a common Christian name, so in Kent, among the gentry under Henry VI. in Fuller's *Worthies*, we find in Canterbury the name of John Lynde: thus Rose Lynde—Rosalind." In like manner, Malone, who in his *Life of Shakspeare* advances the conjecture that "Rosalind's real name may have been Elisa Horden, the aspiration being omitted," adds, "Thomas Horden, as well as Mr. Linde, was a gentleman of Kent in the time of Henry VI."

But it must have been in the north of England that Spenser saw and fell in love with Rosalind, as clearly appears from the Sixth Eclogue, and from E. K.'s notes upon it. In that Eclogue, Hobinol, or Harvey, entreats him to forsake the hilly soil, that so bewitched him, and where he had been treated by his mistress with so much cruelty, and to resort to the fruitful dales where Harvey himself was; and E. K. explains the hills to be the north country, where the poet then dwelt; and the dales, the south parts, or Kent, "where he now abideth"—that is, where he resided when the poem was published, and, it may be, even this part of it actually written, although adapted to a previous state of circumstances.

In this First Eclogue, Colin Clout—described as "a shepherd's boy (no better do him call)"—is introduced as, "all in a sunshine day," leading forth his flock, "that had been long ypent," and, when he had got them to a hill, plaining to himself, while they fed, in a strain of which the following is a portion:—

Such rage as winter's reigneth in my heart,
My life-blood freezing with unkindly cold;
Such stormy stours do breed my baleful smart,
As if my year were waste and waxen old;
And yet, alas! but now my spring be gone,
And yet, alas! it is already done.

You naked trees, whose shady leaves are lost,
Wherein the birds were wont to build their bower,
And now are clothed with moss and hoary frost,
Instead of blossoms, wherewith your buds did flower;
I see your tears that from your boughs do rain,
Whose drops in dreary icicles remain.

Also my lustful leaf is dry and sear,
My timely buds with wailing all are wasted;
The blossom which my branch of youth did bear,
With breathed sighs is blown away and blasted;
And from mine eyes the drizzling tears descend,
As on your boughs the icicles depend.

Thou feeble flock! whose fleece is rough and rent,
Whose knees are weak through fast and evil fare,

Mayest witness well, by thy ill government,
 Thy maister's mind is overcome with care :
 Thou weak, I wan ; thou lean, I quite forlorn :
 With mourning pine I ; you with pining mourn :

A thousand sithes,^c I curse that careful hour
 Wherein I longed the neighbour town to see,
 And eke ten thousand sithes I bless the stour
 Wherein I saw so fair a sight as she :
 Yet all for nought : such sight hath bred my bane,
 Ah, God ! that love should breed both joy and pain !

It is not Hobinol whereof I plain,
 Al be my love he seek with daily suit ;
 His clownish gifts and courtesies I disdain,
 His kids, his cracknels, and his early fruit.
 Ah, foolish Hobinol ! thy gifts been vain ;
 Colin them gives to Rosalind again.

I love thilk lass (alas ! why do I love ?)
 And am forlorn (alas ! why am I lorn ?)
 She deigns not my good will, but doth reprove,
 And of my rural music holdeth scorn.
 Shepherds devise she hateth as the snake,
 And laughs the songs that Colin Clout doth make."

It would appear, from what is here said, that Rosalind dwelt in some town in the neighbourhood of the country place where the poet was staying. This may have been the town of Halifax, which is only some twelve or fourteen miles from Hurstwood ; or it may have been the small town of Burnley, or that of Colne, both of which are still nearer.

At the end of every Eclogue are what are called the "Emblems" of the several speakers. Colin's emblem in this First Eclogue is the Italian phrase—*Ancora speme* ('There is still hope')—"the meaning whereof is," says E. K., "that, notwithstanding his extreme passion and luckless love, yet, leaning on hope, he is somewhat recomforted."

E. K.'s Argument of the Second Eclogue, entitled February, is as follows :—

^c Times.

" This Eclogue is rather moral and general than bent to any secret or particular purpose. It specially containeth a discourse of old age, in the person of Thenot, an old shepherd, who, for his crookedness and unlustiness, is scorned of Cuddy, an unhappy herdman's boy. The matter very well accordeth with the season of the month, the year now drooping, and as it were drawing to his last age. For as in this time of year, so then in our bodies, there is a dry and withering cold, which congealeth the curdled blood, and freezeth the weatherbeaten flesh, with storms of fortune and hoar-frosts of care. To which purpose the old man telleth a tale of the Oak and the Briar, so lively, and so feelingly, as, if the thing were set forth in some picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appear."

This Eclogue is remarkable both for a more lavish use of old and rustic words than usual, and for a structure of verse which appears to be modelled not upon the modern principle of syllabical regularity, but upon the ancient system, according to which all that was required seems to have been that there should be an equal number of *accented* syllables in each line. Whether Spenser intended in this way to imitate Chaucer may be doubted, although in the Gloss E. K. says that he supposes him by Tityrus to mean that poet. In regard to the tale told by Thenot, which that old shepherd says he had conned from Tityrus in his youth, E. K. remarks:—" This tale of the Oak and the Brere [Briar] he telleth as learned of Chaucer, but it is clean in another kind, and rather like to Æsop's fables." The verse, at any rate, is certainly not that in which Chaucer writes, whichsoever of the opposite views of Chaucer's versification that have been proposed may be the true one.

This, however, is altogether one of the most striking of the twelve Eclogues, and we shall therefore give it without abridgment:—

CUDDY. THENOT.

Cuddy.

AN for pity ! will rank winter's rage
These bitter blasts never gin t' assuage ?

The keen cold blows through my beaten hide,
 All as I were through the body gried : ^d
 My ragged rontes ^e all shiver and shake,
 As doen high towers in an earthquake :
 They wont in the wind wag their wriggle tails
 Perk ^f as a peacock ; but now it avails. ^g

The. Lewdly complainest, thou lazy lad,
 Of winter's wrack for making thee sad.
 Must not the world wend in his common course,
 From good to bad, and from bad to worse,
 From worse unto that is worst of all,
 And then return to his former fall ? ^h
 Who will not suffer the stormy time,
 Where will he live till the lusty prime ?
 Self have I worn out thrice thirty years,
 Some in much joy, many in many tears,
 Yet never complained of cold nor heat,
 Of summer's flame, nor of winter's threat,
 Nor ever was to fortune foeman
 But gently took that ungently came ;
 And ever my flock was my chief care ;
 Winter or summer they might well fare.

Cud. No marvel, Thenot, if thou can bear
 Cheerfully the winter's wrathful cheer ;
 For age and winter accord full nigh ;
 This chill, that cold ; this crooked, that wry ;
 And, as the lowering weather looks down,
 So seemest thou like Good Friday to frown :
 But my flowering youth is foe to frost,
 My ship unwont in storms to be tost.

The. The sovereign of seas he blames in vain,
 That, once sea-beat, will to sea again :
 So loitering live you little herdgrooms,
 Keeping your beasts in the budded brooms ;
 And, when the shining sun laugheth once,
 You deem the spring is come at once ;
 Tho' gin you, fond flies ! the cold to scorn,
 And, crowing in pipes made of green corn,
 You thinken to be lords of the year ;
 But eft, ^k when ye count you freed from fear,

^d Pierced.

^e Young bullocks.

^f Brisk.

^g Drops.

^h Condition.

ⁱ Then.

^k Soon.

Comes the breme^l winter with chamfred^m brows
 Full of wrinkles and frosty furrows,
 Drearily shooting his stormy dart,
 Which curdles the blood and pricks the heart :
 Then is your careless courage accoyed,ⁿ
 Your careful herds with cold been annoyed ;
 Then pay you the price of your surquedry,^o
 With weeping, and wailing, and misery.

Cud. Ah ! foolish old man ! I scorn thy skill,
 That wouldst me my springing youth to spill :
 I deem thy brain emperished be
 Through rusty eld that hath rotted thee ;
 Or sicker thy head very totty^p is,
 So on thy corb^q shoulder it leans amiss.
 Now thyself hath lost both lop^r and top,
 Als^s my budding branch thou wouldst crop ;
 But were thy years green, as now been mine,
 To other delights they would incline :
 Tho wouldst thou learn to carol of love,
 And herry^t with hymns thy lass's glove ;
 Tho wouldst thou pipe of Phyllis praise ;
 But Phyllis is mine for many days ;
 I won her with a girdle of gelt,^u
 Embossed with bugle about the belt :
 Such an one shepherds would make full fain ;
 Such an one would make thee young again.

The. Thou art a fon^v of thy love to boast ;
 All that is lent to love will be lost.

" Cud. See'st how brag^w yond bullock bears,
 So smirk, so smooth, his pricked ears ?
 His horns been as broad as rainbow bent,
 His dewlap as lithe as lass of Kent :
 See how he venteth^x into the wind ;
 Weenest of love is not his mind ?
 Seemeth thy flock thy counsel can,
 So lustless^y been they, so weak, so wan ;
 Clothed with cold, and hoary with frost,
 Thy flock's father his courage hath lost.

^l Bitter. ^m Knit, bent.

ⁿ Daunted. ^o Pride. ^p Giddy.

^q Crooked. ^r Branch. ^s Also.

^t Celebrate. ^u Gold. ^v Fool.

^w Proudly. ^x Snuffs. ^y Languid, listless.

Thy ewes, that wont to have blown bags,
Like wailful widows hang their crags ; ^z
The rather ^a lambs be starved with cold,
All for their master is lustless and old.

The. Cuddy, I wot thou ken'st little good,
So vainly to advance thy headless hood ;
For youngth ^b is a bubble blown up with breath,
Whose wit is weakness, whose wage is death,
Whose way is wilderness, whose inn penance,
And stoop-gallant ^c age, the host of grievance.
But shall I tell thee a tale of truth,
Which I conned of Tityrus in my youth,
Keeping his sheep on the hills of Kent ?

Cud. To nought more, Thenot, my mind is bent
Than to hear novels of his devise ;
They been so well thewed, and so wise,
Whatever that good old man bespake.

The. Many meet tales of youth did he make,
And some of love, and some of chivalry ;
But none fitter than this to apply.
Now listen a while and hearken the end.

“ There grew an aged tree on the green, ~
A goodly Oak sometime had it been,
With arms full long and largely displayed,
But of their leaves they were disarrayed ;
The body big, and mightily pight, ^d
Thoroughly rooted, and of wondrous height ;
Whilome had been the king of the field,
And mochel ^e mast to the husband ^f did yield,
And with his nuts larded many swine :
But now the grey moss marred his rine ; ^g
His bared boughs were beaten with storms,
His top was bald, and wasted with worms,
His honour decayed, his branches sere.

“ Hard by his side grew a bragging Brere,
Which proudly thrust into the element,
And seem'd to threaten the firmament :
It was embellish'd with blossoms fair,
And thereto aye wonted to repair

^z Necks.

^a Earlier.

^b Youth.

^c What makes its gallantry stoop.

^d Strongly fixed.

^e Much.

^f Husbandman.

^g Rind.

The shepherd's daughters to gather flowers,
 To paint their girlands with his colours;
 And in his small bushes used to shroud
 The sweet nightingale singing so loud:
 Which made this foolish Brere wax so bold,
 That on a time he cast him to scold
 And sneb the good Oak, for he was old.

" 'Why stand'st there (quoth he) thou brutish block?
 Nor for fruit nor for shadow serves thy stock;
 See'st how fresh my flowers been spread,
 Dyed in lily white and crimson red,
 With leaves engrained in lusty green;
 Colours meet to clothe a maiden queen?
 Thy waste bigness but cumbers the ground,
 And dirks^h the beauty of my blossoms round.
 The mouldy moss, which thee accloyeth,ⁱ
 My cinnamon smell too much annoyeth:
 Wherefore soon I rede^j thee hence remove,
 Lest thou the price of my displeasure prove.'
 So spake this bold Brere with great disdain:
 Little him answered the Oak again,
 But yielded, with shame and grief adawed,^k
 That of a weed he was overcrawed.

" It chanced after upon a day,
 The husbandman's self to come that way,
 Of custom for to survieu his ground,
 And his trees of state in compass round:
 Him when the spiteful Brere had espied,
 Causeless complained, and loudly cried
 Unto his lord, stirring up stern strife:

" 'O my liege lord! the god of my life,
 Pleaseth you ponder your suppliant's plaint,
 Caused of wrong and cruel constraint,
 Which I your poor vassal daily endure;
 And, but your goodness the same re-cure,
 Am like for desperate dool to die,
 Through felonous force of mine enemy.'

" Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,
 Him rested the goodman on the lea,

^h Darkens.

^j Advise.

ⁱ Coils round.

^k Daunted.

And bade the Brere in his plaint proceed.
 With painted words then gan this proud weed
 (As most usen ambitious folk)

His coloured crime with craft to cloak.

“ ‘ Ah, my sovereign ! lord of creatures all,
 Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
 Was not I planted of thine own hand,
 To be the primrose of all thy land ;
 With flowering blossoms to furnish the prime,^l
 And scarlet berries in sommer time ?
 How falls it then that this faded Oak,
 Whose body is sere, whose branches broke,
 Whose naked arms stretch unto the fire,^m
 Unto such tyranny doth aspire ;
 Hindering with his shade my lovely light,
 And robbing me of the sweet sun’s sight ?
 So beat his old boughs my tender side,
 That oft the blood springeth from woundes wide ;
 Untimely my flowers forced to fall,
 That been the honour of your coronal ;
 And oft he lets his canker-worms light
 Upon my branches, to work me more spite ;
 And oft his hoary locks down doth cast,
 Wherewith my fresh flowerets been defaced :
 For this, and many more such outrage,
 Craving your goodlihead to assuage
 The rancorous rigour of his might,
 Nought ask I, but only to hold my right,
 Submitting me to your good sufferance,
 And praying to be guarded from grievance.’

“ To this this Oak cast him to reply
 Well as he couth ;ⁿ but his enemy
 Had kindled such coales of displeasure,
 That the goodman ° nould^p stay his leisure,
 But home he hasted with furious heat,
 Increasing his wrath with many a threat ;
 His harmful hatchet he hent^q in hand,
 (Alas ! that it so ready should stand !)
 And to the field alone he speedeth,
 (Aye little help to harm there needeth !)

^l Spring.

ⁿ As well as he could.

^p Would not.

^m Are ready for the fire.

^o Farmer.

^q Took.

Anger nould let him speak to the tree,
 Enaunter^r his rage might cooled be ;
 But to the root bent his sturdy stroke,
 And made many wounds in the waste Oak.
 The axe's edge did oft turn again,
 As half unwilling to cut the grain ;
 Seemed, the senseless iron did fear,
 Or to wrong holy eld did forbear ;
 For it had been an ancient tree,
 Sacred with many a mystery,
 And often cross'd with the priest's crew,
 And often hallowed with holy-water due :
 But sik fancies weren foolery,
 And broughten this Oak to this misery ;
 For nought might they quit him from decay,
 For fiercely the goodman at him did lay :
 The block oft groaned under the blow,
 And sighed to see his near overthrow.
 In fine, the steel had pierced his pith,
 Then down to the earth he fell forthwith.
 His wonderous weight made the ground to quake,
 Th' earth shronk under him, and seemed to shake.
 There lieth the Oak, pitied of none !

“ Now stands the Brere like a lord alone,
 Puffed up with pride and vain pleasance ;
 But all this glee had no continuance :
 For eftsoons winter gan to approach ;
 The blust'ring Boreas did encroach,
 And beat upon the solitary Brere ;
 For now no succour was seen him near.
 Now gan he repent his pride too late ;
 For, naked left and disconsolate,
 The biting frost nipped his stalk dead,
 The watery wet weighed down his head,
 And heaped snow burdened him so sore,
 That now upright he can stand no more ;
 And, being down, is trod in the dirt
 Of cattle, and brouzed^a and sorely hurt.
 Such was th' end of this ambitious Brere
 For scorning eld——”

Cud. Now I pray thee, shepherd, tell it not forth
 Here is a long tale, and little worth.

^r In adventure, or in case.

^a Bruised.

So long have I listened to thy speech,
 That graffed to the ground is my breech;
 My heart-blood is well nigh from I feel,
 And my galage^t grown fast to my heel;
 But little ease of thy lewd tale I tasted:
 Hie thee home, shepherd, the day is nigh wasted.

Thenot's emblem here is,

*"Iddio, perche e' vecchio,
 Fa suoi al suo essemplio."*

(God, because he is old, makes his own like to himself.)
 That of Cuddy is,

*"Niuno vecchio
 Spaventa Iddio."*

(No old man has any fear of God.)

"The old man," E. K. remarks, "checketh the raw-headed boy for despising his gray and frosty hairs. Whom Cuddy doth counterbuff with a biting and bitter proverb, spoken, indeed, at the first in contempt of old age generally. For it was an old opinion, and yet is continued in some men's conceit, that men of years have no fear of God at all, or not so much as younger folk. For that, being ripened with long experience, and having passed many bitter brunts and blasts of vengeance, they dread no storms of fortune, nor wrath of God, nor danger of men, as being either by long and ripe wisdom armed against all mischances and adversity, or with much trouble hardened against all troublesome tides; like unto the Ape, of which is said in Æsop's Fables, that, oftentimes meeting the Lion, he was at first sore aghast and dismayed at the grimness and austerity of his countenance, but at last, being acquainted with his looks, he was so far from fearing him, that he would familiarly jibe and jest with him." Erasmus interprets the adage somewhat differently. "But," adds E. K., "his great learning notwithstanding, it is too plain to be gainsaid that old men are much more in-

^t E. K. explains this, "A start-up, or clownish shoe."

elined to such fond fooleries than younger heads." Phyllis he notes to be "the name of some maid unknown, whom Cuddy, whose person is secret, loved."

The Third Eclogue, entitled March, is in another style. It is in part an imitation of the Second Idyl of the Greek poet Bion, and is throughout in the highest degree both lively and elegant. E. K.'s Argument is as follows:—

"In this Eclogue two Shepherd's Boys, taking occasion of the season, begin to make purpose of love, and other pleasance which to spring-time is most agreeable. The special meaning hereof is, to give certain marks and tokens to know Cupid the poets' god of love. But more particularly, I think, in the person of Thomalin is meant some secret friend, who scorned Love and his knights so long, till at length himself was entangled, and unawares wounded with the dart of some beautiful regard, which is Cupid's arrow."

We give this Eclogue also entire:—

WILLY. THOMALIN.

Willy.

Thomalin, why sit we so,
As weren overwentⁿ with woe,
Upon so fair a morrow?
The joyous time now nigheth fast,
That shall alegge^v this bitter blast,
And slack the winter sorrow.

Tho. Sicker,^w Willy, thou warnest well;
For winter's wrath begins to quell,
And pleasant spring appeareth:
The grass now gins to be refreshed,
The swallow peeps out of her nest,
And cloudy welkin cleareth.

Wil. See'st not thilk^x same hawthorn stud,^y
How bragly it begins to bud,
And utter his tender head?

ⁿ As if we were overcome.

^w Surely.

^x This.

^v Allay, assuage.

^y Stock.

Flora now calleth forth each flower,
And bids make ready Maia's bower,

That new is uprist from bed :

Then shall we sporten in delight,
And learn with Lettice^z to wex light,

That scornfully looks askance ;

Then will we little Love awake,
That now sleepeth in Lethe lake,

And pray him leaden our dance.

Tho. Willy, I ween thou be assot ;^a

For lusty Love still^b sleepeth not,

But is abroad at his game.

Wil. How ken'st thou that he is awoke ?

Or hast thyself his slomber broke ?

Or made privy to the same ?

Tho. No ; but happily^c I him spied,

Where in a bush he did him hide,

With wings of purple and blue ;

And, were not that my sheep would stray,

The privy marks I would bewray,

Whereby by chance I him knew.

Wil. Thomalin, have no care forthy ;

Myself will have a double eye,

Alike to my flock and thine :

For, alas ! at home I have a sire,

A stepdame eke, as hot as fire,

That duely adays^d counts mine.

Tho. Nay, but thy seeing will not serve,

My sheep for that may chance to swerve,

And fall into some mischief :

For sithens is but the third morrow

That I chanced to fall asleep with sorrow,

And waked again with grief ;

The while thilk same unhappy ewe,

Whose clouted leg her hurt doth show,

Fell headlong into a dell,

And there unjointed both her bones :

Mought her neck been jointed at once,

She should have need no more spell ;^e

^a "The name of some country lass," says E. K.

^a Besotted. ^b Ever. ^c Haply. ^d Every day.

^e Verse said over her to charm her to health.

The elf was so wanton and so wood,
(But now I trow can better good,) ^f

She mought ne gang on the green.

Wil. Let be, as may be, that is past;
That is to come, let be forecast :

Now tell us what thou hast seen.

Tho. It was upon a holiday,
When shepherds' grooms had leave to play,

I cast to go a shooting ;

Long wandering up and down the land,
With bow and bolts in either hand,

For birds in bushes tooting ; ^g

At length within the ivy tod, ^h

(There shrouded was the little god,)

I heard a busy bustling ;

I bent my bolt against the bush,
Listening if any thing did rush,

But then heard no more rustling.

Tho. peeping close into the thick,
Might see the moving of some quick,

Whose shape appeared not ;

But, were it fairy, fiend, or snake,
My courage earned ⁱ it to awake,

And manfully thereat shot :

With that sprung forth a naked swain,
With spotted wings like peacock's train,

And laughing lop to a tree ;

His gilden quiver at his back,

And silver bow, which was but slack,

Which lightly he bent at me :

That seeing, I levell'd again,

And shot at him with might and main,

As thick as it had hailed.

So long I shot, that all was spent ;

Tho pumy stones I hastily hent,

And threw ; but nought availed :

He was so wimble and so wight, ^k

From bough to bough he leaped light,

^f She knows better.

^g Looking about.

^h Thick bush.

ⁱ Then.

^j Yearned.

^k E. K.'s gloss is "quick and deliver,"—that is, as we should now say, clever.

And oft the pumies latched :¹
 Therewith afraid I ran away ;
 But he, that erst seemed but to play,
 A shaft in earnest snatched,
 And hit me running in the heel :
 For then ^m I little smart did feel,
 But soon it sore increased ;
 And now it rankleth more and more,
 And inwardly it festereth sore,
 Ne wot I how to cease it.
Wil. Thomalin, I pity thy plight ;
 Perdie with Love thou diddest fight ;
 I know him by a token :
 For once I heard my father say,
 How he him caught upon a day,
 (Whereof he will be wroken,ⁿ)
 Entangled in a fowling-net,
 Which he for carrion-crows had set
 That in our pear-tree haunted :
 Tho said, he was a winged lad,
 But bow and shafts as then none had,
 Else had he sore been daunted.
 But see, the welkin thicks apace,
 And stooping Phœbus steeps his face ;
 It's time to haste us homeward.

Willy's emblem annexed to this Eclogue is,

"To be wise and eke to love,
 Is granted scarce to gods above."

That of Thomalin is,

"Of honey and of gall in love there is store ;
 The honey is much, but the gall is more."

These three first Eclogues afford us examples of each of the three kinds, or classes, into which E. K. distributes the twelve ; the first being plaintive, the second moral, the third recreative. The fourth, entitled April,

¹ Caught.

^m For the moment.

ⁿ Revenged.

is another of those that he includes under this last head : his Argument prefixed to it is as follows :—

“ This Eclogue is purposely intended to the honour and praise of our most gracious sovereign, Queen Elizabeth. The speakers hereof be Hobinol and Thenot, two shepherds : the which Hobinol, being before mentioned greatly to have loved Colin, is here set forth more largely, complaining him of that boy's great misadventure in love ; whereby his mind was alienated and withdrawn not only from him, who most loved him, but also from all former delights and studies, as well in pleasant piping, as cunning rhyming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion, for proof of his more excellency and skill in poetry, to record a song, which the said Colin sometime made in honour of her Majesty, whom abruptly he termeth Elisa.”

In answer to Thenot's inquiry, “ What gars [makes] thee greet [cry, weep] ?” Hobinol declares that no sorrow of his own causes him to mourn ; but, he adds, for that

—— the lad whom long I loved so dear,
Now loves a lass that all his love doth scorn ;
He plunged in pain his tressed^o locks doth tear.
Shepherds' delights he doth them all forswear ;
His pleasant pipe, which made us merriment,
He wilfully hath broke, and doth forbear
His wonted songs, wherein he all outwent.

This last line, by the way, may show us that Spenser was not blind to his own poetical genius, and that he did not hesitate to express his estimation of himself when he had the slightest pretence whereby to veil the indecorum. Hobinol goes on to state that his friend is Colin, “ the Southern Shepherd's boy,”—upon which last expression E. K. observes, “ Seemeth hereby that Colin pertaineth to some southern nobleman, and perhaps in Surrey or Kent, the rather because he so often nameth the Kentish Downs, and before [in the Second

^o E. K. in his gloss, interprets this “ withered and curled.” *Withered* is probably a misprint for *writhed*.

Eclogue], *As lithe as lass of Kent.*" Then follows the passage in which Hobinol describes fair Rosalind, whom his friend now wooes, and who breeds his smart, as "the widow's daughter of the glen,"—E. K.'s annotation upon which we have already given. In the end he agrees, at Thenot's request, to sing one of Colin's ditties that "been so trimly dight:"—

Contented I:—Then will I sing his lay
Of fair Elisa, queen of Shepherds all,
Which once he made as by a spring he lay,
And tuned it unto the water's fall.

Elisa, as has been already intimated, is Queen Elizabeth. "In all this song," says E. K., "is not to be respected what the worthiness of her Majesty deserveth, nor what to the highness of a prince is agreeable, but what is most comely for the meanness of a shepherd's wit or to conceive or to utter. And therefore he calleth her Elisa, as through rudeness tripping in her name; and a shepherd's daughter, it being very unfit that a shepherd's boy, brought up in the sheepfold, should know, or even seem to have heard of, a queen's royalty." By Pan, it is afterwards explained, is meant, in the song, "the most famous and victorious King, her highness' father, late of worthy memory, King Henry the Eighth." "And by that name," it is added, "oftentimes, as hereafter appeareth, be noted kings and mighty potentates; and in some place Christ himself, who is the very Pan and God of Shepherds." By Syrinx, of course, is meant Anne Boleyn. Here is the song, which is as spirited as it is quaint:—

"Ye dainty Nymphs, that in this blessed brook
Do bathe your breast,
Forsake your watery bowers, and hither look,
At my request.
And eke you Virgins that on Parnass dwell,
Whence floweth Helicon, the learned well,
Help me to blaze
Her worthy praise
Which in her sex doth all excel.

“ Of fair Elisa be your silver song,
 That blessed wight,
 The flower of virgins; may she flourish long
 In princely plight!
 For she is Syrinx' daughter without spot,
 Which Pan, the shepherds' god, of her begot:
 So sprong her grace
 Of heavenly race,
 No mortal blemish may her blot.

“ See, where she sits upon the grassy green,
 (O seemly sight!)
 Yclad in scarlet, like a maiden queen,
 And ermines white:
 Upon her head a cremosin^p coronet,
 With damask roses and daffodillies set;
 Bay-leaves between,
 And primroses green,
 Embellish the sweet violet.

“ Tell me, have ye seen her angelic face,
 Like Phœbe fair?
 Her heavenly haviour, her princely grace,
 Can you well compare?
 The red rose medled with the white yfere,^q
 In either cheek depainten lively cheer:
 Her modest eye,
 Her majesty,
 Where have you seen the like but there?

“ I saw Phœbus thrust out his golden head
 Upon her to gaze;
 But, when he saw how broad her beams did spread,
 It did him amaze.
 He blushed to see another sun below,
 Nor durst again his fiery face outshow.
 Let him, if he dare,
 His brightness compare
 With hers, to have the overthrow.

“ Show thyself, Cynthia, with thy silver rays,
 And be not abashed:
 When she the beams of her beauty displays,
 O how art thou dashed!

^p Crimson.

^q Mixed with the white together.

But I will not match her with Latona's seed ;
Such folly great sorrow to Niobe did breed.

Now she is a stone,
And makes daily moan,
Warning all others to take heed.

" Pan may be proud that ever he begot
Such a bellibone ;^r
And Syrinx rejoice, that ever was her lot
To bear such an one.

Soon as my younglings cryen for the dam
To her will I offer a milkwhite lamb :

She is my goddess plain,
And I her shepherd's swain,
Al be forswonk^s and forswat I am.^t

" I see Calliope speed her to the place,
Where my goddess shines ;
And after her the other Muses trace,^u
With their violines.
Be they not bay-branches which they do bear,
All for Elisa in her hand to wear ?
So sweetly they play,
And sing all the way,
That it a heaven is to hear.

" Lo, how finely the Graces can it foot
To the instrument :
They dancen deftly, and singen soot,^v
In their merriment.
Wants not a fourth Grace, to make the dance even ?
Let that room to my lady be yeven.^w
She shall be a Grace,
To fill the fourth place,
And reign with the rest in heaven.

" And whither rens this bevy of ladies bright,
Ranged in a row ?
They been all Ladies of the Lake behight,^x
That unto her go.

^r Or *bonnibelle*—a fair maid (*belle et bonne*).

^s Over-laboured.

^t Made to perspire with heat.

^u Walk.

^v Sweet.

^w Given.

^x Called, named.

Chloris, that is the chiefest nymph of all,
Of olive branches bears a coronal :

Olives been for peace,
When wars do surcease :
Such for a princess been principal.

“ Ye shepherds' daughters, that dwell on the green,
Hie you there apace :

Let none come there but that virgins been,
To adorn her grace :
And, when you come whereas^y she is in place,
See that your rudeness do not you disgrace :
Bind your fillets fast,
And gird in your waist,
For more fineness, with a tawdry lace.^z

“ Bring hither the pink and purple columbine,
With gillyflowers ;

Bring coronations, and sops in wine,^a
Worn of paramours :
Strew me the ground with daffodowndillies,
And cowslips, and king-cups, and loved lilies :
The pretty pance,^b
And the chevisance,^c
Shall match with the fair flower delice.^d

“ Now rise up, Elisa, decked as thou art
In royal array :

And now ye dainty damsels may depart
Each one her way.
I fear, I have troubled your troops too long ;
Let dame Elisa thank you for her song :

^y Where.

^z This was a kind of lace, or string, sold at the fair of St. Etheldreda, or St. Audrey.

^a “ A flower in colour much like to a carnation, but differing in smell and quantity.”—*E. K.*

^b The pansy, or violet.

^c This word is used in other passages for enterprise, fortune, bargain, gain, spoil ; but it seems to be here the name of a flower.

^d “ That which they use to misterm *Flower de luce*, being in Latin called *Flos delitiarum*.”—*E. K.*

And, if you come hether
 When damsons I gether,
 I will part them all you among."

The two emblems here are from the address of Æneas to his mother, Venus, in the first Book of the Æneid; that of Thenot being,

O quam te memorem Virgo!
 (O, what shall I call thee,—Lady!)

That of Hobinol,

O Dea certe!
 (O, a Goddess, assuredly!)

The Fifth Eclogue, for May, is another moral, or rather a theological, poem, and resembles the second both in language and versification. The subject of it is thus stated in E. K.'s Argument:—

"In this fifth Eclogue, under the person of two shepherds, Piers and Palinode, be represented two forms of pastors or ministers, or the Protestant and the Catholic; whose chief talk standeth in reasoning, whether the life of the one must be like the other; with whom having shewed that it is dangerous to maintain any fellowship, or give too much credit to their colourable and feigned good will, he telleth him a tale of the fox, that, by such a counterpoint of craftiness, deceived and devoured the credulous kid."

The Eclogue is, in manner as well as in spirit, an imitation of the old poem called *The Ploughman's Tale*, which has been attributed to Chaucer, and is commonly printed among his works, though it is not in his style, and there can be little doubt is by another writer. It has not been commonly noticed that Spenser has followed this old poem in its alliteration as well as in its other peculiarities. This may be sufficiently seen from the first lines of the speech of Palinode, with which the Eclogue opens:—

Is not thilk the merry moneth of May,
 When love-lads masken in fresh array?
 How falls it, then, we no merrier been,
 Ylike as others, girt in gawdy green?

Our blonket liveries^{*} been all too sad
 For thilk same season, when all is yclad
 With pleasance; the ground with grass, the woods
 With green leaves, the bushes with bloosming buds.

The spirit both of the poem and of E. K.'s annotations is violently Protestant, and even puritanical. Piers, indeed, who may be assumed to speak the poet's own sentiments, is in nature as well as in name the representative of the hero of the famous early work, *The Visions of Piers Ploughman*, which, as well as *The Ploughman's Tale*, is throughout a vehement exposure and denunciation of the corruptions of the clerical orders. Spenser, however, writing after the Reformation, attacks here and in other places not only the abuses of Popery, but the old religion itself, which the author of the *Visions* can scarcely be said anywhere to do. But the invective, although vigorous, has more theological than poetical interest, and may be passed over for our present purpose. It is in this eclogue that Pan is used, in one passage, according to E. K., for Christ, in another for God himself. Here also occurs the mention of Grindal, the puritanical archbishop of Canterbury, under the name of *Algrind*, which, however, E. K. explains as simply "the name of a shepherd." Another of the commentator's annotations is noticeable for an English version which it contains of the epitaph on Sardanapalus which Cicero has thus translated into Latin (in the Fifth Book of his *Tusculan Questions*):—

"Haec habui^f quae edi, quaeque exsaturata libido
 Hausit; at illa manent^g multa ac^h praeclara relictæ."

"Which," says E. K., "may thus be turned into English:—

"All that I ate did I joy, and all that I greedily gorged:
 As for those many goodly matters left I for others."

^{*} Gray coats.

^f The common reading is *habeo*.

^g The common reading is *jacent*.

^h The common reading is *et*.

It has not been usually noticed that these two English hexameters, which E. K. here appears to produce as his own, are the same which we have in one of Spenser's Letters to Harvey, where they are thus introduced:—"Seem they [four English elegiac verses] comparable to those two which I translated you extempore in bed the last time we lay together in Westminster?" The letter is that dated the 10th of April, 1580, or exactly a year after the date of E. K.'s Epistle prefixed to the Shepherd's Calendar and his Gloss.

The Sixth Eclogue, entitled June, belongs, like the first, to the plaintive class, according to E. K.'s distribution, and is introduced by him thus:—

"This Eclogue is wholly vowed to the complaining of Colin's ill success in his love. For being (as is aforesaid) enamoured of a country lass Rosalind, and having (as seemeth) found place in her heart, he lamenteth to his dear friend Hobinol, that he is now forsaken unfaithfully, and in his stead Menalcas, another shepherd, received disloyally. And this is the whole argument of this Eclogue."

The dialogue is carried on between the two friends Hobinol and Colin Clout, that is, Harvey and Spenser; and the Eclogue is in some parts very beautiful, as well as interesting from its bearing upon the poet's personal history. We subjoin the whole of it, merely observing further that E. K. affords us no information on the subject of Spenser's successful rival Menalcas, except that by the said name "is meant a person unknown and secret, against whom he often bitterly inveigheth:—

Hob. Lo! Colin, here the place whose pleasant site
From other shades hath weaned my wandering mind,
Tell me, what wants me here to work delight?
The simple air, the gentle warbling wind,
So calm, so cool, as no where else I find;
The grassy ground with dainty daisies dight,
The bramble bush, where birds of every kind
To the water's fall their tunes attemper right.

Col. O happy Hobinol, I bless thy state,
That Paradise hast found which Adam lost:

Here wander may thy flock early or late,
 Withouten dread of wolves to been ytost;
 Thy lovely lays here mayst thou freely boast:
 But I, unhappy man! whom cruel fate
 And angry gods pursue from coast to coast,
 Can no where find to shroud my luckless pate.

Hob. Then, if by me thou list advised be,
 Forsake the soil that so doth thee bewitch;
 Leave me those hills where harbour nis¹ to see,
 Nor holly-bush, nor brere, nor winding ditch;
 And to the dales resort, where shepherds rich,
 And fruitful flocks, been every where to see:
 Here no night-ravens lodge, more black than pitch,
 Nor elvish ghosts, nor ghastly owls do flee;

But friendly fairies, met with many graces,
 And lightfoot nymphs, can chase the lingering night
 With heydeguy^js, and trimly trodden traces,
 Whilst sisters nine, which dwell on Parnass height,
 Do make them music for their more delight;
 And Pan himself to kiss their crystal faces
 Will pipe and dance, when Phœbe shineth bright:
 Such peerless pleasures have we in these places.

Col. And I, whilst youth, and course of careless years,
 Did let me walk withouten links of love,
 In such delights did joy amongst my peers;
 But riper age such pleasures doth reprove:
 My fancy eke from former follies move
 To stayed steps; for time in passing wears,
 (As garments doen, which wexen old above,)
 And draweth new delights with hoary hairs.

Tho couth I sing of love, and tune my pipe
 Unto my plaintive pleas in verses made;
 Tho would I seek for queen-apples unripe;
 To give my Rosalind, and in sommer shade
 Dight gaudy girlands was my common trade,
 To crown her golden locks; but years more ripe,
 And loss of her, whose love as life I weighed,
 Those weary wanton toys away did wipe.

¹ Is not.

^j A kind of country dance.

Hob. Colin, to hear thy rhymes and roundelays
Which thou wert wont on wasteful hills to sing,
I more delight than lark in summer days,
Whose echo made the neighbour groves to ring,
And taught the birds, which in the lower spring
Did shroud in shady leaves from sunny rays,
Frame to thy song their cheerful chiruping,
Or hold their peace, for shame of thy sweet lays.

I saw Calliope with muses moe,
Soon as thy oaten pipe began to sound,
Their ivory lutes and tamburins forego,
And from the fountain, where they sat around,
Ren after hastily thy silver sound;
But, when they came where thou thy skill didst show,
They drew aback, as half with shame confound
Shepherd to see them in their art outgo.

Col. Of muses, Hobinol, I con no skill,
For they be daughters of the highest Jove,
And holden scorn of homely shepherd's quill;
For sith I heard that Pan with Phœbus strove,
Which him to much rebuke and danger drove,
I never list presume to Parnass hill,
But, piping low in shade of lowly grove,
I play to please myself, al be it ill.

Nought weigh I who my song doth praise or blame,
Nor strive to win renown, or pass the rest:
With shepherd sits not follow flying fame,
But feed his flock in fields where falls^k hem best.
I wot my rhymes been rough, and rudely drest;
The fitter they my careful case to frame:
Enough is me to painten^l my unrest,
And pour my piteous plaints out in the same.

The god of shepherds, Tityrus, is dead,
Who taught me homely, as I can, to make:
He, whilst he lived, was the sov'reign head
Of shepherds all that been with love ytake:
Well could he wail his woes, and lightly slake
The flames which love within his heart had bred,
And tell us merry tales to keep us wake,
The while our sheep about us safely fed.

^k Them. ^l In the original editions misprinted "paint out."

Now dead he is, and lieth wrapt in lead,
 (O why should death on him such outrage show !)
 And all his passing skill with him is fled,
 The fame whereof doth daily greater grow.
 But, if on me some little drops would flow
 Of that the spring was in his learned head,
 I soon would learn these woods to wail my woe,
 And teach the trees their trickling tears to shed.

Then should my complaints, caused of discourtesy,
 As messengers of this my plainful plight,
 Fly to my love wherever that she be,
 And pierce her heart with point of worthy wight,
 As she deserves, that wrought so deadly spite.
 And thou, Menalcas ! that by treachery
 Didst underfong^m my lass to wex so light,
 Shouldst well be known for such thy villany.

But since I am not as I wish I were,
 Ye gentle shepherds ! which your flocks do feed,
 Whether on hills, or dales, or other where,
 Bear witness all of this so wicked deed ;
 And tell the lass, whose flower is wox a weed,
 And faultless faith is turned to faithless fear,
 That she the truest shepherd's heart made bleed
 That lives on earth, and loved her most dear.

Hob. O ! careful Colin, I lament thy case ;
 Thy tears would make the hardest flint to flow !
 Ah ! faithless Rosalind, and void of grace,
 That art the root of all this ruthful wo !
 But now is time, I guess, homeward to go :
 Then rise, ye blessed flocks ! and home apace,
 Lest night with stealing steps do you foreslow,
 And wet your tender lambs that by you trace.

Only one emblem is given in this instance, that of Colin,
Gia speme spenta (Now hope is extinguished).

The Seventh Eclogue, for July, is another of a moral
 or rather theological character, like the Fifth. " This
 Eclogue," says E. K.'s Argument, " is made in the
 honour and commendation of good shepherds, and to the

^m " Undermine and deceive by false suggestions."—E. K.

shame and dispraise of proud and ambitious pastors ; such as Morell is here imagined to be." The dialogue is carried on between Thomalin, who must be understood to be the same friend of the poet whom we have in the Third Eclogue, and Morell, under which designation is supposed to be represented, anagrammatically, Elmer, or Aylmer, Bishop of London, the main stay of the high church interest at the same time that the low church interest was supported by Grindal. It is worth noticing, however, that Morell, as Warton has pointed out, is a character introduced in the poem called *The Remedy of Love*, attributed to Chaucer. Much of this Eclogue is very spirited. It begins thus :—

Thom. Is not thilk same a goatherd proud,
That sits on yonder bank,
Whose straying herd themself doth shroud
Among the bushes rank ?

Mor. What, ho, thou jolly shepherd's swain,
Come up the hill to me ;
Better is thenⁿ the lowly plain,
Als^o for thy flock and thee.

Thom. Ah ! God shield, man, that I should climb,
And learn to look aloft ;
This rede^p is rife, that oftentime
Great climbers fall unsoft.
In humble dales is footing fast,
The trode^q is not so tickle,
And, though one fall through heedless haste,
Yet is his miss not mickle.
And now the sun hath reared up
His fiery-footed team,
Making his way between the Cup
And golden Diadem ;
The rampant Lion hunts he fast,
With dogs of noisome breath,
Whose baleful barking brings in haste
Pain, plagues, and dreary death.

He goes on to invite Morell to come down. The latter

ⁿ Than. ^o Both. ^p Proverb. ^q Footing.

reproves him for blaming, or speaking irreverently of, holy hills, which are so often sacred to and named after saints :—

St. Michael's Mount who does not know,
That wards the western coast ?
And of St. Briget's bower I trow
All Kent can rightly boast :
And they that con of Muses' skill
Say most-what that they dwell
(As goatherds wont) upon a hill,
Beside a learned well.

Beside, as holy fathers sayn,
There is a holy place
Where Titan riseth from the main
To run his daily race,
Upon whose top the stars been staid,
And all the sky doth lean ;
There is the cave where Phœbe laid
The shepherd long to dream.

Of Sinah can I tell thee more,
And of our Lady's Bower ;
But little needs to strow my store,
Suffice this hill of our.
Here have the holy Fauns recourse,
And Sylvans haunten rathe ;^r
Here has the salt Medway his source,
Wherein the nymphs do bathe ;
The salt Medway, that trickling streams
Adown the dales of Kent,
Till with his elder brother Thames
His brackish waves be meynt.
Here grows melampode every where,
And terebinth, good for goats ;
The one my madding kids to smear,
The next to heal their throats.
Hereto the hills been nigher heaven,
And thence the passage eath ;
As well can prove the piercing levin,
That seldom falls beneath.

^r Early.

Thom. Sicker, thou speakest like a lewd lorel,
 Of heaven to deemen so ;
 Howbeit I am but rude and borrel,^a
 Yet nearer ways I know.
 To kirk the nar,^t from God more far,
 Has been an old-said saw ;
 And he that strives to touch a star
 Oft stombles at a straw.
 As soon may shepherd climb to sky
 That leads in lowly dales,
 As goatherd proud, that, sitting high,
 Upon the mountain sails.

The eclogue concludes with the following remarkable passage, which must be understood to shadow forth what had recently befallen Archbishop Grindal, who, for a letter he wrote to the queen in commendation of preaching and puritanism, was, in 1578, by an order from the star-chamber, confined to his house, and sequestered from his archiepiscopal function for six months :—

Mor. But say me, what is Algrind, he
 That is so oft bynempt ?^u
Thom. He is a shepherd great in gree,^v
 But hath been long ypent :^w
 One day he sat upon a hill,
 As now thou wouldest me ;
 But I am taught, by Algrind's ill,
 To love the low degree ;
 For, sitting so with bared scalp,
 An eagle soared high,
 That, weening his white head was chalk,
 A shell-fish down let fly ;
 She weened the shell-fish to have broke
 And therewith bruised his brain ;
 So now, astonied with the stroke,
 He lies in lingering pain.
Mor. Ah ! good Algrind ! his hap was ill,
 But shall be better in time.

^a Clownish.

^t Nearer.

^u Named.

^v Degree.

^w Pent up.

Now farewell, shepherd, sith this hill
Thou hast such doubt to climb.

The Eighth Eclogue, for August, is another of those designated Recreative by E. K., whose Argument prefixed to it is as follows:—

“ In this Eclogue is set forth a delectable controversy, made in imitation of that in Theocritus : whereto also Virgil fashioned his third and seventh Eclogue. They chose for umpire of their strife, Cuddy, a neat-herd's boy ; who, having ended their cause, reciteth also himself a proper song, whereof Colin he saith was author.”

The two contending shepherds are named Willy and Perigot. E. K. says in a note, “ By Perigot who is meant, I cannot uprightly say ; but, if it be he who is supposed, his love deserveth no less praise than he giveth her.” Here are the simple but pretty and lively rhymes in which they sport and wrestle with one another :—

Per. “ It fell upon a holy eve,

Wil. Hey, ho, holiday !

Per. When holy fathers wont to shrieve ;

Wil. Now ginneth this roundelay.

Per. Sitting upon a hill so high,

Wil. Hey, ho, the high hill !

Per. The while my flock did feed thereby ;

Wil. The while the shepherd self did spill ;

Per. I saw the bouncing Bellibone,

Wil. Hey, ho, Bonnibell !

Per. Tripping over the dale alone ;

Wil. She can trip it very well.

Per. Well decked in a frock of gray,

Wil. Hey, ho, gray is greet ! *

Per. And in a kirtle of green say ;

Wil. The green is for maidens meet,

Per. A chapelet on her head she wore,

Wil. Hey, ho, chapelet !

Per. Of sweet violets therein was store,

Wil. She sweeter than the violet.

* Sad, sorrowful.

- Per.* My sheep did leave their wonted food,
Wil. Hey, ho, silly sheep !
Per. And gazed on her as they were wood,^y
Wil. Wood as he that did them keep.
Per. As the bonnylass passed bye,
Wil. Hey, ho, bonnylass !
Per. She roved at me with glancing eye,
Wil. As clear as the crystal glass :
Per. All as the sunny beam so bright,
Wil. Hey, ho, the sunny beam !
Per. Glanceth from Phœbus' face forthright,
Wil. So love into thy heart did stream :
Per. Or as the thonder cleaves the clouds,
Wil. Hey, ho, the thonder !
Per. Wherein the lightsome levin shrouds,
Wil. So cleaves thy soul asonder :
Per. Or as Dame Cynthia's silver ray,
Wil. Hey, ho, the moonlight !
Per. Upon the glittering wave doth play,
Wil. Such play is a piteous plight.
Per. The glance into my heart did glide,
Wil. Hey, ho, the glider !
Per. Therewith my soul was sharply gried,
Wil. Such wounds soon wexen wider.
Per. Hasting to wranch the arrow out,
Wil. Hey, ho, Perigot !
Per. I left the head in my heart-root,
Wil. It was a desperate shot.
Per. There it rankleth aye more and more,
Wil. Hey, ho, the arrow !
Per. Ne can I find salve for my sore,
Wil. Love is a careless sorrow.
Per. And, though my bale with death I bought,
Wil. Hey, ho, heavy cheer !
Per. Yet should thilk lass not from my thought ;
Wil. So you may buy gold too dear.
Per. But whether in painful love I pine,
Wil. Hey, ho, pinching pain !
Per. Or thrive in wealth, she shall be mine ;
Wil. But if thou can her obtain.
Per. And, if for graceless grief I die,
Wil. Hey, ho, graceless grief !

Per. Witness she slew me with her eye ;

Wil. Let thy folly be the prief.

Per. And you that saw it, simple sheep,

Wil. Hey, ho, the fair flock !

Per. For prief thereof, my death shall weep,

Wil. And moan with many a mock.

Per. So learned I love on a holy eve,

Wil. Hey, ho, holy-day !

Per. That ever since my heart did grieve ;

Wil. Now endeth our roundelay."

Slight as this is, and not over full of meaning as some parts of it may be thought, we much prefer it to the more elaborate song—the "doleful verse" and "heavy lay," as it is called—made by Colin upon Rosalind, which Cuddy afterwards sings ; although Webbe, in his *Discourse of English Poetry*, 1586, lauds the latter as "a rare device and pretty invention in composition, framed upon six words prettily turned and wound up together."

The Ninth Eclogue, entitled September, is another passionate anti-popish diatribe, the speakers being Hobinol and another Shepherd called Diggon Davy. "Herein," says E. K.'s Argument, "Diggon Davy is devised to be a shepherd that, in hope of more gain, drove his sheep into a far country. The abuses whereof, and loose living of Popish prelates, by reason of Hobinol's demand, he discourseth at large." In his Gloss at the end he observes :—"The dialect and phrase of speech in this dialogue seemeth somewhat to differ from the common. The cause whereof is supposed to be by occasion of the party herein meant [Diggon Davy], who, being very friend to the author hereof, had been long in foreign countries, and there seen many disorders, which he here recounteth to Hobinol." The versification is the same as in the Second and Fifth Eclogues. In the course of the Eclogue a story is told of a shepherd (that is, perhaps, a bishop) named Rotfin, who is thus described by Hobinol :—

He is so meek, wise, and merciable,^z

And with his word his work is convenable ;

^z Merciful.

Colin Clout, I ween, be his self boy
 (Ah for Colin! he whilome my joy):
 Shepherds sich^a God mought us many send,
 That doen so carefully their flocks tend.

The name Roffin would seem to indicate a Bishop of Rochester; and some research into the ecclesiastical history of the time might possibly discover the meaning or literal fact hidden under the present apologue. Spenser's poetry abounds in such poetical disguises or transfigurations of actual occurrences, which his editors have taken very little pains to elucidate. This shepherd Roffin is represented as having a valuable watch-dog, Lowder—one of the bishop's chaplains, perhaps, or at least one of the clergy of his diocese—which designation also probably wraps up some real name.

The Tenth Eclogue, for October, is the loftiest strain of the twelve. The speakers are Piers and Cuddy, and the Argument is thus stated by E. K. :—

“In Cuddy is set out the perfect pattern of a poet, which, finding no maintenance of his state and studies, complaineth of the contempt of poetry, and the causes thereof: specially having been in all ages, and even amongst the most barbarous, always of singular account and honour, and being indeed so worthy and commendable an art; or rather no art, but a divine gift and heavenly instinct not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both; and poured into the wit by a certain enthousiasmos and celestial inspiration, as the author hereof elsewhere at large discourseth in his book called *The English Poet*, which book being lately come to my hands, I mind also by God's grace, upon further advisement, to publish.”

In his Gloss E. K. adds :—“This Eclogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his Sixteenth Idyllion, wherein he reproveth the tyran Hiero of Syracuse for his nigardise towards poets, in whom is the power to make men immortal for their good deeds, or shameful for their naughty life. And the like also is in Mantuan. The

^a Such.

style hereof, as also that in Theocritus, is more lofty than the rest, and applied to the height of poetical wit." "I doubt," he further observes, "whether by Cuddy be specified the author self, or some other. For in the Eighth Eclogue the same person was brought in singing a cantion of Colin's making, as he sayeth. So that some doubt that the persons be different." We may understand this as merely a little mystification in which the poet wantons with his readers.

We give this noble eclogue without curtailment:—

"PIERS. CUDDY.

Piers.

"Cuddy, for shame, hold up thy heavy head,
And let us cast with what delight to chase
And weary this long lingering Phœbus' race.
Whilome thou wont the shepherds' lads to lead
In rhymes, in riddles, and in bidding base;^b
Now they in thee, and thou in sleep, art dead.

Cud. Piers, I have piped erst so long with pain,
That all mine oaten reeds been rent and wore,
And my poor muse hath spent her spared store,
Yet little good hath got, and much less gain.
Such pleasance makes the grasshopper so poor,
And ligg so laid,^c when winter doth her strain.

The dapper^d ditties that I wont devise
To feed youth's fancy, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much; what I the bett forthy?^e
They han the pleasure, I a slender prize:
I beat the bush, the birds to them do fly:
What good thereof to Cuddy can arise?

Piers. Cuddy, the praise is better than the price,^f
The glory eke much greater than the gain:
O what an honour is it, to restrain
The lust of lawless youth with good advice,
Or prick them forth with pleasance of thy vein,
Whereto thou list their trained wills entice!

^b The game of *base* or *prison-base*.

^c Lie so faint.

^d Neat and pretty.

^e What am I the better therefore?

^f Prize.

Soon as thou ginn'st to set thy notes in frame,
 O how the rural routs to thee do cleave!
 Seemeth thou dost their soul of sense bereave,
 All as the shepherd that did fetch his dame
 From Pluto's baleful bower withouten leave,
 His music's might the hellish hound did tame.

Cud. So praisen babes the peacock's spotted train,
 And wonderen at bright Argus' blazing eye;
 But who rewards him e'er the more forthy,
 Or feeds him once the fuller by a grain?
 Sik praise is smoke, that sheddeth in the sky;
 Sik words been wind, and wasten soon in vain.

Piers. Abandon then the base and viler clown;
 Lift up thyself out of the lowly dust,
 And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of jousts;
 Turn thee to those that weld the awful crown,
 To doubted knights, whose woundless armour rusts,
 And helms unbruised wexen daily brown.

There may thy muse display her fluttering wing,
 And stretch herself at large from east to west;
 Whether thou list in fair Elisa rest,
 Or, if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
 Advance the worthy whom she loveth best,^s
 That first the white bear to the stake did bring.

And, when the stubborn stroke of stronger stounds
 Has somewhat slacked the tenor of thy string,
 Of love and lustihead then may'st thou sing,
 And carol loud, and lead the Miller's round,^h
 All were Elisa one of thilk same ring;
 So mought our Cuddy's name to heaven sound.

Cud. Indeed the Romish Tityrus, I hear,
 Through his Mecænas left his oaten reed,

^s "He meaneth, as I guess, the most honourable and renowned the Earl of Leicester, whom by his cognizance (although the same be also proper to others) rather than by his name he bewrayeth, being not likely that the names of worldly princes be known to country clowns."—E. K. Leicester's well-known cognizance was the bear and ragged staff.

^h A kind of dance.

Whereon he erst had taught his flocks to feed,
And laboured lands to yield the timely ear;
And eft did sing of wars and deadly dread,
So as the heavens did quake his verse to hear.

But ah! Mæcenas is yclad in clay,
And great Augustus long ago is dead,
And all the worthies liggin wrapt in lead,
That matter made for poets on to play:
For ever, who in derring-doeⁱ were dread,
The lofty verse of hem^j was loved aye.

But after virtue gan for age to stoop,
And mighty manhood brought a bed of ease,
The vaunting poets found nought worth a pease
To put in preace^k among the learned troop:
Then gan the streams of flowing wits to cease,
And sunbright honour penned in shameful coop.

And if that any buds of poesy,
Yet of the old stock, gan to shoot again,
Or it men's follies mote to-force to feign,^l
And roll with rest in rhymes of ribaldry;
Or, as it sprung, it wither must again;
Tom Piper makes us better melody.

Piers. O peerless poesy! where is then thy place?
If nor in prince's palace thou dost sit,
(And yet is prince's palace the most fit,)
Ne breast of baser birth doth thee embrace,
Then make thee wings of thine aspiring wit,
And, whence thou cam'st, fly back to heaven apace.

Cud. Ah! Percy, it is all too weak and wan,
So high to soar and make so large a flight;
Her pieced pinions be not so in plight:
For Colin fits such famous flight to scan;
He, were he not with love so ill bedight,
Would mount as high and sing as soot as swan.

Piers. Ah! fon;^m for Love does teach him climb so high,
And lifts him up out of the loathsome mire;

ⁱ In manhood and chivalry.

^j Them.

^k Press, thriving.

^l Either men's follies must force it to feign.

^m Fond, foolish.

Such immortal mirror, as he doth admire,
 Would raise one's mind above the starry sky,
 And cause a caitiff courage to aspire;
 For lofty Love doth loath a lowly eye.

Cud. All otherwise the state of poet stands;
 For lordly Love is such a tyrant fell,
 That, where he rules, all power he doth expel;
 The vaunted verse a vacant head demands,
 Ne wont with crabbed Care the Muses dwell:
 Unwisely weaves, that takes two webs in hand.

Whoever casts to compass weighty prize,
 And thinks to throw out thundering words of threat,
 Let pour in lavish cups and thrifty bits of meat,
 For Bacchus' fruit is friend to Phœbus wise;
 And, when with wine the brain begins to sweat,
 The numbers flow as fast as spring doth rise.

Thou kenst not, Percie, how the rhyme should rage;
 O if my temples were distained with wine,
 And girt in girlands of wild ivy twine,
 How I could rear the muse on stately stage,
 And teach her tread aloft in buskin fine,
 With quaint Bellona in her equipage!

But ah! my courage cools ere it be warm:
 Forthy content us in this humble shade,
 Where no such troublous tides han us essayd;
 Here we our slender pipes may safely charm.

Piers. And, when my gatesⁿ shall have their bellies laid
 Cuddy shall have a kid to store his farm."

Both the elevation and glow of the sentiment here, and the musical flow and sweep of the verse, are worthy of the Fairy Queen, of which this song may be considered as the prelude and prognostication.*

ⁿ Goats.

* The only emblem annexed to this Eclogue is assigned to Cuddy, and is given as "*Agitante calescimus illo, &c.*" The modern editors have not been at the pains even to inform us that this is part of a verse from Ovid: it occurs in the *Fasti* (lib. v., v. 6), the entire verse being, *Est Deus in nobis; agitante calescimus illo* (A god is within us; he stirring us, we grow warm). The form in which the fragment

If, however, we suppose E. K. to be either the author himself or to speak his sentiments, the next eclogue, entitled November, would seem to have been Spenser's own favourite. "In this eleventh eclogue," says the Argument, "he bewaileth the death of some maiden of great blood, whom he calleth Dido. The personage is secret, and to me altogether unknown, albeit of himself I often required the same. This eclogue is made in imitation of Marot his song which he made upon the death of Loyes the French Queen;* but far passing his reach, and in mine opinion all other the eclogues of this book." The dialogue is carried on between Thenot and Colin (or Spenser himself); the former of whom begins by asking his friend when it would please him to sing, as he was wont, "songs of some jouissance." Too long, he tells him, has his muse slumbered sorrowing:—

Now somewhat sing whose endless sovenance^o
 Among the shepherd's swains may aye remain;
 Whether thou list thy loved lass advance,
 Or honour Pan with hymnes of higher vein.

Colin replies that this season of the year is not "the time of merrimake,"

Nor Pan to herry,^p nor with love to play;

but if Thenot will have "light virelays and looser songs

is printed might lead us to suspect some error or omission; and E. K.'s commentary seems also to imply that something is wanting. "Hereby," he observes, "is meant, as also in the whole course of this Eclogue, that poetry is a divine instinct, and unnatural rage passing the reach of common reason. Whom Piers answereth epiphonematicōs, as admitting the excellency of the skill, whereof in Cuddie he had already had a taste." Perhaps *Est Deus in nobis* may have been Cuddy's emblem; and *Agitante calescimus illo*, Piers's epiphonematic (or acclamatory) reply.

* There is some mistake here: no French Queen of this name died in Marot's time.

^o Memory.

^p Praise, celebrate.

of love," who better able to produce such than himself?
To this Thenot rejoins:—

"*The.* The nightingale is sovereign of song,
Before him sits ^a the titmouse silent be;
And I, unfit to thrust in skilful throng,
Should Colin make judge of my foolery;
Nay, better learn of hem ^r that learned be,
And han been watered at the Muses' well;
The kindly dew drops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell:
But if sad winter's wrath, and season chill,
Accord not with thy Muse's merriment,
To sadder times thou may'st attune thy quill,
And sing of sorrow and death's dreariment;
For dead is Dido, dead, alas! and drent;^a
Dido! the great shepherd his daughter sheen:
The fairest May she was that ever went,
Her like she has not left behind I ween:
And, if thou wilt bewail my woeful teen,
I shall thee give yond cosset^t for thy pain;
And, if thy rhymes as round and rueful been
As those that did thy Rosalind complain,
Much greater gifts for guerdon thou shalt gain,
Than kid or cosset which I thee bynempt."^u

Upon this passage E. K. mysteriously remarks:—" *The Great Shepherd* is some man of high degree, and not, as some vainly suppose, God Pan. The person both of the shepherd and of Dido is unknown, and closely buried in the author's conceit. But out of doubt I am that it is not Rosalind, as some imagine; for he speaketh soon after of her also." These repeated references, by the bye, of E. K. to the opinions of other critics or readers upon passages in a work as yet unpublished are very curious: they would seem to imply that the Shepherd's Calendar had been extensively circulated in manuscript.

^a It fits, it suits. ^r Them.

^a Drowned. ^t A lamb brought up without the ewe.

^u E. K. interprets "bequeathed;" but the meaning would rather seem to be, *named, or mentioned to thee.*

Colin yields to Thenot's entreaty, and we subjoin the greater part of his melodious threnody:—

“ Up, then, Melpomene! the mournfull'st Muse of Nine,
Such cause of mourning never hadst afore;
Up! grisly ghosts! and up my rueful rhyme!
Matter of mirth now shalt thou have no more;
For dead she is, that mirth thee made of yore.

Dido, my dear, alas! is dead,
Dead, and lieth wrapt in lead.

O heavy hearse!

Let streaming tears be poured out in store;

O careful verse!

“ Shepherds, that by your flocks of Kentish downs abide,
Wail ye this woeful waste of nature's wark;
Wail we the wight whose presence was our pride;
Wail we the wight whose absence is our cark;^v
The sun of all the world is dim and dark;
The earth now lacks her wonted light,
And all we dwell in deadly night.

O heavy hearse!

Break we our pipes, that shrilled as loud as lark;

O careful verse!

“ Why do we longer live (ah! why live we so long?)
Whose better days death hath shut up in woe?
The fairest flower our girland all among
Is faded quite, and into dust ygoe.

Sing now, ye shepherds' daughters, sing no moe

The songs that Colin made you in her praise,

But into weeping turn your wanton lays.

O heavy hearse!

Now is time to die: nay, time was long ago:

O careful verse!

“ Whence is it, that the floweret of the field doth fade,
And lieth buried long in Winter's bale;
Yet, soon as Spring his mantle hath display'd,
It flowereth fresh, as it should never fail?
But thing on earth that is of most avail,
As virtue's branch, and beauty's bud,
Reliven not for any good.

O heavy hearse !
 The branch once dead, the bud eke needs must quail ;
 O careful verse !

“ She, while she was (that was, a woeful word to sayn !)
 For beauty’s praise and pleasance had no peer ;
 So well she couth the shepherds entertain
 With cakes and cracknels, and such country cheer :
 Nor would she scorn the simple shepherd’s swain ;
 For she would call him often heme,^w
 And give him curds and clouted cream.
 O heavy hearse !
 Als Colin Clout she would not once disdain ;
 O careful verse !

“ O thou great shepherd, Lobbin,^x how great is thy grief !
 Where been the nosegays that she dight for thee ?
 The coloured chapelets wrought with a chief,
 The knotted rush-rings, and gilt rosemary ?
 For she deemed nothing too dear for thee.
 Ah ! they been all yclad in clay ;
 One bitter blast blew all away.
 O heavy hearse !
 Thereof nought remains but the memory ;
 O careful verse !

“ The turtle on the bared branch
 Laments the wound that Death did launch.
 O heavy hearse !
 And Philomel her song with tears doth steep !
 O careful verse !

“ The water-nymphs, that wont with her to sing and dance
 And for her girland olive branches bear,
 Now baleful boughs of cypress doen advance ;
 The Muses, that were wont green bays to wear,
 Now bringen bitter elder branches sere ;
 The Fatal Sisters eke repent
 Her vital thread so soon was spent.

^w “ For *home*, after the northern pronouncing.”—E. K.

^x “ The name of a shepherd, which seemeth to have been the lover and dear friend of Dido.”—E. K.

O heavy hearse !
Mourn now, my Muse, now mourn with heavy cheer ;
O careful verse !

“ But maugre Death, and dreaded Sisters' deadly spite,
And gates of hell, and fiery furies' force,
She hath the bonds broke of eternal night,
Her soul unbodied of the burdenous corse.

Why then weeps Lobbin so without remorse ?

O Lobb ! thy loss no longer lament ;

Dido is dead, but into heaven hent.

O happy hearse !

Cease now, my Muse, now cease thy sorrow's source,

O joyful verse !

“ Why wail we then ? why weary we the gods with plaints,
As if some evil were to her betight ?

She reigns a goddess now among the saints,

That whilome was the saint of shepherds' light,

And is installed now in heaven's height.

I see thee, blessed soul ! I see

Walk in Elysian fields so free.

O happy hearse !

Might I once come to thee (O that I might !)

O joyful verse !

“ Unwise and wretched men to weet what's good or ill,

We deem of death as doom of ill desert ;

But knew we, fools, what it us brings until,

Die would we daily, once it to expert !

No danger there the shepherd can assert ;

Fair fields and pleasant lays there been ;

The fields aye fresh, the grass aye green.

O happy hearse !

Make haste, ye shepherds, thither to revert.

O joyful verse !

“ Dido is gone afore (whose turn shall be the next ?)

There lives she with the blessed gods, in bliss,

There drinks she nectar with ambrosia mixt,

And joys enjoys that mortal men do miss.

The honour now of highest gods she is,

That whilome was poor shepherds' pride,
 While here on earth she did abide.
 O happy hearse!
 Cease now, my song, my woe now wasted is;
 O joyful verse!"

The Twelfth and last Eclogue, entitled December, is another of the Plaintive class; and E. K.'s Argument is as follows:—

"This Eclogue (even as the first began) is ended with a complaint of Colin to god Pan; wherein, as weary of his former ways, he proportioneth his life to the four seasons of the year; comparing his youth to the spring time, when he was fresh and free from love's folly. His manhood to the summer, which, he saith, was consumed with great heat and excessive drouth, caused through a comet or blazing star, by which he meaneth love; which passion is commonly compared to such flames and immoderate heat. His ripest years he resembleth to an unseasonable harvest, wherein the fruits fall ere they be ripe. His latter age to winter's chill and frosty season, now drawing near to his last end."

It is remarked by Warton, in his 'Observations on the Fairy Queen' (i. 219), that this eclogue, which he calls one of Spenser's most finished and elegant pastorals, is "literally translated from old Clement Marot"—"which," he adds, "is not observed by the commentator E. K." It is evident, however, from the portion of Marot's eclogue which he transcribes that the imitation is very far from being so close as this statement would lead us to suppose. Spenser's poem is in the form of a soliloquy by Colin, and the following are its most striking passages:—

The gentle shepherd sate beside a spring,
 All in the shadow of a bushy brere,
 That Colin hight, which well could pipe and sing,
 For he of Tityrus^z his songs did lear:
 There, as he sat in secret shade alone,
 Thus gan he make of love his piteous moan.

^z "Chaucer, as hath been oft said."—E. K.

- “ O sovereign Pan ! thou god of shepherds all,
Which of our tender lambkins takest keep,
And, when our flocks into mischance mought fall,
Dost save from mischief the unwary sheep ;
Als^a of their maisters hast no less regard
Than of the flocks, which thou dost watch and ward ;
- “ I thee beseech (so be thou deign to hear
Rude ditties, tun'd to shepherd's oaten reed,
Or if I ever sonnet song so clear
As it with pleasance mought thy fancy feed),
Hearken a while, from thy green cabinet,
The rural song of careful Colinet.
- “ Whilome in youth, when flowered my joyful spring,
Like swallow swift I wander'd here and there ;
- “ I wont to range amid the mazy thicket,
And gather nuts to make my Christmas-game,
And joyed oft to chase the trembling pricket,
Or hunt the heartless hare till she were tame.
What recked I of wintry age's waste ?—
Then deemed I my spring would ever last.
- “ How often have I scaled the craggy oak,
All to dislodge the raven of her nest ?
How have I wearied, with many a stroke,
The stately walnut-tree, the while the rest
Under the tree fell all for nuts at strife ?
For like to me was liberty and life.
- “ And for I was in thilk same looser years,
(Whether the Muse so wrought me from my birth,
Or I too much believed my shepherd peers,)
Somedea^b ybent to song and music's mirth,
A good old shepherd, Wrenock was his name,
Made me by art more cunning in the same.
- “ From thence I durst in daring to compare
With shepherd's swain whatever fed in field ;
And, if that Hobinol right judgment bare,
To Pan his own self pipe I need not yield :
For, if the flocking Nymphs did follow Pan,
The wiser Muses after Colin ran.

^a Also.^b Somewhat.

- “ But, ah ! such pride at length was ill repaid ;
 The shepherds' god (perdy god was he none)
 My hurtless pleasance did me ill upbraid ;
 My freedom lorn, my life he left to moan.
 Love they him called that gave me check-mate,
 But better mought they have behote him Hate.
- “ Tho gan my lovely spring bid me farewell.
- “ Forth was I led, not as I wont afore,
 When choice I had to choose my wand'ring way,
 But whither luck and Love's unbridled lore
 Would lead me forth on fancy's bit to play :
 The bush my bed, the bramble was my bower,
 The woods can witness many a woeful stowr.
- “ Where I was wont to seek the honey bee,
 Working her formal rooms in wexen frame,
 The grisly toadstool grown there mought I see,
 And loathed paddocks lording on the same :
 And, where the chanting birds lull'd me asleep,
 The ghastly owl her grievous inn doth keep.
- “ Then as the spring gives place to elder time,
 And bringeth forth the fruit of sommer's pride ;
 Also my age, now passed youthly prime,
 To things of riper season self applied,
 And learned of lighter timber cotes to frame,
 Such as might save my sheep and me fro shame.
- “ To make fine cages for the nightingale,
 And baskets of bulrushes, was my wont :
 Who to entrap the fish in winding sail
 Was better seen, or hurtful beasts to hont ?
 I learned als the signs of heaven to ken,
 How Phœbe fails, where Venus sets, and when.
- “ And tried time yet taught me greater things ;
 The sudden rising of the raging seas,
 The sooth of birds by beating of their wings,
 The power of herbs, both which can hurt and ease,
 And which be wont to enrage the restless sheep,
 And which be wont to work eternal sleep.
- “ But, ah ! unwise and witless Colin Clout,
 That kydst^c the hidden kinds of many a weed,

Yet kydst not ene ^d to cure thy sore heart-root,
 Whose rankling wound as yet does rifely bleed.
 Why livest thou still, and yet hast thy death's wound?
 Why diest thou still, and yet alive art found?

" Thus is my sommer worn away and wasted,
 Thus is my harvest hastened all-to^e rathe;
 The ear that budded fair is burnt and blasted,
 And all my hoped gain is turn'd to scathe.
 Of all the seed that in my youth was sown,
 Was none but brakes and brambles to be mown.

" The fragrant flowers, that in my garden grew,
 Been withered, as they had been gathered long;
 Their roots been dried up for lack of dew,
 Yet dewed with tears they han been ever among.
 Ah! who has wrought my Rosalind this spite,
 To spill the flowers that should her girland dight?

" And thus of all my harvest-hope I have
 Nought reaped but a weedy crop of care;
 Which, when I thought have thresht in swelling sheave,
 Cockle for corn, and chaff for barley, bare:
 Soon as the chaff should in the fan be fined,^f
 All was blown away of the wavering wind.

" So now my year draws to his later term,
 My spring is spent, my sommer burnt up quite.

" Now leave, ye shepherds' boys, your merry glee;
 My Muse is hoarse and weary of this stound:
 Here will I hang my pipe upon this tree,
 Was never pipe of reed did better sound:
 Winter is come that blows the bitter blast,
 And after winter dreary death does haste.

" Gather together ye my little flock,
 My little flock, that was to me so lief;
 Let me, ah! let me in your folds ye lock,
 Ere the breme winter breed you greater grief.
 Winter is come, that blows the baleful breath,
 And after winter cometh timely death.

^d One.^e Altogether.^f Refined.

“ Adieu, delights, that lulled me asleep;
 Adieu, my dear, whose love I bought so dear;
 Adieu, my little lambs and loved sheep;
 Adieu, ye woods, that oft my witness were:
 Adieu, good Hobinol, that was so true;
 Tell Rosalind, her Colin bids her adieu.”

The work is wound up with the following Epilogue:—

Lo! I have made a Calendar for every year,
 That steel in strength, and time in durance, shall outwear.
 And, if I marked well the stars' revolution,
 It shall continue till the world's dissolution,
 To teach the ruler shepherd how to feed his sheep,
 And from the falser's^s fraud his folded flock to keep.

Go, little Calendar! thou hast a free passport,
 Go but a lowly gait amongst the meaner sort;
 Dare not to match thy pipe with Tityrus his style,
 Nor with the Pilgrim that the Ploughman played a while;
 But follow them far off, and their high steps adore:
 The better please, the worse—despise! I ask no more.

Such, then, is *The Shepherd's Calendar*, Spenser's earliest work; our account of which has been the more extended for that reason, as well as because it shadows forth an interesting portion of his personal history. But its poetical merit is also very great. As it was the earliest, so it remains still the greatest English pastoral poem. It can scarcely indeed be said to foreshow the picturesque invention which afterwards blazed out in the *Fairy Queen*, any more than Shakspeare in his 'Venus and Adonis' and 'Tarquin and Lucrece' can be said to have given distinct token of his dramatic genius. But in both cases the true poetic life was present in a form no more to be mistaken than is the vegetable life showing itself in the yet unexpanded bud. There was perhaps, radically and essentially, a greater resemblance between the genius of Spenser and that of Shakspeare than appears from their actual works. If Spenser's nine Comedies, of which his friend Harvey expresses so much admiration, had been preserved, we should have

^s Deceiver's.

had better evidence upon this point. It is remarkable, at any rate, that, however unlike in spirit as well as in form we may think Spenser's *Fairy Queen* and Shakspeare's dramatic works, the highest and most distinguishing qualities of their other poetry are the same. That which sets the *Shepherd's Calendar* and others of Spenser's earlier pieces above everything else that had preceded them in the language, what Chaucer had done only excepted, is the same thing the presence of which likewise we feel so strongly in the minor, and for the most part probably also earlier, poetry of Shakspeare,—the fulness and easy flow of the poetic vein, making the composition all life. The bright green herbage seems ready to burst forth everywhere, as from a soil of inexhaustible fertility and moisture. Whatever else may be wanting, whatever may be less carefully or less successfully executed, the spirit of poetry at least is always there, strong and abundant. It is song at any rate, if it be nothing else of much value, and charms us as such—like many an old ballad or other popular ditty, that is deficient in nearly all other literary and artistic requisites, but yet makes its way to all hearts simply by its having been born of a musical conception. In this poetry of Spenser, as in that of Shakspeare, everything is conceived poetically. And that is evidently the writer's natural mode of conception and expression. There is no prose, and no effort to rise above or to escape from prose. Compare the *Shepherd's Calendar* with any poetry produced by the best of Spenser's immediate predecessors, and we shall feel that he alone was all a poet, that they were only poets as it were by assuming and acting the character. Take Lord Surrey, for instance, with all his taste and real feeling; his verse is a hollow artificial mockery to the living voice of Spenser's. Or take Lord Buckhurst; his powerful and even grand imagination is also, in comparison, only something which he gets up for show. They were poets on occasion, and by dint of tasking their faculties; he was all and always a poet. And, although this first published work, his *Shepherd's Calendar*, was far from evidencing the full

strength or extent of Spenser's poetic genius, still it was something which may be described as not only superior in excellence but unlike in kind to whatever had previously been produced in the existing form of the language—something as different from what had hitherto been the most approved modern English poetry as the dawn is from the brightest moonlight. It is not only our first English pastoral, but our earliest poetical work of any description, written since the language has been substantially the same that it now is, which can be called a classical work. It forms the commencement of our classical modern English literature.

SECTION III.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

IN his first letter to Harvey, dated at Leicester House, Westminster, 16th October, 1579, Spenser several times alludes to his being then on the point of leaving England. "I was minded also," he says towards the end, "to have sent you some English verses, or rhymes, for a farewell; but, by my troth, I have no spare time in the world to think on such toys, that you know will [well?] demand a freer head than mine is presently. I beseech you, by all your courtesies and graces, let me be answered ere I go; which will be (I hope, I fear, I think) the next week, if I can be dispatched of my lord. I go thither, as sent by him, and maintained mostwhat of him; and there am to employ my time, my body, my mind to his honour's service. Thus, with many super-hearty commendations and recommendations, to yourself and all my friends with you, I end my last farewell, not thinking any more to write to you before I go." And in a valedictory address in Latin hexameters inclosed in the same letter, while in the title or inscription he speaks of himself as about to proceed to France—"mox in Gallias navigaturi"—he seems by some of his expressions to intimate that his journey might possibly be extended much farther to the south and even to the east. He talks indeed not only of traversing the Alps and Pyrenees, but of being carried perhaps as far (if the text be not corrupt) as to Caucasus and Babylon—

" ————— per inhospita Caucasa longe,
Perque Pyrenaeos montes, Babyloaque turpem;

.

Ibimus ergo statim,—

Et pede clivosas fesso calcabimus Alpes.”

It deserves to be noticed that he looks forward to this expatriation with no complacency: alluding to Horace's *Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci*, he remarks that the gods had long given him the pleasant, but never till now the useful; adding,—

“Utile nunc etiam, ô utinam quoque dulce dedissent!”

(Would that, in now giving me the useful, they had given me the pleasant along with it!); and then he goes on to describe himself as born under a cruel star, in being thus obliged to pursue in distant lands the fortune he could not attain at home. But he is ashamed, he declares, with faculties not altogether infelicitous, to remain longer in obscurity in his native country, wasting the flowering years of his youth in mean employments leading to nothing—

“Namque sinu pudet in patrio, tenebrisque pudendis,
Non nimis ingenio juvenem infelice virentes
Officiis frustra deperdere vilibus annos,
Frugibus et vacuas speratis cernere spicas.”

It is most probable, however, that Spenser never actually went upon this mission, whatever may have been its precise nature. Harvey, indeed, appears to have looked upon the project from the first as by no means certain, or even likely, to take effect. “As for your speedy and hasty travel,” he says in his answer dated a week after Spenser's farewell epistle, “methinks I dare still wager all the books and writings in my study, which you know I esteem of greater value than all the gold and silver in my purse or chest, that you will not, that you shall not, I say, be gone over sea, for all your saying, neither the next nor the next week.” All that is further known is, that Spenser was at any rate in London in the beginning of April following: his next letter to Harvey is dated from Westminster on the 10th of that month; it contains no allusion to his having been abroad; and he could

scarcely have executed any such scheme as he evidently had contemplated in the interval of little more than five months that had elapsed since he talked of being on the point of setting out.

Perhaps his views were withdrawn from this proposed continental mission by other prospects. At any rate, he was very soon after appointed secretary to the new Lieutenant of Ireland, Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton; and he is commonly assumed to have accompanied his lordship to Ireland in the beginning of August, 1580. For this appointment he is supposed to have been indebted to the recommendation or interest of the Earl of Leicester, with whose family Lord Grey was connected by marriage. It was not long in leading to more good fortune. Mr. Hardiman was, he believe, the first to state, in his 'Irish Minstrelsy,' published in 1832, that in March, 1581, there was conferred upon the poet the additional office of Clerk to the Irish Court of Chancery; but it is remarkable that none of his biographers have noticed, what is mentioned in so accessible a work as Collins's Peerage, that in this same year he received from the Queen a grant of a lease of the Abbey of Iniscorthy, or Enniscorthy, and the attached castle and manor, in the county of Wexford, at an annual rent of 300*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, with the condition that he should keep it in continual repair; and that he conveyed this property, by indenture dated the 9th of December, 1581, to Richard Synot; by whom it was afterwards conveyed, or sold, to Sir Henry Wallop, then Treasurer of War in Ireland, the ancestor of the family of the Earls of Portsmouth, in whose possession, we believe, it still remains.^h Notwithstanding the large sum which Spenser was to pay as rent, there can be little doubt that this was a beneficial, probably a very beneficial, grant; and its extent and importance may be taken as a measure of the influence he had attained.ⁱ

^h See Collins's Peerage, in account of the Earls of Portsmouth, from whose archives these facts are given.

ⁱ Wakefield in his 'Account of Ireland' (vol. i. p. 281),

From his parting with his lease so soon after obtaining it, it may be inferred that Spenser had at this time no intention of fixing himself in Ireland. He may indeed have already anticipated his speedy return to his native country. Lord Grey resigned his government in the end of August, 1582; and he and Spenser are supposed to have come back to England, as they had left it, together.

Two or three insulated facts make up all that we know of Spenser's history from this date till the publication of the first portion of his *Fairy Queen*.

A letter to Queen Elizabeth from James VI. of Scotland, dated at St. Andrew's, the 2nd of July, 1583 (the original of which is in the Cotton Collection at the British Museum), has the following postscript;—"Madame, I have stayed Maister Spenser upon the letter quilk [which] is written with my awin hand, quilk sall be ready within twa days:" and Mr. David Laing, who mentions this circumstance in a note to his late edition of 'Ben Jonson's Conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden' (printed for the Shakespeare Society, 8vo., Lond. 1842), suggests that the Spencer who thus appears to have been employed in conveying despatches from the Scotch to the English court may perhaps have been the great poet. But he was certainly not the only person of his name who was occasionally employed about this time by the government in a similar capacity. Not to mention the Edmund Spencer who brought over Sir Henry Norris's letters from France in 1569, and who may not have been the poet, there was, it seems, a Mr. Spencer who was confidentially employed under the Irish administration immediately before the time when the poet appears in Ireland as secretary to the Lord Lieutenant. Mr. Todd refers to various passages in one of the Lambeth MSS. which give an account of the important employments on which this person was deputed to England; and he quotes a letter from Sir William

states the then value of Lord Portsmouth's Enniscorthy estate (in 1812) at 8000*l.* per annum.

Pelham, then at the head of the government as Lord Justice, dated 14th July, 1580, in which Sir William styles him his "brother Spencer," and speaks of him as "now growing into years, and having many ways deserved some consideration from her Majesty." This statement has been little noticed; and it might be desirable that the matter were further investigated, with a view to the obtaining of more conclusive proof that the person whom the Lord Justice here calls his *brother* really was not the same who was immediately afterwards appointed secretary to the new Lord Lieutenant. The expression "now growing into years" may imply nothing more than that his early manhood was passing away.

In 1586 Spenser obtained from the crown a grant of 3028 acres in the county of Cork, being part of the forfeited estate of the Earl of Desmond; the grant is dated the 27th of June, and it is supposed that he may probably have been in part indebted for it to the influence of his patron Sir Philip Sidney, whose last act of friendship it would in that case be; for the illustrious author of the *Arcadia* and the *Defence of Poesy* died of his wounds, received at Zutphen, in October of this same year. As for Spenser, he is believed to have proceeded to Ireland to take possession of his estate, upon which, by the terms of the grant, he was obliged to reside; and there he remained, inhabiting his castle of Kilcolman, as the principal house on the property was called, till the year 1590, when he visited England, and there sent to the press the first three books of his *Fairy Queen*.

It is supposed to have been the encouragement of his friend Sir Walter Raleigh that induced him to take this step. Raleigh visited him at Kilcolman probably in the summer or autumn of 1589; and they are believed to have proceeded to England together before the end of the same year. The work is entered by Ponsonby in the Register of the Stationers' Company, under date of the 1st of December, 1589, as 'The Fayrye Queene, dysposed into xii. Books;' and the publication probably took place early in 1590, which is the date on the title-

page. The volume, which is a small quarto, printed very legibly in a large type, is entitled 'The Faerie Queene. Disposed into twelve books, fashioning xii. Morale Vertues. London. Printed for William Ponsonbie.' The name of the author is not on the title-page, but it is affixed to the Dedication, and to a letter at the end addressed to Raleigh; and the Sonnets to various distinguished individuals, which appear to have been sent, according to the fashion of the time, with presentation copies, are signed with his initials. The Dedication to this edition of 1590, containing only the First Three Books of the poem, is simply in these words:—"To the most mighty and magnificent Empress, Elizabeth, by the Grace of God, Queen of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. Her most humble Servant, Ed. Spenser." In the second edition, containing Six Books, this was expanded and heightened as follows:—"To the Most High, Mighty, and Magnificent Empress, Renowned for Piety, Virtue, and all Gracious Government, Elizabeth, By the grace of God Queen of England, France, and Ireland, and of Virginia, Defender of the Faith, &c. Her most Humble Servant, Edmund Spenser, doth, in all humility, Dedicate, Present, and Consecrate, these his labours, to live with the Eternity of her Fame."

The letter to Raleigh, though printed at the end of the volume, may be most properly read before the poem, the author's whole intention in the course of which it professes to expound. It is dated 23rd January, 1589 (that is, 1590), and is addressed "To the Right Noble and Valorous Sir Walter Raleigh, Knight, Lord Warden of the Stannaries, and her Majesty's Lieutenant of the County of Cornwall." "Sir," it begins, "knowing how doubtfully all allegories may be construed, and this book of mine, which I have entitled The Fairy Queen, being a continued allegory, or dark conceit, I have thought good, as well for avoiding of jealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading thereof (being so by you commanded), to discover unto you the general intention and

meaning which in the whole course thereof I have fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes, or by-accidents, therein occasioned." The age, with all its gallantry and high spirit, was one of suspicion and jealousy, and Spenser appears, from many parts of his writings, to have had his full share of the prevailing temper. He goes on to state that the general end of his work is "to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous or gentle discipline;" and for that purpose he had chosen as his historical fiction the history of King Arthur, not only for the excellency and fame of the hero, but as being "also furthest from the danger of envy and suspicion of present time." The Fairy Queen, as it actually stands, consists of six Books; and it is commonly said that the poem, if it had been completed, would have extended to twelve Books; but this would appear to have been in fact only the half of Spenser's entire design. After the example, he says, of Homer, Virgil, Ariosto, and Tasso, he labours to pourtray "in Arthur, before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve Private moral virtues, as Aristotle hath devised; the which is the purpose of these first twelve Books;" "which," he adds, "if I find to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encouraged to frame the other part, of Politic virtues, in his person after that he came to be king." Meanwhile, in this first work he has conceived Arthur, "after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin delivered to be brought up, so soon as he was born of the Lady Igrain, to have seen in a dream or vision the Fairy Queen, with whose excellent beauty ravished, he awaking resolved to seek her out; and so, being by Merlin armed, and by Timon thoroughly instructed, he went to seek her forth in Fairy Land." By the Fairy Queen he means Glory in his general intention, but in his particular she represents Queen Elizabeth, and Fairy Land is her realm of England. "And yet," he adds, "in some places else I do otherwise shadow her. For, considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royal queen or empress, the other of a most vir-

tuous and beautiful lady; this latter part in some places I do express in Belphebe, fashioning the name according to your own excellent conceit of Cynthia: Phœbe and Cynthia being both names of Diana." Spenser has several times elsewhere alluded to what appears to have been a poem written by Raleigh in celebration of Elizabeth under the name of Cynthia, not now known to exist. In the person of Arthur he here goes on to intimate he sets forth the virtue of Magnificence, or, as we should now say, Magnanimity, in particular, that, according to Aristotle and the other philosophers, being the perfection of all the rest, and containing them all in itself. Throughout the whole course of the poem, therefore, are mentioned in each Book such deeds of Arthur as come under the particular virtue of which the Book treats. But of the twelve other virtues, twelve other knights are made the patrons, "for the more variety of the history." Thus, of the three Books now published, the first contains the adventures and exploits of the Knight of the Red Cross, who is the representative of the virtue of Holiness; the second, those of Sir Guyon, the representative of Temperance; the third, those of Britomartis, a Lady Knight, in whom is pictured Chastity. But if the course of events were to be related in the order of time, the beginning of the history would be the Twelfth Book of the poem; "where," he proceeds,

"I devise that the Fairy Queen kept her annual feast twelve days: upon which twelve several days the occasions of the twelve several adventures happened, which, being undertaken by twelve several knights, are in these twelve books severally handled and discoursed. The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there presented himself a tall clownish young man, who falling before the Queen of Fairies desired a boon (as the manner then was), which during that feast she might not refuse; which was, that he might have the achievement of any adventure which during that feast should happen. That being granted, he rested him on the floor, unfit through his rusticity for a better place. Soon after entered a fair lady in mourning weeds, riding on a white ass, with a dwarf behind her leading a warlike steed, that

bore the arms of a knight, and his spear in the dwarf's hand. She, falling before the Queen of Fairies, complained that her father and mother, an ancient king and queen, had been by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brazen castle, who thence suffered them not to issue; and therefore besought the Fairy Queen to assign her some one of her knights to take on him that exploit. Presently that clownish person, upstarting, desired that adventure; whereat the Queen much wondering, and the lady much gainsaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the lady told him, that, unless that armour which she brought would serve him (that is, the armour of a Christian man specified by St. Paul, v. Ephes.), that he could not succeed in that enterprise: which being forthwith put upon him with due furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in all that company, and was well liked of the lady. And eftsoons taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that strange courser, he went forth with her on that adventure; where beginneth the first Book, viz.:—

A gentle knight was pricking on the plain, &c.

“The second day there came in a palmer bearing an infant with bloody hands, whose parents he complained to have been slain by an enchantress called Acrasia; and therefore craved of the Fairy Queen, to appoint him some knight to perform that adventure; which being assigned to Sir Guyon, he presently went forth with that same palmer; which is the beginning of the second Book, and the whole subject thereof. The third day there came in a groom who complained before the Fairy Queen, that a vile enchanter, called Busirane, had in hand a most fair lady, called Amoretta, whom he kept in most grievous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon Sir Scudamour, the lover of that lady, presently took on him that adventure. But being unable to perform it by reason of the hard enchantments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who succoured him and rescued his love.

“But, by occasion hereof, many other adventures are intermeddled; but rather as accidents then intendments; as the love of Britomart, the overthrow of Marinell, the misery of Florimel, the virtuousness of Belphœbe, the lasciviousness of Helenora; and many the like.”

“Thus much, Sir,” the Letter concludes, “I have

briefly overrun to direct your understanding to the well-head of the history ; that, from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handful gripe all the discourse, which otherwise may happily seem tedious and confused."

The poem is introduced, as was then and long afterwards customary, by several copies of complimentary verses from the author's friends ; the two first of which, signed W. R., are no doubt by Raleigh ; and the third, signed Hobinol, by Gabriel Harvey. The signatures to the others are R. S., who has been variously conjectured to be Robert Southwell, Richard Stanihurst, Richard Smith, Richard Stapleton, or Robert Sackville, the eldest son of Lord Buckhurst ; H. B., of which no interpretation has been proposed ; W. L., which it has been thought may stand for William Lisle, a translator of parts of Du Bartas and Heliodorus ; and Ignoto, which also has not been appropriated. There is little of merit or interest in any of these effusions to detain us. The admiration expressed by Raleigh is very high and ungrudging. In his first address he represents Petrarch, as he stands watching the tomb of his Laura, weeping at the approach of the Fairy Queen, or the new poet, all the Graces vanishing from the spot, and Oblivion laying him down on Laura's hearse. Homer's spirit, too, he affirms,

——— did tremble all for grief,
And cursed the access of that celestial thief.

In his second set of verses he says—

Of me no lines are loved, nor letters are of price,
Of all which speak our English tongue, but those of thy
device.

The Fairy Queen, it may be remembered, had not greatly taken Gabriel Harvey's fancy when he first read a part of it ten years before this. We cannot be sure that what he then saw was any portion of the poem as afterwards published ; it is perhaps rather probable, from the length of time that had elapsed, and from the

difference of manner between the Fairy Queen, as we actually have it, and such of Spenser's poetry as was certainly written before 1580, that the first attempt, upon which Harvey pronounced so discouraging a judgment, may have been something quite unlike any part of the poem in the shape it ultimately took; but, at any rate, although Harvey's lines here are friendly and kind, and his general appreciation of the poet's genius such as we have a right to expect, his commendation of this particular work is still not very enthusiastic. He is evidently inclined to revert to, if not to prefer, the Shepherd's Calendar. "The lovely Rosalind," he says,

————— seems now forlorn,
 And all thy gentle flocks forgotten quite;
 Thy changed heart now holds thy pipes in scorn,
 Those pretty pipes that did thy mates delight;
 Those trusty mates that loved thee so well;
 Whom thou gav'st mirth, as they gave thee the bell.

And he merely adds that, as his friend's former roundelays stirred to glee the rustics in their homely bowers, so might the present "refined lays

Delight the dainty ears of higher powers."

Harvey's verses flow smoothly enough, but have little other grace or poetry in them, although they have been praised for their beauty. Those signed W. L. have some little interest from their references to the connexion between Spenser and Sidney. They seem, indeed, to attribute to Sidney the credit of having encouraged the poet to undertake the present work:—

When Spenser saw the fame was spread so large
 Through Fairy Land, of their renowned Queen;
 Loth that his Muse should take so great a charge
 As in such haughty matter to be seen,
 To seem a shepherd then he made his choice;
 But Sidney heard him sing, and knew his voice.

And as Ulysses brought fair Thetis' son
 From his retired life to manage arms:
 So Spenser was, by Sidney's speeches, won
 To blaze her fame, not fearing future harms:

For well he knew, his muse would soon be tired
In her high praise, that all the world admired.

Yet, as Achilles in those warlike frays
Did win the palm from all the Grecian peers,
So Spenser now, to his immortal praise,
Hath won the laurel quite from all his feeres.^k
What though his task exceed a human wit;
He is excused sith Sidney thought it fit."

The Sonnets by the Author prefixed to the work are seventeen in number, and are severally addressed to Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord High Chancellor; Lord Burleigh, Lord High Treasurer; the Earl of Oxenford, Lord High Chamberlain; the Earl of Northumberland; the Earl of Cumberland; the Earl of Essex; the Earl of Ormond and Ossory; Lord Charles Howard, Lord High Admiral; Lord Hunsdon; Lord Grey of Wilton; Lord Buckhurst; Sir Francis Walsingham; Sir John Norris, Lord President of Munster; Sir Walter Raleigh; the Countess of Pembroke; the Lady Carew; and, lastly, "To all the Gracious and Beautiful Ladies in the Court." Several of these addresses are very elegant. Sir Christopher Hatton is invited to smooth the brow of careful policy, on the consideration that the old counsellors and governors of mighty Rome

Oft from those grave affairs were wont abstain
With the sweet Lady Muses for to play;
So Ennius the elder Africain,
So Maro oft did Cæsar's cares allay.

"To you," says the poet to Burleigh,

— on whose mighty shoulders most doth rest
The burden of this kingdom's government,
As the wide compass of the firmament
On Atlas' mighty shoulders is upstayed,
Unfitly I these idle rhymes present,
The labour of lost time and wit unstayed;
Yet, if their deeper sense be inly weighed,

^k Brethren.

And the dim veil, with which from common view
 Their fairer parts are hid, aside he laid,
 Perhaps not vain they may appear to you.

The Earl of Oxford's protection he requests, for that the antique glory of his lordship's ancestry is, under a shady veil, written in the work. And also, he adds,

——— for the love which thou dost bear
 To the Heliconian imps, and they to thee;
 They unto thee, and thou to them most dear.

The Sonnet to Lord Ormond intimates that the poem had been composed chiefly or wholly in Ireland. It is as follows :—

Receive, most noble Lord, a simple taste
 Of the wild fruit which savage soil hath bred ;
 Which, being through long wars left almost waste,
 With brutish barbarism is overspread :
 And, in so fair a land as may be read,
 Not one Parnassus, nor one Helicon,
 Left for sweet Muses to be harboured,
 But where thyself hast thy brave mansion :
 There indeed dwell fair Graces many one,
 And gentle Nymphs, delights of learned wits ;
 And in thy person, without paragon,
 All goodly bounty and true honour sits.
 Such therefore, as that wasted soil doth yield,
 Receive, dear Lord, in worth, the fruit of barren field.

Lord Charles Howard, in allusion to the recent defeat of the Spanish Armada, is complimented in these fine lines :—

Sith those huge castles of Castilian King
 That vainly threatened kingdoms to displace,
 Like flying doves ye did before you chase.

The reader will not appreciate all the artifice of expression here if he overlook the consonancy of the two terms "castles" and "Castilian," so much in Spenser's manner, and in that of his age. The Sonnet to Lord Grey may be given in full, for the sake of its allusions

to the poet's personal history, and of its repetition of the statement that his poem was of Irish birth :—

Most noble lord, the pillar of my life,
 And patron of my Muse's pupilage;
 Through whose large bounty, poured on me rife,
 In the first season of my feeble age,
 I now do live, bound yours by vassalage;
 (Sith nothing ever may redeem, nor reave
 Out of your endless debt, so sure a gage;)
 Vouchsafe, in worth, this small gift to receive,
 Which in your noble hands for pledge I leave
 Of all the rest that I am tied to account:
 Rude rhymes, the which a rustic Muse did weave
 In savage soil, far from Parnasso mount,
 And roughly wrought in an unlearned loom:
 The which vouchsafe, dear Lord, your favourable doom.

In addressing Lord Buckhurst he refers to his lordship's own poetical performances—

Whose learned Muse hath writ her own record
 In golden verse, worthy immortal fame;

and he affirms that Buckhurst himself, if leisure were granted, were much more fit to compile the praises of his gracious sovereign,

And her imperial majesty to frame
 In lofty numbers and heroic style.

This is the graceful commencement of the sonnet to Raleigh :—

To thee, that art the summer's nightingale,
 Thy sovereign goddess's most dear delight,
 Why do I send this rustic madrigale,
 That may thy tuneful ear unseason quite?
 Thou only fit this argument to write,
 In whose high thoughts Pleasure hath built her bower,
 And dainty Love learned sweetly to endite.

In that to the Countess of Pembroke he dilates upon his obligations to her brother, Sir Philip Sidney :—

Remembrance of that most heroic spirit,
 The heaven's pride, the glory of our days,
 Which now triumpheth (through immortal merit
 Of his brave virtues,) crowned with lasting bays,
 Of heavenly bliss and everlasting praise;
 Who first my Muse did lift out of the floor,
 To sing his sweet delights in lowly lays;
 Bids me, most noble lady, to adore
 His goodly image living evermore
 In the divine resemblance of your face.

And here is the concluding Sonnet :—

The Chian painter, when he was required
 To pourtray Venus in her perfect hue;
 To make his work more absolute, desir'd
 Of all the fairest maids to have the view.
 Much more me needs, to draw the semblant true
 Of Beauty's Queen, the world's sole wonderment,
 To sharp my sense with sundry beauties' view,
 And steal from each some part of ornament.
 If all the world to seek I overwent,
 A fairer crew yet nowhere could I see
 Than that brave court doth to mine eye present,
 That the world's pride seems gathered there to be.
 Of each a part I stole by cunning theft:
 Forgive it me, fair Dames! sith less ye have not left.

A Canto of the Fairy Queen, extending in some cases to seventy or eighty stanzas, that is, to six or seven hundred lines, is as long as some of the Books of the *Iliad* or the *Æneid*; and one of Spenser's Books, consisting of twelve Cantos, may therefore be considered as almost amounting in quantity to an ordinary epic. The First Book, for instance, of which we are now about to give an account, contains very nearly six thousand lines.

In its story or subject, also, each Book is so little connected with any of the others, at least as the work actually stands, that they may almost be read as so many separate poems. This is one fortunate consequence of the unfinished state in which the work has come down to us. We are not obliged in perusing it to drag along with us the chain of a story, the length

and complexity of which must have made it a burthen and an impediment, especially in a case where the interest and attraction of the poetry are so little dependent upon either the events or the characters. The charm of the *Fairy Queen* resides more than that of any other great poem in single passages—which stand out from the general ground of the verse almost as framed pictures do from the wall on which they are hung. It is, in truth, a great picture gallery, with this advantage—among others which painting by words has, in the hands of so great a master, over other painting—that it addresses itself to the ear as well as to the eye, and is at once colour and music.

BOOK I.

The poem, and the First Book, entitled *The Legend of the Knight of the Red Cross, or of Holiness*, are introduced by the following invocation to Clio, Cupid, Venus, Mars, and Queen Elizabeth:—

Lo! I, the man whose Muse whilome did mask,
As time her taught, in lowly shepherd's weeds,
Am now enforced, a far unfitter task,
For trumpets stern to change mine oaten reeds,
And sing of knights' and ladies' gentle deeds;
Whose praises having slept in silence long,
Me, all too mean, the sacred Muse areeds¹
To blazon broad amongst her learned throng:
Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song.

Help then, O holy virgin! chief of nine,
Thy weaker novice to perform thy will;
Lay forth out of thine everlasting serine
The antique rolls, which there lie hidden still,
Of fairy knights and fairest Tanaquill,
Whom that most noble Briton prince so long
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong:
O, help thou my weak wit, and sharpen my dull tongue!

¹ Advises, commands.

And thou, most dreaded imp of highest Jove,
Fair Venus' son, that with thy cruel dart
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
That glorious fire it kindled in his heart;
Lay now thy deadly ebon bow apart,
And, with thy mother mild, come to mine aid;
Come, both; and with you bring triumphant Mart,
In loves and gentle jollities arrayed,
After his murderous spoils and bloody rage allayed.

And with them eke, O goddess heavenly bright,
Mirror of grace and majesty divine,
Great Lady of the greatest Isle, whose light
Like Phæbus' lamp throughout the world doth shine,
Shed thy fair beams into my feeble eyne,
And raise my thoughts, too humble and too vile,
To think of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted style:
The which to hear vouchsafe, O dearest Dread, awhile.

And then commences the story.

Canto I. (55 stanzas).—The moral subject designed to be shadowed forth in this Canto is the victory of Holiness over Error, and the manner in which that virtue was afterwards for a time deceived and entrapped by Hypocrisy. It opens as follows:—

A gentle knight was pricking on the plain,
Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
The cruel marks of many a bloody field;
Yet arms till that time did he never wield:
His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
As much disdainng to the curb to yield:
Full jolly knight he seem'd, and fair did sit,
As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit.

And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever him adored:
Upon his shield the like was also scored,
For sovereign hope which in his help he had.
Right faithful true he was in deed and word;

But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad ;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.^m

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest glorious Queen of Fairy Lond),
To win him worship, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave.
And ever as he rode, his heart did earnⁿ
To prove his puissance in battle brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learn ;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stern.

A lovely lady rode him fair beside,
Upon a lowly ass more white then snow ;
Yet she much whiter ; but the same did hide
Under a veil, that wimpled^o was full low ;
And over all a black stole she did throw,
As one that inly mourned ; so was she sad,
And heavy sate upon her palfrey slow ;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had ;
And by her in a line a milk-white lamb she lad.

So pure and innocent as that same lamb
She was in life and every virtuous lore,
And by descent from royal lineage came
Of ancient kings and queens, that had of yore
Their sceptres stretched from east to western shore,
And all the world in their subjection held ;
Till that infernal fiend with foul uproar
Forwasted all their land, and them expelled ;
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far com-
pelled.

Behind her far away a dwarf did lag,
That lazy seem'd, in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his back. Thus as they passed,
The day with clouds was sudden overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storm of rain
Did pour into his leman's lap so fast,
That every wight to shroud it did constrain ;
And this fair couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

^m Dreaded.

ⁿ Yearn.

^o Plaited.

Enforced to seek come covert nigh at hand,
A shady grove not far away they spied,
That promis'd aid the tempest to withstand;
Whose lofty trees, yclad with summer's pride,
Did spread so broad, that heaven's light did hide,
Not pierceable with power of any star;
And all within were paths and alleys wide,
With footing worn, and leading inward far:
Fair harbour that them seems; so in they entered are.

And forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dread,
Seemed in their song to scorn the cruel sky.
Much can they praise^p the trees so straight and high,
The sailing pine; the cedar proud and tall;
The vine-prop elm; the poplar never dry;
The builder oak, sole king of forests all;
The aspen good for staves; the cypress funeral;

The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
And poets sage; the fir that weepeth still;
The willow, worn of forlorn paramours;
The yew, obedient to the bender's will;
The birch for shafts; the sallow for the mill;
The myrrh sweet-bleeding in the bitter wound;
The warlike beech; the ash for nothing ill;
The fruitful olive; and the plantain round;
The carver holm; the maple, seldom inward sound.

Seeking to return after the storm has passed, they cannot find the path by which they entered the forest, but are involved in a confusion of ways which quite bewilder them. At length, pushing right forward, they come to "a hollow cave amid the thickest woods." The knight dismounts, and will not be dissuaded by either the lady or the dwarf,—who tells him that

This is the Wandering Wood, this Error's Den,
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate,—
from entering the cave. There

^p Much they praised.

————— his glistening armour made
 A little glooming light, much like a shade;
 By which he saw the ugly monster plain,
 Half like a serpent horribly displayed,
 But the other half did woman's shape retain,
 Most loathsome, filthy, foul, and full of vile disdain.
 And, as she lay upon the dirty ground,
 Her huge long tail her den all overspread,
 Yet was in knots and many boughts^q upwound,
 Pointed with mortal sting: of her there bred
 A thousand young ones, which she daily fed,
 Sucking upon her poisonous dugs; each one
 Of sundry shapes, yet all ill-favoured:
 Soon as that uncouth light upon them shone,
 Into her mouth they crept, and sudden all were gone.

We give the battle that ensues as one specimen of Spenser's power of painting in this style, his command of which is not generally suspected by those to whom his poetry is known only by reputation, and also as the first of the long succession of allegoric inventions in the Fairy Queen :—

Their dam upstart out of her den afraid,
 And rushed forth, hurling her hideous tail
 About her cursed head; whose folds displayed
 Were stretched now forth at length without entrail.^r
 She look'd about, and seeing one in mail,
 Armed to point, sought back to turn again;
 For light she hated as the deadly bale,
 Aye wont in desert darkness to remain,
 Where plain none might her see, nor she see any plain.
 Which when the valiant Elf perceived, he leapt
 As lion fierce upon the flying prey,
 And with his trenchant blade her boldly kept
 From turning back, and forced her to stay:
 Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
 And, turning, fierce her speckled tail advanced,
 Threatening her angry sting, him to dismay;
 Who, nought aghast, his mighty hand enhanced;
 The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder
 glanced.

^q Folds.

^r Intermixture.

Much daunted with that dint her sense was dazed ;
Yet, kindling rage, herself she gathered round,
And all at once her beastly body raised
With doubled forces high above the ground ;
Tho,* wrapping up her wretched stern around,
Leapt fierce upon his shield, and her huge train
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stir he strove in vain.
God help the man so wrapt in Error's endless train !

His lady, sad to see his sore constraint,
Cried out, ' Now, now, Sir Knight, show what ye be ;
Add faith unto your force, and be not faint ;
Strangle her, else she sure will strangle thee.'
That when he heard, in great perplexity,
His gall did grate for grief and high disdain ;
And, knitting all his force, got one hand free,
Wherewith he gript her gorge with so great pain,
That soon to loose her wicked bands did her constrain.

Therewith she spewed out of her filthy maw
A flood of poison horrible and black,
Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
Which stunk so vilely, that it forced him slack
His grasping hold, and from her turn him back :
Her vomit full of books and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toads, which eyes did lack,
And creeping sought way in the weedy grass :
Her filthy parbreak † all the place defiled has.

As, when old father Nilus gins to swell
With timely pride above the Egyptian vale,
His fatty waves do fertile slime outwell,
And overflow each plain and lowly dale :
But, when his later spring gins to avale,‡
Huge heaps of mud he leaves, wherein there breed
Ten thousand kinds of creatures, partly male
And partly female, of his fruitful seed :
Such ugly monstrous shapes elsewhere may no man
reed.

The same so sore annoyed has the knight,
That, well-nigh choked with the deadly stink,

* Then.

† Vomit.

‡ Abate.

His forces fail, ne can no lenger fight.
Whose courage when the fiend perceived to shrink,
She poured forth out of her hellish sink
Her fruitful cursed spawn of serpents small,
(Deformed monsters, foul, and black as ink,)
Which swarming all about his legs did crawl,
And him encumbered sore, but could not hurt at all.

As gentle shepherd in sweet eventide,
When ruddy Phœbus gins to welk^v in west,
High on a hill, his flock to viewen wide,
Marks which do bite their hasty supper best;
A cloud of cumbrous gnats do him molest,
All striving to infix their feeble stings,
That from their noyance he no where can rest;
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

Thus ill bested, and fearful more of shame
Then of the certain peril he stood in,
Half furious unto his foe he came,
Resolv'd in mind all suddenly to win,
Or soon to lose, before he once would lin;
And strook at her with more than manly force,
That from her body, full of filthy sin,
He raft her hateful head without remorse:
A stream of coal-black blood forth gushed from her
corse.

Her scattered brood, soon as their parent dear
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
Groaning full deadly all with troublous fear
Gathered themselves about her body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to have found
At her wide mouth; but, being there withstood,
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And sucked up their dying mother's blood;
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their
good.

That detestable sight him much amazed,
To see the unkindly imps, of heaven accursed,
Devour their dam; on whom while so he gazed,
Having all satisfied their bloody thirst,

^v Decline.

Their bellies swollen he saw with fulness burst,
And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end
Of such as drunk her life the which them nurst!
Now needeth him no lenger labour spend,
His foes have slain themselves, with whom he should
contend.

They now soon find a path which takes them out of the
wood, and they travel forward for a long way as before,
without any adventure.

At length they chanced to meet upon the way
An aged sire, in long black weeds yclad,
His feet all bare, his beard all hoary gray,
And by his belt his book he hanging had;
Sober he seemed, and very sagely sad;
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in show, and void of malice bad;
And all the way he prayed, as he went,
And often knocked his breast, as one that did repent.

The old hermit, as he professes to be, informs the
knight of a strange wicked man, who, he says, wastes all
the neighbouring country far and near, and who has his
dwelling in a wasteful wilderness inaccessible to living
wight. In the prospect of a new adventure which this
account holds out, the knight is easily persuaded to
agree to take up his inn with "the godly father" for
that night—and so they all accompany him to his home.

A little lowly hermitage it was,
Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
Far from resort of people, that did pass
In travel to and fro: a little wide
There was an holy chapel edified,
Wherein the hermit duly wont to say
His holy things each morn and eventide:
Thereby a crystal stream did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountain welled forth alway.

Arrived there, the little house they fill,
Ne look for entertainment, where none was;
Rest is their feast, and all things at their will:
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With fair discourse the evening so they pass;

For that old man of pleasing words had store,
And well could file his tongue, as smooth as glass :
He told of saints and popes, and evermore
He strowed an Ave-Mary after and before.

When darkness comes on he gets them all to bed in
their several apartments, and then,

——— when all drowned in deadly sleep he finds,
He to his study goes; and there amidst
His magic books, and arts of sundry kinds,
He seeks out mighty charms to trouble sleepy minds.

Then choosing out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read!) thereof did verses frame :
With which, and other spells like terrible,
He bade awake black Pluto's grisly dame;
And cursed Heaven; and spake reproachful shame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light.
A bold bad man! that dared to call by name
Great Gorgon, prince of darkness and dead night;
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

And forth he called out of deep darkness dread
Legions of sprites, the which, like little flies,
Fluttering about his ever-damned head,
Await whereto their service he applies :
To aid his friends, or fray^w his enemies;
Of those he chose out two, the falsest two,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lies;
The one of them he gave a message to,
The other by himself stayed other work to do.

He, making speedy way through spersed air,
And through the world of waters wide and deep,
To Morpheus' house doth hastily repair.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steep
And low, where dawning day doth never peep,
His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steep
In silver dew his ever-drooping head,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth
spread.

^w Affright.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast ;
The one fair framed of burnish'd ivory,
The other all with silver overcast ;
And wakeful dogs before them far do lie,
Watching to banish Care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleep.
By them the sprite doth pass in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deep
In drowsy fit he finds ; of nothing he takes keep.

And, more, to lull him in his slumber soft,
A trickling stream from high rock tumbling down
And ever-drizzling rain upon the loft,
Mixed with a murmuring wind, much like the soun
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swown.
No other noise, nor people's troublous cries,
As still are wont to annoy the walled town,
Might there be heard : but careless Quiet lies
Wrapt in eternal silence far from enemies.

The messenger approaching to him spake ;
But his waste words returned to him in vain :
So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and pushed with pain,
Whereat he gan to stretch : but he again
Shook him so hard, that forced him to speak.
As one then in a dream, whose drier brain
Is tossed with troubled sights and fancies weak,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence break.

The god, however, is roused at last, and the spirit communicates his message, an order from Archimago that he would send him " a fit false Dream, that can delude the sleeper's scent," (or senses).

The god obeyed ; and, calling forth straightway
A divers Dream out of his prison dark,
Delivered it to him, and down did lay
His heavy head, devoid of careful cark ;^x
Whose senses all were straight benumbed and stark.
He, back returning by the ivory door,
Remounted up as light as cheerful lark ;

^x Anxiety.

And on his little wings the Dream he bore
In haste unto his lord, where he him left afore.

Who all this while, with charms and hidden arts,
Had made a lady of that other sprite,
And framed of liquid air her tender parts,
So lively, and so like in all men's sight,
That weaker sense it could have ravished quite :
The maker's self, for all his wondrous wit,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight.
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seem for Una fit.

The "idle Dream" he bids fly at the knight, and "with false shews abuse his fantasy :"—

And that new creature, born without her due,⁷
Full of the maker's guile, with usage sly
He taught to imitate that lady true,
Whose semblance she did carry under feigned hue.

The Dream places itself upon "the hardy head" of the knight ; the lady by his side :—

And she herself, of beauty sovereign queen,
Fair Venus, seemed unto his bed to bring
Her, whom he, waking, evermore did ween
To be the chastest flower that aye did spring
On earthly branch, the daughter of a king,
Now a loose leman to vile service bound :
And eke the Graces seemed all to sing,
Hymen Ið Hymen, dancing all around ;
Whilst freshest Flora her with ivy girland crowned.

When in the agitation into which he is thus thrown he starts up from his sleep,—

Lo, there before his face his lady is,
Under black stole hiding her baited hook ;
And, as half blushing, offered him to kiss,
With gentle blandishment and lovely look,
Most like that virgin true, which for her knight him took.

⁷ Not according to the course of nature.

Dismayed and enraged, in his first heat he thinks to slay her; but, weeping and “wringing her hands in women’s piteous wise,” she throws the blame of all on fate and “the blind god;” and, perplexed as he is, he deems it best to quiet her with mild and gentle words, by which at last she is prevailed upon to depart.

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
 Much grieved to think that gentle dame so light,
 For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
 At last dull weariness of former fight
 Having yrocked asleep his irksome sprite,
 That troublous Dream gan freshly toss his brain
 With bowers, and beds, and ladies’ dear delight:
 But, when he saw his labour all was vain,
 With that misformed sprite he back returned again.

Canto II. (44 stanzas).—In this Canto we have recounted the separation, effected by the great enchanter into whose hands they had fallen, between the Red-cross Knight and Una, that is between Holiness and Truth, and the deception of the former for a time by the foul witch Duessa, or Falsehood. It begins:—

By this the northern waggoner had set
 His sevenfold teem behind the stedfast star
 That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
 But firm is fixed, and sendeth light from far
 To all that in the wide deep wandering are;
 And cheerful chancicleer with his note shrill
 Had warned once, that Phœbus’ fiery car
 In haste was climbing up the eastern hill,
 Full envious that Night so long his room did fill.

Disappointed in the success of his first stratagem, Archimago proceeds to “search his baleful books again;” and, taking “that miscreated fair” and the other false spirit,

————— on whom he spread
 A seeming body of the subtil air,
 Like a young squire,

he places them together in bed, and, running with

feigned horror to the knight, brings him to see them as they lay. He is hardly restrained from slaying them; but, as soon as it is dawn, leaving Una behind him, he sets off with the dwarf, half broken-hearted and weary of life. Una rises with the morn, and, finding them gone, sets out in pursuit of them upon her ass; but all in vain:—

For him so far had borne his light-foot steed,
Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdain,
That him to follow was but fruitless pain :
Yet she her weary limbs would never rest ;
But every hill and dale, each wood and plain,
Did search, sore grieved in her gentle breast,
He so ungently left her, whom she loved best.

Having thus gained his first point by dividing the two,
Archimago

Yet rests not so, but other means doth make,
How he may work unto her further smarts :
For her he hated as the hissing snake,
And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.
He then devised himself how to disguise ;
For by his mighty science he could take
As many forms and shapes in seeming wise,
As ever Proteus to himself could make :
Sometime a fowl, sometime a fish in lake,
Now like a fox, now like a dragon fell ;
That of himself he oft for fear would quake,
And oft would fly away. O who can tell
The hidden power of herbs, and might of magic spell !

But now seemed best the person to put on
Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest :—
In mighty arms he was yclad anon,
And silver shield ; upon his coward breast
A bloody cross, and on his craven crest
A bunch of hairs discoloured diversly.
Full jolly knight he seemed, and well address ;
And, when he sat upon his courser free,
Saint George himself ye would have deemed him to be.

The Redcross Knight, however, or the true St. George,
is by this time wandered far away,—

Still flying from his thoughts and jealous fear :
Will was his guide, and grief led him astray.
At last him chanced to meet upon the way
A faithless Saracen, all armed to point,
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans foy ; full large of limb and every joint
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

He had a fair companion of his way,
A goodly lady clad in scarlet red,
Purpled * with gold and pearl of rich assay ;
And like a Persian mitre on her head
She wore, with crowns and owches ^a garnished,
The which her lavish lovers to her gave :
Her wanton palfrey all was overspread
With tinsel trappings, woven like a wave,
Whose bridle rung with golden bells and bosses brave.

As soon as the lady perceives the stranger knight, she leaves off the mirth and dalliance with which she had before been entertaining her lover all the way, and bids him address himself to fight—" his foe was nigh at hand." The combat is painted with many vigorous strokes :—

As when two rams, stirred with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich-fleeced flock,
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
Do meet, that, with the terror of the shock
Astonied, both stand senseless as a block,
Forgetful of the hanging victory :
So stood these twain, unmoved as a rock,
Both staring fierce, and holding idly
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

The Saracen then attacks the Redcross Knight with his sword :—

———— repining courage yields
No foot to foe : the flashing fiër flies,
As from a forge, out of their burning shields ;
And streams of purple blood new die the verdant fields.

At last Sansfoy is slain ; upon which the lady takes to

* Embroidered.

^a Buttons of gold.

flight, but is soon overtaken by the victor. Imploring his mercy, she describes herself as having been

Born the sole daughter of an emperor;
He that the wide west under his rule has,
And high hath set his throne where Tiberis doth pass.

He, she continues, "in the first flower of my freshest age," betrothed me to the heir of a most mighty, rich, and sage king; but before "the hoped day of spousal," this prince fell into the hands of his foes and was slain. They conveyed away his corpse and hid it from her; upon which she went forth to find it, and "many years," she says,

"—— throughout the world I strayed,
A virgin widow, whose deep-wounded mind
With love long time did languish, as the stricken hind."

At last the Saracen met her wandering, and led her away with him by force; but could never win her love or corrupt her honour. He, Sansfoy, was the eldest of three brothers, of whom "the bloody bold" Sansloy is the second, and Sansjoy the youngest. The knight is moved to pity, and assures the miserable Fidessa, as she calls herself, of his friendship and protection. "So forth they rode, he feigning seemly mirth, and she coy looks."

Long time they thus together travelled;
Till, weary of their way, they came at last
Where grew two goodly trees, that fair did spread
Their arms abroad, with gray moss overcast;
And their green leaves, trembling with every blast,
Made a calm shadow far in compass round:
The fearful shepherd, often there aghast,
Under them never sat, nor wont there sound
His merry oaten pipe; but shunned the unlucky ground.

But this good knight, soon as he them can spy,
For the cool shade him thither hastily got;
For golden Phæbus, now ymounted high,
From fiery wheels of his fair chariot
Hurled his beam so scorching cruel hot,
That living creature mote it not abide;
And his new lady it endured not.

There they alight, in hope themselves to hide
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

Fair-seemly pleasance each to other makes,
With goodly purposes, there as they sit;
And in his falsed fancy he her takes
To be the fairest wight, that lived yet;
Which to express, he bends his gentle wit;
And, thinking of those branches green to frame
A girland for her dainty forehead fit,
He plucked a bough.

To his surprise and horror small drops of blood come
from the rift and trickle down the tree, and a piteous
yelling voice is heard beseeching him to refrain from
tearing with guilty hands the tender sides of the living
being in the rough rind embarred, or shut up. "But
fly," added the voice,

"—— ah! fly far hence away, for fear
Lest to you hap that happened to me here,
And to this wretched lady, my dear love;
O too dear love, love bought with death too dear!"

The knight is confounded with amazement and dread:—

Astoned he stood, and up his hair did hove:

at length, however, recovering his senses, he asks,

What voice of damned ghost from Limbo lake,
Or guileful sprite wandering in empty air,
(Both which frail men do oftentimes mistake,)
Sends to my doubtful ears these speeches rare,
And rueful plaints, me bidding guiltless blood to spare?

In reply the imprisoned or rather metamorphosed man,
groaning deep, relates his history. His name, he states,
was Fradubio, and the author of his transformation was
the false sorceress Duessa. It may be noticed, by-the-
bye, that in the character of this Duessa, Spenser is
supposed by some of the commentators to glance, with
less gallantry than might have been expected from a
poet, at Mary Queen of Scots. In his youth, Fradubio
goes on to relate, he had loved the gentle lady who now

stands beside him, turned, like himself, into a tree. With her as once he rode, they encountered a knight having by his side a like fair lady, who was, however, really the foul Duessa, only disguised in "forged beauty." Each maintaining his own love far to exceed all other dames, they fought, and the stranger knight was slain; upon which his lady fell as prize to the victor.

So doubly loved of ladies unlike fair,
The one seeming such, the other such indeed,
One day in doubt I cast for to compare
Whether in beauty's glory did exceed;
A rosy girland was the victor's meed.
Both seemed to win, and both seemed won to be;
So hard the discord was to be agreed.

Fræliſſa was as fair as fair mote be,
And ever false Duessa seemed as fair as she.

The wicked witch, now seeing all this while
The doubtful balance equally to sway,
What not by right she cast to win by guile;
And, by her hellish science, raised straightway
A foggy mist that overcast the day,
And a dull blast that breathing on her face
Dimmed her former beauty's shining ray,
And with foul ugly form did her disgrace:
Then was she fair alone, when none was fair in place.

By this contrivance the foolish Fradubio was persuaded to leave Fræliſſa, who was forthwith turned where she stood "to tree in mould;" and Duessa and he lived affectionately and happily together for some time, till, says he,

———on a day (that day is every prime,
When witches wont do penance for their crime),
I chanc'd to see her in her proper hue,
Bathing herself in origane^b and thyme:
A filthy foul old woman I did view,
That ever to have touched her I did deadly rue.

Upon this he determined to take the first safe opportunity of slipping away from her; but she perceived his inten-

^b Bastard marjoram.

tion, and, besmearing his body with wicked herbs and ointments while he slept, so as to bereave him of his senses, brought him to this desert, and here planted him as another tree by Fræliſſa's ſide, and in her ſight. From this evil plight their doom was that they ſhould not be relieved till they were "bathed in a living well."

All this Duessa, for it is ſhe who is now with the Redcroſs Knight and has aſſumed the name of Fidessa, hears, and well knows to be all true; but, while the knight thruſts the bleeding bough into the ground, ſhe pretends to be dead with fear:—

Her ſeeming dead he found with feigned fear,
As all unweeting of that well ſhe knew;
And pained himſelf with buſy care to rear
Her out of careless ſwoon. Her eyelids blue,
And dimmed ſight with pale and deadly hue,
At laſt ſhe up gan liſt; with trembling cheer
Her up he took (too ſimple and too true),
And oft her kiſſed. At length, all paſſed fear,
He ſet her on her ſteed, and forward forth did bear.

Canto III. (44 Stanzas).—Here we return to follow the fortunes of forſaken Una, or Truth. The Canto thus begins:—

Nought is there under heaven's wide hollowneſs,
That moves more dear compaſſion of mind,
Than beauty brought to unworthy wretchedneſs
Through envy's ſnares, or fortune's freaks unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightneſs blind,
Or through allegiance, and faſt fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankind,
Feel my heart pierced with ſo great agony,
When ſuch I ſee, that all for pity I could die.

And now it is empaſſioned ſo deep
For faireſt Una's ſake, of whom I ſing,
That my frail eyes theſe lines with tears do ſteep,
To think how ſhe through guileful handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
Though fair as ever living wight was fair,
Though nor in word nor deed ill meriting,

Is from her knight divorced in despair,
And her due love's derived to that vile witch's share.

Yet she, "most faithful lady," continues to seek for her lost knight—

Through woods and wateness wide him daily sought,
Yet wished tidings none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
From her unhasty beast she did alight;
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;
From her fair head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside: Her angel's face
As the great eye of heaven shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

While she thus rests, a lion suddenly rushes out from the thickest part of the wood, and as soon as he sees the royal virgin makes for her with gaping mouth; but, as he drew nearer, struck and awed, he laid aside his fury, and,

Instead thereof, he kissed her weary feet,
And licked her lily hands with fawning tongue;
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O how can beauty maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!

Shedding tears for pure affection, the maid utters a few words of sorrow, while "the kingly beast upon her gazing stood:"—

At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,
Arose the virgin, born of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got again.

The lion, however, will not leave her, but accompanies her as a guardian and servant wherever she goes.

Long she thus travelled through deserts wide,
By which she thought her wandering knight should pass,
Yet never show of living wight espied;
Till that at length she found the trodden grass,
In which the tract of people's footing was,

Under the steep foot of a mountain hoar ;
The same she follows, till at last she has
A damsel spied slow-footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

Una approaching inquires if there be any dwelling nigh at hand ; but the rude wench, instead of answering, at sight of the lion throws down her pitcher and flies away.

Full fast she fled, ne ever looked behind,
As if her life upon the wager lay ;
And home she came, whereas her mother blind
Sat in eternal night ; nought could she say ;
But, sudden catching hold, did her dismay
With quaking hands, and other signs of fear ;
Who, full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shut the door. By this arrived there
Dame Una, weary dame, and entrance did requere :

Which when none yielded, her unruly page
With his rude claws the wicket open rent,
And let her in ; where, of his cruel rage
Nigh dead with fear, and faint astonishment,
She found them both in darksome corner pent :
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her beads, devoutly penitent ;
Nine hundred *Pater-nosters* every day,
And thrice nine hundred *Aves*, she was wont to say ;

And, to augment her painful penance more,
Thrice every week in ashes she did sit,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,
And thrice three times did fast from any bit :
But now for fear her beads she did forget.

The old woman, of course, is Superstition, or Blind Devotion, as she is called in the argument of the Canto, figured under the guise of Popery. Una takes up her lodging in the cottage for the night—"and at her feet the lion watch doth keep ;" when, long before it was yet day, a violent knocking is heard at the door of one cursing and swearing for that he did not find ready entrance, seeing he bore on his back a heavy load of plunder. This is the stout and sturdy thief *Kirk-rapine*, who is wont to rob churches of their ornaments, priests

of their habiliments, and the very boxes of the poor, and to bring all that he could get by right or wrong to this house and bestow it upon his paramour *Abessa*, daughter of the blind old woman, whose name, it is now intimated, was *Corceca*. Frightened by reason of the lion, the women dare not now rise to let him in as usual; upon which he breaks open the door, but is instantly encountered by the lion, who,

—— seizing cruel claws on trembling breast,
Under his lordly foot him proudly hath suppress.

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call
His bleeding heart is in the venger's hand;
Who straight him rent in thousand pieces small.

When daylight comes *Una* and the lion rise up, and again fare forth. The two women follow them with howlings and curses. Returning from their lost labour, the old woman meets *Archimago*, who, in the guise of the *Redcross Knight*, is seeking for *Una*, and tells him her story. Having heard it,

———— he forward gan advance
His fair enchanted steed, and eke his charmed lance,

and soon overtakes the lady. He explains his having left her on the plea that he had gone to seek a felon strong, who, *Archimago* said, "to many knights did daily work disgrace."

His lovely words her seemed due recompense
Of all her passed pains: one loving hour
For many years of sorrow can dispense;
A drachm of sweet is worth a pound of sour.
She has forgot how many a woeful stour
For him she late endured; she speaks no more
Of past: true is, that true love hath no power
To looken back; his eyes be fixed before.
Before her stands her knight, for whom she toiled so sore.

Much like, as when the beaten mariner,
That long hath wandered in the ocean wide,
Oft soused in swelling *Tethys'* saltish tear;

And long time having tanned his tawny hide
With blustering breath of heaven, that none can bide,
And scorching flames of fierce Orion's hound;
Soon as the port from far he has espied,
His cheerful whistle merrily doth sound,
And Nereus crowns with cups; his mates him pledge
around.

Such joy made Una, when her knight she found;
And eke the enchanter joyous seemed no less
Than the glad merchant, that does view from ground
His ship far come from watery wilderness;
He hurls out vows, and Neptune oft doth bless.
So forth they passed; and all the way they spent
Discoursing of her dreadful late distress,
In which he asked her, what the lion meant;
Who told her all that fell in journey as she went.^c

They have not ridden far when they see another knight
approaching—

Full strongly armed, and on a courser free,
That through his fierceness foamed all with sweat,
And the sharp iron did for anger eat,
When his hot rider spurred his chafed side;
His look was stern, and seemed still to threat
Cruel revenge, which he in heart did hide:
And on his shield *Sans loy* in bloody lines was dyed.

When he comes up he attacks Archimago, whom he
supposes to be the Redcross Knight, and, having soon
thrown him bleeding to the ground, proceeds to dis-
patch him, notwithstanding Una's entreaties that he
would spare his life—

For he is one the truest knight alive,
Though conquered now he lie on lowly land—

when, rending away his helmet, he perceives, to his
surprise, "the hoary head of Archimago old." Leaving
the enchanter in a swoon, he comes to the virgin, and
plucks her from her palfrey. It is in vain that the lion
interposes; the noble beast is pierced by the strong and

^c That is, who told all that fell, or befel, her as she
journeyed.

huge Sansloy through his lordly heart. Weeping and lamenting, poor Una is borne away on his courser by the victor—her ass affectionately following her at a distance.

Canto IV. (51 Stanzas).—In this great Canto, leaving Una, we again find ourselves in company of the Redcross Knight. It begins :—

Young knight whatever, that dost arms profess,
And through long labours huntest after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of fickleness,
In choice, and change, of thy dear-loved dame;
Lest thou of her believe too lightly blame,
And rash misweening do thy heart remove :
For unto knight there is no greater shame,
Than lightness and inconstancy in love ;
That doth this Redcross Knight's ensample plainly ' prove.

He has been brought by Duessa within sight of a great and magnificent building :—

The house of mighty prince it seemed to be ;
And towards it a broad highway that led,
All bare through people's feet which hither travelled.

Multitudes in fact were constantly travelling thither both by day and by night ; but only a few ever returned, who had with difficulty made their escape, and, bringing with them beggary or disgrace, ever after

Like loathsome Lazars by the hedges lay.

Duessa professes to be weary, and exhorts her companion to quicken his steps, the day also being near its close.

A stately palace built of squared brick,
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
Whose walls were high, but nothing strong nor thick,
And golden foil all over them displayed,
That purest sky with brightness they dismayed :
High lifted up were many lofty towers,
And goodly galleries far over laid,
Full of fair windows and delightful bowers ;
And on the top a dial told the timely hours.

It was a goodly heap for to behold,
And spake the praises of the workman's wit;
But full great pity, that so fair a mould
Did on so weak foundation ever sit:
For on a sandy hill, that still did flit
And fall away, it mounted was full high:
That every breath of heaven shook it;
And all the hinder parts, that few could spy,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

Arrived there, they passed in forth right;
For still to all the gates stood open wide:
Yet charge of them was to a porter hight,
Called Malvenu, who entrance none denied;
Thence to the hall, which was on every side
With rich array and costly arras dight:
Infinite sorts of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wished sight
Of her that was the lady of that palace bright.

By them they pass, all gazing on them round,
And to the presence mount; whose glorious view
Their frail amazed senses did confound.
In living prince's court none ever knew
Such endless riches, and so sumptuous shew;
Ne Persia self, the nurse of pompous pride,
Like ever saw: and there a noble crew
Of lords and ladies stood on every side,
Which, with their presence fair, the place much beauti-
fied.

High above all a cloth of state was spread,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day;
On which there sat, most brave embellished
With royal robes and gorgeous array,
A maiden queen, that shone, as Titan's ray,
In glistening gold and peerless precious stone;
Yet her bright blazing beauty did essay
To dim the brightness of her glorious throne,
As envying herself, that too exceeding shone:

Exceeding shone, like Phœbus' fairest child,
That did presume his father's fiery wain,
And flaming mouths of steeds unwonted wild,
Through highest heaven with weaker hand to rein:

Proud of such glory and advancement vain,
While flashing beams do daze his feeble eyen,
He leaves the welkin way most beaten plain,
And, wrapped with whirling wheels, inflames the skyen
With fire not made to burn, but fairly for to shine.

So proud she shined in her princely state,
Looking to heaven; for earth she did disdain :
And sitting high; for lowly she did hate :
Lo, underneath her scornful feet was lain
A dreadful dragon with an hideous train;
And in her hand she held a mirror bright,
Wherein her face she often viewed fain,
And in her self-loved semblance took delight ;
For she was wondrous fair, as any living wight.

Of grisly Pluto she the daughter was,
And sad Proserpina, the queen of hell ;
Yet did she think her peerless worth to pass
That parentage, with pride so did she swell ;
And thundering Jove, that high in heaven doth dwell
And wield the world, she claimed for her sire ;
Or if that any else did Jove excel ;
For to the highest she did still aspire ;
Or, if ought higher were than that, did it desire.

And proud Lucifera men did her call,
That made herself a queen, and crowned to be ;
Yet rightful kingdom she had none at all,
Ne heritage of native sovereignty ;
But did usurp with wrong and tyranny
Upon the sceptre which she now did hold :
Ne ruled her realm with laws, but policy,
And strong advisement of six wizards old,
That with their counsels bad her kingdom did uphold.

As the Elfin Knight and Duessa advance to the presence, " a gentle husher, Vanity by name," makes room for them to pass on, and brings them to the lowest step of the throne, where they kneel and make obeisance.

With lofty eyes, half loth to look so low,
She thanked them in her disdainful wise ;
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to show
Of princess worthy ; scarce them bad arise.

Her lords and ladies all this while devise
Themselves to setten forth to strangers' sight :
Some frounce^d their curled hair in courtly guise ;
Some prank their ruffs ; and others trimly dight
Their gay attire : each other's greater pride does spite.

Great attention is paid on all hands both to the knight and Duessa, especially to the latter, who has been well known in that court in former days. Queen Lucifera herself, however, does not deign to notice the strangers. And now comes the magnificent description, not to be abridged, of her going forth in state :—

Sudden upriseth from her stately place
The royal dame, and for her coach doth call :
All hurtlen^e forth ; and she, with princely pace,
As fair Aurora in her purple pall
Out of the east the dawning day doth call,
So forth she comes ; her brightness broad doth blaze.
The heaps of people, thronging in the hall,
Do ride each other, upon her to gaze :
Her glorious glitter and light doth all men's eyes amaze.

So forth she comes, and to her coach does climb,
Adorned all with gold and girlands gay,
That seemed as fresh as Flora in her prime,
And strove to match, in royal rich array,
Great Juno's golden chair ; the which, they say,
The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
To Jove's high house through heaven's brass-paved way,
Drawn of fair peacocks, that excel in pride,
And full of Argus' eyes their tails dispreaden wide.

But this was drawn of six unequal beasts,
On which her six sage councillors did ride,
Taught to obey their bestial behests,
With like conditions to their kinds applied ;
Of which the first, that all the rest did guide,
Was sluggish Idleness, the nurse of sin ;
Upon a slothful ass he chose to ride,
Arrayed in habit black, and amice thin ;
Like to an holy monk, the service to begin.

^d Plait.^e Rush.

And in his hand his portess^f still he bare,
That much was worn, but therein little read;
For of devotion he had little care,
Still drowned in sleep, and most of his days dead:
Scarce could he once uphold his heavy head,
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seem the wain was very evil led,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not whether right he went or else astray.

From worldly cares himself he did esloin,^g
And greatly shunned manly exercise;
From every work he challenged essoyn,^h
For contemplation sake: yet otherwise
His life he led in lawless riotise;ⁱ
By which he grew to grievous malady:
For in his lustless limbs, through evil guise,
A shaking fever reigned continually:
Such one was Idleness, first of this company.

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthy swine;
His belly was upblown with luxury,
And eke with fatness swollen were his eyne;
And like a crane his neck was long and fine,
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
For want whereof poor people oft did pine:
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spewed up his gorge, that all did him detest.

In green vine leaves he was right fitly clad;
For other clothes he could not wear for heat:
And on his head an ivy girland had,
From under which fast trickled down the sweat:
Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did bear a boozing can,
Of which he supped so oft, that on his seat
His drunken corse he scarce upholden can:
In shape and life more like a monster than a man.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unable once to stir or go;
Not meet to be of counsel to a king,
Whose mind in meat and drink was drowned so,

^f Breviary.^g Withdraw.^h Excuse.ⁱ Riot.

That from his friend he seldom knew his foe :
Full of diseases was his carcass blue,
And a dry dropsy through his flesh did flow,
Which by misdiet daily greater grew :
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

And next to him rode lustful Lechery
Upon a bearded goat, whose rugged hair,
And whally^j eyes (the sign of jealousy),
Was like the person's self whom he did bear :
Who rough, and black, and filthy, did appear ;
Unseemly man to please fair lady's eye :
Yet he of ladies oft was loved dear,
When fairer faces were bid standen bye :
O who does know the bent of women's fantasy !

In a green gown he clothed was full fair,
Which underneath did hide his filthiness ;
And in his hand a burning heart he bare,
Full of vain follies and new-fangleness :
For he was false, and fraught with fickleness ;
And learned had to love with secret looks ;
And well could dance ; and sing with ruefulness ;
And fortunes tell ; and read in loving books :
And thousand other ways to bait his fleshly hooks.

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all that he did love ;
Ne would his looser life be tied to law,
But joyed weak women's hearts to tempt, and prove
If from their loyal loves he might them move :
Which lewdness filled him with reproachful pain
Of that foul evil, which all men reprove,
That rots the marrow, and consumes the brain ;
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this train.

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a camel loaden all with gold :
Two iron coffers hung on either side,
With precious metal full as they might hold ;
And in his lap a heap of coin he told ;
For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And unto hell himself for money sold ;

Accursed usury was all his trade ;
And right and wrong alike in equal balance weighed.

His life was nigh unto death's door yplaced ;
And threadbare coat, and cobbled shoes, he ware ;
Ne scarce good morsel all his life did taste ;
But both from back and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and riches to compare ;
Yet child ne kinsman living had he none
To leave them to ; but thorough daily care
To get and nightly fear to lose his own,
He led a wretched life, unto himself unknown.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffice ;
Whose greedy lust did lack in greatest store ;
Whose need had end, but no end covetise ;
Whose wealth was want ; whose plenty made him
poor ;
Who had enough, yet wished ever more ;
A vile disease : and eke in foot and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full sore ;
That well he could not touch, nor go, nor stand :
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this fair band.

And next to him malicious Envy rode
Upon a ravenous wolf, and still did chaw
Between his cankered teeth a venomous toad,
That all the poison ran about his jaw ;
But inwardly he chewed his own maw
At neighbour's wealth, that made him ever sad ;
For death it was, when any good he saw ;
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had ;
But, when he heard of harm, he waxed wonderous glad.

All in a kirtle of discoloured say
He clothed was, y painted full of eyes ;
And in his bosom secretly there lay
An hateful snake, the which his tail upties
In many folds, and mortal sting implies :
Still as he rode, he gnashed his teeth to see
Those heaps of gold with griple^k Covetise ;
And grudged at the great felicity
Of proud Lucifera, and his own company.

^k Tenacious.

He hated all good works and virtuous deeds,
And him no less that any like did use ;
And, who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
His alms for want of faith he doth accuse :
So every good to bad he doth abuse :
And eke the verse of famous poets' wit
He does backbite, and spiteful poison spews
From leprous mouth on all that ever writ :
Such one vile Envy was, that fifth in row did sit.

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,
Upon a lion, loth for to be led ;
And in his hand a burning brand he hath,
The which he brandiseth about his head :
His eyes did hurl forth sparkles fiery red,
And stared stern on all that him beheld ;
As ashes pale of hue, and seeming dead ;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in him
swelled.

His ruffian raiment all was stained with blood,
Which he had spilled, and all to rags yrent ;
Through unadvised rashness wexen wood ;¹
For of his hands he had no government,
Nor cared for blood in his avengement :
But, when the furious fit was overpast,
His cruel facts he often would repent ;
Yet, wilful man, he never would forecast
How many mischiefs should ensue his heedless haste.

Full many mischiefs follow cruel Wrath ;
Abhorred Bloodshed, and tumultuous Strife,
Unmanly Murder, and unthrifty Scath,
Bitter Despite, with Rancour's rusty knife ;
And fretting Grief, the enemy of life :
All these, and many evils moe^m haunt Ire,
The swelling Spleen, and Frenzy raging rife,
The shaking Palsy, and Saint Francis' fire :
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.

And, after all, upon the waggon beam
Rode Satan with a smarting whip in hand,

¹ Mad.^m More.

With which he forward lashed the lazy team,
So oft as Sloth still in the mire did stand.
Huge routs of people did about them band,
Shouting for joy; and still before their way
A foggy mist had covered all the land;
And, underneath their feet, all scattered lay
Dead skulls and bones of men, whose life had gone
astray.

In this manner they all ride forth,

To take the solace of the open air,
And in fresh flowering fields themselves to sport;

Duessa taking her place next to the chair of Lucifera as
one of the train; but the knight keeps at a distance.
Then,

— having solaced themselves a space,
With pleasance of the breathing fields yfed,
They back returned to the princely place.

Here they find a new errant knight arrived, upon whose
heathenish shield is writ "with letters red" the name
Sansjoy. The sight of his brother Sansfoy's shield in the
possession of the "Fairy champion's page" instantly
kindles his fury; and he and the Red Cross Knight are
only prevented from fighting immediately by the Queen's
command that they should defer the settlement of their
quarrel till the morrow:—

That night they pass in joy and jollity,
Feasting and courting both in bower and hall;
For steward was excessive Gluttony,
That of his plenty poured forth to all:
Which done, the chamberlain Sloth did to rest them
call.

Afterwards, in the middle of the night, when all are
asleep, Duessa makes her way to the Paynim's lodging
or apartment; and the Canto concludes with a conver-
sation between them on the chances and hopes of the
morrow's fight. She offers to accept his love in lieu of
that of his dead brother; and he expresses all confidence
of victory, and assures her of revenge.

Canto V. (53 stanzas).—The first part of this Canto is occupied with the combat between the Redcross Knight and Sansjoy. It takes place in the presence of Queen Lucifera, and with all forms and observances appointed for such mortal arbitrements. The result is that, when, after a world of striking and hacking, the Pagan is about to receive his death-blow from the Christian knight, he is saved from destruction by being suddenly enveloped by the friendly infernal powers in a cloud, after the same fashion in which the heroes of the Iliad escape on several occasions. The queen returns to the palace with the victor by her side—

Whom all the people follow with great glee,
Shouting and clapping all their hands on height,
That all the air it fills, and flies to heaven bright.

When he has been laid in bed, with many skilful leeches about him to tend upon his still bleeding wounds, Duessa, like “a cruel crafty crocodile,” weeps over him until even-tide; and then goes forth and hies her to the place where the heathen knight still lies in a swoon and covered with the enchanted cloud. Not, however, lingering there to wail, she “to the eastern coast of heaven makes speedy way,”—

Where grisly Night, with visage deadly sad,
That Phœbus’ cheerful face durst never view,
And in a foul black pitchy mantle clad,
She finds forth coming from her darksome mew;ⁿ
Where she all day did hide her hated hue.
Before the door her iron chariot stood,
Already harnessed for journey new,
And coal-black steeds yborn of hellish brood,
That on their rusty bits did champ, as they were wood.

Amazed and half-frightened at the blaze of the gold and jewels with which the witch is decked, the goddess is about to retire into her cave, when Duessa addresses her—

“O thou, most ancient grandmother of all,
More old than Jove, whom thou at first didst breed,

ⁿ Place where she immured herself.

Or that great house of gods celestial;
Which wast begot in Demogorgon's hall,
And saw'st the secrets of the world unmade;"

and requires her to come with all speed to the aid of her nephew (that is, her grandson) Sansjoy, now sleeping in the shade of death. The Queen of Darkness hesitates at first, but on the witch telling her that she is Duessa, daughter of Deceit and Shame, she recognises her own descendant, and, welcoming with a kiss a member of her family whom she had often longed to see, intimates her readiness to go with her.

Then to her iron waggon she betakes,
And with her bears the foul well-favoured witch:
Through mirksome air her ready way she makes.
Her twyfold team (of which two black as pitch,
And two were brown, yet each to each unlich^o)
Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp,
Unless she chanc'd their stubborn mouths to twitch;
Then, foaming tar, their bridles they would champ,
And trampling the fine element would fiercely ramp.

Coming to the place where the Paynim lay, they lift him up softly and place him in the chariot of the goddess:—

And, all the while she stood upon the ground,
The wakeful dogs did never cease to bay;
As giving warning of the unwonted sound,
With which her iron wheels did them affray,
And her dark grisly look them much dismay.
The messenger of death, the ghastly owl,
With dreary shrieks did also her bewray;
And hungry wolves continually did howl
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so foul.

Turning back, and shooting through the air in silence, they soon reach the "yawning gulf of deep Avernus' hole"—the smoky and sulphureous descent to hell; patent for egress as well as ingress only to furies and damned sprites.

^o Unlike.

By that same way the direful dames do drive
 Their mournful chariot, filled with rusty blood,
 And down to Pluto's house are come belive : ^p
 Which passing through, on every side them stood
 The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
 Chattering their iron teeth, and staring wide
 With stony eyes ; and all the hellish brood
 Of fiends infernal flocked on every side,
 To gaze on earthly wight that with the Night durst ride.

They pass the bitter waves of Acheron,
 Where many souls sit wailing woefully ;
 And come to fiery flood of Phlegethon,
 Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
 And with sharp shrilling shrieks do bootless cry,
 Cursing high Jove, the which them thither sent.
 The house of endless Pain is built thereby,
 In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
 The cursed creatures do eternally torment.

Before the threshold dreadful Cerberus
 His three deformed heads did lay along,
 Curled with thousand adders venomous ;
 And lilled ^a forth his bloody flaming tongue :
 At them he gan to rear his bristles strong,
 And felly gnarre, ^r until day's enemy
 Did him appease ; then down his tail he hung,
 And suffered them to passen quietly :
 For she in hell and heaven had power equally.

There was Ixion turned on a wheel,
 For daring tempt the queen of heaven to sin ;
 And Sisyphus an huge round stone did reel,
 Against an hill, ne might from labour lin ; ^s
 There thirsty Tantalus hung by the chin ;
 And Tityus fed a vulture on his maw ;
 Typhæus' joints were stretched on a gin ;
 Theseus condemned to endless sloth by law ;
 And fifty sisters water in leak ^t vessels draw.

They, all beholding worldly wights in place,
 Leave off their work, unmindful of their smart,

^p In due time.

^a Lolled.

^r Snarl.

^s Cease.

^t Leaky.

To gaze on them ; who forth by them do pace,
Till they be come unto the furthest part ;
Where was a cave ywrought by wondrous art,
Deep, dark, uneasy, doleful, comfortless,
In which sad Æsculapius far apart
Imprisoned was in chains remediless ;
For that Hippolytus' rent corse he did redress.

Hippolytus a jolly huntsman was,
That wont in chariot chase the foaming boar :
He all his peers in beauty did surpass :
But ladies' love, as loss of time, forbore :
His wanton stepdame loved him the more ;
But, when she saw her offered sweets refused,
Her love she turn'd to hate, and him before
His father fierce of treason false accus'd,
And with her jealous terms his open ears abused ;

Who, all in rage, his sea-god sire besought
Some cursed vengeance on his son to cast :
From surging gulf two monsters straight were brought :
With dread whereof his chasing steeds aghast
Both chariot swift and huntsman overcast.
His goodly corpse, on ragged cliffs yrent,
Was quite dismembered, and his members chaste
Scattered on every mountain as he went,
That of Hippolytus was left no monument.

His cruel stepdame, seeing what was done,
Her wicked days with wretched knife did end,
In death avowing the innocence of her son.
Which hearing, his rash sire began to rend
His hair, and hasty tongue that did offend :
Tho, gathering up the relics of his smart,
By Dian's means who was Hippolyt's friend,
Them brought to Æsculape, that by his art
Did heal them all again, and joined every part.

Such wondrous science in man's wit to reign
When Jove advised, that could the dead revive,
And fates expired could renew again,
Of endless life he might him not deprive ;
But unto hell did thrust him down alive,
With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore :
Where, long remaining, he did always strive

Himself with salves to health for to restore,
And slake the heavenly fire that raged evermore.

Here Night alighting carries the wounded Sansjoy to Æsculapius, who, not without some little difficulty, is prevailed upon to undertake the case. Leaving Aveugle's son in the great leech's care, the goddess and Duessa return to earth, the former to perform her wonted nightly course, the latter to rejoin the Redcross Knight and the rest of the company she had left in the Palace of Pride. But when she arrives there she finds the Fairy Knight gone. His wary dwarf had discovered lying in a deep dungeon of the building huge numbers of "captive wretched thralls, that wailed night and day"—"a rueful sight as could be seen with eye"—and had learned enough from them to convince him that the sooner he and his master could withdraw themselves the better :—

There was that great proud king of Babylon,
That would compel all nations to adore,
And him as only God to call upon ;
Till, through celestial doom thrown out of door,
Into an ox he was transformed of yore.
There also was king Cræsus, that enhanced
His heart too high through his great riches' store ;
And proud Antiochus, the which advanced
His cursed hand gainst God, and on his altars danced.

And, them long time before, great Nimrod was,
That first the world with sword and fire warrayed,^u
And after him old Ninus far did pass
In princely pomp, of all the world obeyed.
There also was that mighty monarch^v laid
Low under all, yet above all in pride,
That name of native sire did foul upbraid,
And would as Ammon's son be magnified ;
Till, scorned of God and man, a shameful death he died.

All these together in one heap were thrown,
Like carcasses of beasts in butcher's stall.

^u Harassed with war.

^v Alexander the Great.

And in another corner wide were strown
 The antique ruins of the Romans' fall:
 Great Romulus, the grandsire of them all;
 Proud Tarquin; and too lordly Lentulus;
 Stout Scipio; and stubborn Hannibal;
 Ambitious Sylla; and stern Marius;
 High Cæsar; great Pompey; and fierce Antonius.

Many women were also there—"proud women, vain,
 forgetful of their yoke"—the bold Semiramis, fair
 Sthenobæa,—

High-minded Cleopatra, that with stroke
 Of aspes sting herself did stoutly kill;

with thousands more. And most of all those, it is added,
 who

————— in that dungeon lay,
 Fell from high princes' courts or ladies' bowers.

It is with considerable difficulty that, after having made
 their escape before dawn through a privy postern, the
 knight and the dwarf can find footing for their horses
 among the corse of murdered men that lie strewed and
 heaped on all sides around the castle.

Canto VI. (48 stanzas).—The Redcross Knight is
 represented as sad that he had been forced to leave the
 fair Duessa behind; but he is yet more sad to think of
 the "unkind treason" wherewith, as he imagines, his
 dear Una had stained her truth. Yet that peerless virgin
 had in fact wandered after him "from one to other Ind,"
 till she had, as already related, fallen into the hands of
 Sansloy. By that fierce paynim she has been carried
 away into a forest wild, where he first courts her with
 fawning words and other gentle ways;

But words, and looks, and sighs she did abhor,
 As rock of diamond stedfast evermore.

When he resorts to measures of another kind, the miser-
 able maid can only importune the skies with her loud
 complaints and thrilling shrieks;

The molten stars do drop like weeping eyes;

but it is from the earth that help and rescue are sent to her :—

Eternal Providence, exceeding thought,
Where none appears can make herself a way !
A wondrous way it for this lady wrought,
From lions' claws to pluck the griped prey.
Her shrill outcries and shrieks so loud did bray,
That all the woods and forests did resound :
A troop of fauns and satyrs far away
Within the wood were dancing in a round,
While old Sylvanus slept in shady arbour sound.

Drawn in haste from their rural merriment by Una's voice of distress, their "rude, misshapen, monstrous rabblement" affrights the Saracen, and, mounting his ready steed, he rides off, and leaves the lady for them to seize. Astonished and softened, "the salvage nation" lay aside the horror of their frowning foreheads, and, gently grinning, try to comfort her ;—

They in compassion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beauty sovereign,
Are won with pity and unwonted ruth ;
And, all prostrate upon the lowly plain,
Do kiss her feet, and fawn on her with countenance fain.

Seeing this, she yields to the extremity, and, rising from the ground with a fearless air and heart, she walks on whither they guide or invite her :—

They, all as glad as birds of joyous prime,
Thence led her forth, about her dancing round,
Shouting, and singing all a shepherd's rhyme ;
And, with green branches strewing all the ground,
Do worship her as queen with olive girland crowned.

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
That all the woods with double echo ring ;
And with their horned feet do wear the ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant spring.
So towards old Sylvanus they her bring ;
Who, with the noise awaked cometh out
To weet the cause, his weak steps governing

And aged limbs on cypress stadle ^w stout;
And with an ivy twine his waist is girt about.

Far off he wonders what them makes so glad,
Or Bacchus' merry fruit they did invent,^x
Or Cybel's frantic rites have made them mad:
They, drawing nigh, unto their god present
That flower of faith and beauty excellent:
The god himself, viewing that mirror rare,
Stood long amazed, and burnt in his intent:
His own fair Dryop now he thinks not fair,
And Pholoë foul, when her to this he doth compare.

The wood-born people fall before her flat,
And worship her as goddess of the wood;
And old Sylvanus' self bethinks not what
To think of wight so fair; but gazing stood,
In doubt to deem her born of earthly brood:
Sometimes dame Venus' self he seems to see;
But Venus never had so sober mood:
Sometimes Diana he her takes to be;
But misseth bow and shafts, and buskins to her knee.

By view of her he ginneth to revive
His ancient love, and dearest Cyparisse;
And calls to mind his portraiture alive,
How fair he was, and yet not fair to this;
And how he slew with glancing dart amiss
A gentle hind, the which the lovely boy
Did love as life, above all worldly bliss:
For grief whereof the lad n'ould after joy;
But pined away in anguish and self-willed annoy.

The woody nymphs, fair Hamadryades,
Her to behold do thither run apace;
And all the troop of light-foot Naiades
Flock all about to see her lovely face:
But, when they viewed have her heavenly grace,
They envy her in their malicious mind,
And fly away for fear of foul disgrace:
But all the Satyrs scorn their woody kind,
And henceforth nothing fair, but her, on earth they find.

^w Support.

^x Whether they had discovered some grapes.

Among this kind people of the forest Una remains for a long time, hoping to teach them the truth, and to wean them, among other errors, from their idolatry of herself;—

But when their bootless zeal she did restrain
From her own worship, they her ass would worship fain.

At last there arrives in the forest “a noble, warlike knight—plain, faithful, true, and enemy of shame”—one who

—— ever loved to fight for ladies’ right,
But in vain-glorious frays he little did delight.

He is the son of fair Thyamis, the daughter of Labride and wife of Therion, by a Satyr, and had been both born and brought up in the forest,—noursled, or nursed, under the care of his savage father,

—— in life and manners wild,
Amongst wild beasts and woods, from laws of men exiled

For all he taught the tender imp, was but
To banish cowardice and bastard fear:
His trembling hand he would him force to put
Upon the lion and the rugged bear;
And from the she-bear’s teats her whelps to tear;
And eke wild roaring bulls he would him make
To tame, and ride their backs not made to bear;
And the roebucks in flight to overtake:
That every beast for fear of him did fly and quake.

Thereby so fearless and so fell he grew,
That his own sire and master of his guise
Did often tremble at his horrid view;
And oft, for dread of hurt, would him advise
The angry beasts not rashly to despise,
Nor too much to provoke; for he would learn
The lion stoop to him in lowly wise,
(A lesson hard,) and make the libbard stern
Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did earn.

And, for to make his power approved more,
Wild beasts in iron yokes he would compel;

The spotted panther, and the tusked boar,
 The pardale swift, and the tiger cruel,
 The antelope and wolf, both fierce and fell ;
 And them constrain in equal team to draw.
 Such joy he had their stubborn hearts to quell,
 And sturdy courage tame with dreadful awe,
 That his behest they feared, as a tyran's law."

Having remained in the forest till there walked there
 no beast of name whom he had not taught to fear his
 force, he had then

— far abroad for strange adventures sought,
 In which his might was never overthrown,
 But through all Fairy Land his famous worth was
 blown.

It had always, however, been his custom, after long
 labours and adventures, to return to his native woods to
 see his old father and other relations ; and coming thither
 with that intent he unexpectedly finds the fairest Una,

Teaching the Satyrs, which her sate around,
 True sacred love, which from her sweet lips did
 redound,

He becomes her scholar, and they grow very intimate ;
 but Una, " all vowed unto the Redcross Knight," cannot
 take delight in this new acquaintance ; all her thoughts
 are occupied in thinking how she may make her escape ;
 and at last she reveals her wish to Satyrane, who, glad of
 an occasion of gaining her favour, readily agrees to aid
 her. He soon finds an opportunity of carrying her off ;
 and, having got out of the wood, they are travelling along
 in the open country, when they see at a distance " a
 weary wight forwandering by the way," up to whom
 they ride, in the chance of learning some tidings of the
 Redcross Knight. He seems, however, anxious to avoid
 them :—

A silly man, in simple weeds foreworn,
 And soiled with dust of the long dried way ;
 His sandals were with toilsome travel torn,
 And face all tanned with scorching sunny ray

As he had travelled many a summer's day
Through boiling sands of Araby and Ind;
And in his hand a Jacob's staff,² to stay
His weary limbs upon; and eke behind
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

They overtake him at last, and, on inquiring if he knows anything of the Redcross Knight, they are told by the man, to poor Una's unutterable agony, that his own eyes have seen that knight lying dead. He had been present when he was slain in fight by a paynim, who is now washing his wounds in a fountain not far off. On hastily proceeding to the place Satyrane espies Sansloy resting himself "in secret shadow by a fountain side." They rush against each other with passionate words and clashing blades; and the canto finishes while they are still continuing their long, often-renewed fight, in the midst of which Una has "fled far away, of that proud paynim sore afraid," and is pursued by old Archimago, for he was indeed "that false pilgrim which that leasing told," as the reader, now accustomed to the arch enchanter's stratagems and disguises, has no doubt surmised.

Canto VII. (52 stanzas).—Meanwhile the Redcross Knight has been overtaken by Duessa, who, resolved not to lose "her hoped prey," had, as soon as she found he was gone, left the Palace of Pride in quest of him.

Ere long she found, where as he weary sate
To rest himself, foreby a fountain side,
Disarmed all of iron-coated plate;
And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.

He feeds upon the cooling shade, and bays
His sweaty forehead in the breathing wind,
Which through the trembling leaves full gently plays,
Wherein the cheerful birds of sundry kind
Do chant sweet music, to delight his mind:
The witch approaching gan him fairly greet,
And with reproach of carelessness unkind

² A staff used in pilgrimages to the shrine of St. Jacob or St. James.

Upbraid, for leaving her in place unmeet,
With foul words tempering fair, sour gall with honey
sweet.

Unkindness past, they gan of solace treat,
And bathe in pleasance of the joyous shade,
Which shielded them against the boiling heat,
And, with green boughs decking a gloomy shade,
About the fountain like a girland made;
Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,
Ne ever would through fervent summer fade.

It had so chanced that, the nymph of this fountain having one day incurred the displeasure of Diana for getting tired in following the chase, the goddess decreed that all who should hereafter drink the water should "faint and feeble grow." This effect the Redeross Knight now experiences after taking a draught of the crystal stream. He is lying outstretched on the grassy ground, and in neither a holy nor heroic frame of mind, when suddenly he hears a sound that seems to make the very earth shake and the trees tremble for terror. Starting up, he snatches his unready weapons:—

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
Or get his shield, his monstrous enemy
With sturdy steps came stalking in his sight,
An hideous giant; horrible and high,
That with his tallness seemed to threat the sky;
The ground eke groaned under him for dread:
His living like saw never living eye,
Ne durst behold; his stature did exceed
The height of three the tallest sons of mortal seed.

This giant is the son of Earth and Æolus God of the Winds:—

So grown great, through arrogant delight,
Of the high descent whereof he was yborn,
And through presumption of his matchless might,
All other powers and knighthood he did scorn.
Such now he marcheth to this man forlorn,
And left to loss; his stalking steps are stay'd
Upon a snaggy oak, which he had torn

Out of his mother's bowels, and it made
His mortal mace, wherewith his foemen he dismayed.

With this tremendous weapon he attacks the unfortunate knight,

Disarmed, disgraced, and inwardly dismayed;
And eke so faint in every joint and vein,
Through that frail fountain, which him feeble made,
That scarcely could he wield his bootless single blade.

The giant strook so mainly merciless,
That could have overthrown a stony tower;
And, were not heavenly grace that did him bless,
He had been powdered all as thin as flour.

He would in fact have been battered to dust had not
Duessa interfered, and besought Orgoglio rather to save
his life and make him his bond-slave for ever, adding,

“ And me, thy worthy meed, unto thy leman take.”

To this proposal Orgoglio assents: carrying the knight
to his castle, he throws him into a dungeon, and

From that day forth Duessa was his dear,
And highly honoured in his haughty eye:
He gave her gold and purple pall to wear,
And triple crown set on her head full high,
And her endowed with royal majesty:
Then, for to make her dreaded more of men,
And people's hearts with awful terror tie,
A monstrous beast ybred in filthy fen
He chose, which he had kept long time in darksome den.

Such one it was, as that renowned snake
Which great Alcides in Stremona slew,
Long fostered in the filth of Lerna lake:
Whose many heads out-budding ever new
Did breed him endless labour to subdue.
But this same monster much more ugly was;
For seven great heads out of his body grew,
An iron breast, and back of scaly brass;
And all embrued in blood his eyes did shine as glass.

His tail was stretched out in wondrous length,
That to the house of heavenly gods it raught;

And, with extorted power, and borrowed strength,
The ever-burning lamps from thence it brought,
And proudly threw to ground, as things of nought;
And underneath his filthy feet did tread
The sacred things, and holy hests foretaught.
Upon this dreadful beast with sevenfold head
He set the false Duessa for more awe and dread.

Meanwhile the dwarf, who, on the fall of his master, had taken up his silver shield and his spear, and set out with them to proclaim his great distress through the world, has not ridden far before he is lucky enough to meet with Una, flying from Sansloy. But when she sees the armour, which confirms, as she thinks, the account she had heard of her dear knight's fate, she falls breathless to the earth.

The messenger of so unhappy news
Would fain have died; dead was his heart within;

but at last he succeeds in restoring her to her senses—which, however, is only to a sense of her misery. “O, lightsome day,” she cries,

“O, lightsome Day, the lamp of highest Jove,
First made by him men's wandering ways to guide,
When Darkness he in deepest dungeon drove;
Henceforth thy hated face for ever hide,
And shut up heaven's windows shining wide.”

Thrice she swoons away, and thrice she is revived by the faithful and affectionate dwarf, who then relates to her all the knight's adventures from the time of their separation in the house of Archimago down to

The luckless conflict with the giant stout,
Wherein captived, of life or death he stood in doubt.

After this they set out together, and wander long over hill and dale. And now is introduced the principal hero of the poem, or the personage who at least was to have figured as such if the author had completed his design :—

At last she chanced by good hap to meet
A goodly knight, fair marching by the way,
Together with his squire, arrayed meet:
His glitterand armour shined far away,
Like glancing light of Phoebus' brightest ray;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of steel endanger may:
Athwart his breast a baldric brave he ware,
That shined, like twinkling stars, with stones most precious rare:

And, in the midst thereof, one precious stone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous might,
Shaped like a lady's head, exceeding shone,
Like Hesperus amongst the lesser lights,
And strove for to amaze the weaker sights:
Thereby his mortal blade full comely hong
In ivory sheath, yearved with curious sleights,
Whose hilts were burnished gold; and handle strong
Of mother pearl; and buckled with a golden tongue.

His haughty helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightness and great terror bred:
For all the crest a dragon did enfold
With greedy paws, and over all did spread
His golden wings; his dreadful hideous head,
Close couched on the beaver, seemed to throw
From flaming mouth bright sparkles fiery red,
That sudden horror to faint hearts did show;
And scaly tail was stretched adown his back full low.

Upon the top of all his lofty crest,
A bunch of hairs discoloured diversly,
With sprinkled pearl and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seemed to dance for jollity;
Like to an almond tree ymounted high
On top of green Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At every little breath that under heaven is blown.

His warlike shield all closely covered was,
Ne might of mortal eye be ever seen;
Not made of steel, nor of enduring brass
(Such earthly metals soon consumed been),

But all of diamond perfect pure and clean
It framed was, one massy entire mould,
Hewn out of adamant rock with engines keen,
That point of spear it never piercen could,
Ne dint of direful sword divide the substance would.

The same to wight he never wont disclose,
But whenas monsters huge he would dismay,
Or daunt unequal armies of his foes,
Or when the flying heavens he would affray :
For so exceeding shone his glistening ray,
That Phoebus' golden face it did attain,
As when a cloud his beams doth over-lay ;
And silver Cynthia waxed pale and faint,
As when her face is stained with magic arts' constraint.

No magic arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloody words of bold enchanter's call ;
But all that was not such as seemed in sight
Before that shield did fade, and sudden fall :
And, when him list the rascal routs appal,
Men into stones therewith he could transmue,
And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all :
And, when him list the prouder looks subdue,
He would them gazing blind, or turn to other hue.

Ne let it seem that credence this exceeds ;
For he that made the same was known right well
To have done much more admirable deeds :
It Merlin was, which whilome did excel
All living wights in might of magic spell :
Both shield, and sword, and armour all he wrought
For this young prince, when first to arms he fell ;
But, when he died, the Fairy Queen it brought
To Fairy Land ; where yet it may be seen, if sought.

A gentle youth, his dearly loved squire,
His spear of ebon wood behind him bare,
Whose harmful head, thrice heated in the fire,
Had riven many a breast with pikehead square :
A goodly person ; and could manage fair
His stubborn steed with curbed canon bit,
Who under him did trample as the air,
And, chafed that any on his back should sit,
The iron rowels into frothy foam he bit.

Prince Arthur, for it is he, entreats the sorrowing lady to tell him the cause of her grief. Mishaps, he observes, are mastered by discreet advice :—

“ And counsel mitigates the greatest smart :
Found never help, who never would his hurts impart.”

“ Oh ! but,” quoth she, “ great grief will not be told,
And can more easily be thought than said.”

“ Right so,” quoth he : “ but he that never would
Could never : will to might gives greatest aid.”

“ But grief,” quoth she, “ does greater grow displayed,
If then it find not help, and breeds despair.”

“ Despair breeds not,” quoth he, “ where faith is staid.”

“ No faith so fast,” quoth she, “ but flesh does pair.”^a

“ Flesh may impair,” quoth he, “ but reason can repair.”

Prevailed upon at last by his “ well-guided speech ” to relate her story, she informs him that she is the only daughter of a king and queen whose rule extended through all the territories

“ Which Phison and Euphrates floweth by,
And Gehon’s golden waves do wash continually.”

But after a time came a huge dragon which, after wasting all the kingdom, had compelled the king and queen to take refuge in a strong castle, within whose brazen wall he has now kept them four years besieged. Many knights have attempted to subdue the monster, but all have been defeated. As last, led by fame, she had herself sped to Cleopolis, the capital of the kingdom of Gloriane, to endeavour to procure a champion in one of the doughty knights of “ that noble order hight of Maidenhead ;” and there it was her fortune to find “ a fresh unproved knight ”—him, namely, of the Redcross, with the rest of whose history the reader is already acquainted.

Ere she had ended all, she gan to faint :
But he her comforted, and fair bespake ;

^a Impair.

“ Certes, madame, ye have great cause of plaint,
That stoutest heart, I ween, could cause to quake.
But be of cheer, and comfort to you take ;
For, till I have acquit your captive knight,
Assure your self, I will you not forsake.”
His cheerful words revived her cheerless sprite ;
So forth they went, the dwarf them guiding ever right.

Canto VIII. (50 stanzas).—They travel along together, Una and Arthur, until they are brought by their guide, the dwarf, to the castle where the Redcross Knight lies confined. Advancing on foot with his squire, the prince finds the gates all shut and no one within either “ to ward the same nor answer comers’s call :”—

Then took that squire an horn of bugle small,
Which hung adown his side in twisted gold
And tassels gay : wide wonders over all
Of that same horn’s great virtues weren told,
Which had approved been in uses manifold.

Was never wight that heard that shrilling sound,
But trembling fear did feel in every vein :
Three miles it might be easy heard around,
And echoes three answered itself again :
No false enchantment, nor deceitful train,
Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was void and wholly vain :
No gate so strong, no lock so firm and fast,
But with that piercing noise flew open quite, or brast.^b

The same before the giant’s gate he blew,
That all the castle quaked from the ground,
And every door of free-will open flew.
The giant self dismayed with that sound,
Where he with his Duessa dalliance found,
In haste came rushing forth from inner bower,
With staring countenance stern, as one astound,
And staggering steps, to weet what sudden stour
Had wrought that horror strange, and dared his dreaded
power.

^b Burst.

Duessa also comes forth after him, "high-mounted on her many-headed beast," every head crowned and flaming with a fiery tongue. The prince at once flies at the giant, who, aiming a blow at him with his dreadful club, misses his object, and instead strikes the earth with such force that he throws up a furrow in the driven clay of three yards in depth, nor can he again recover the use of his weapon, "so buried in the ground," before his agile adversary has smitten off his left arm. Duessa now strikes in with her dreadful beast; but the monster is valiantly opposed by the squire, till his senses are overpowered by some enchanted liquid sprinkled upon him by the witch from her golden cup, under the effect of which he falls down, and the cruel beast has planted its bloody claws on his neck, when the knight comes up and sends it roaring off with the loss of one of its seven heads. But now the giant strikes the knight to the ground, and it does not appear how he would have ever risen again had it not been that the fall by chance loosens the covering of his shield;—

The light whereof, that heaven's light did pass,
Such blazing brightness through the air threw
That eye mote not the same endure to view.

The giant draws back, and the beast, becoming stark blind, tumbles down with Duessa on its back, who cries for help to the giant, but in vain;—

——— for, since that glancing sight,
He hath no power to hurt nor to defend;
As, where the Almighty's lightning brand does light.
It dims the dazed eyne, and daunts the senses quite.

The knight, seeing him thus disabled, first smites off his right leg by the knee, on which he falls to the earth like an aged tree cut down, or an undermined castle; and then he despatches him as he lies prostrate and helpless. Duessa casts to the ground her golden cup, and throws her "crowned mitre" rudely from her; but the light-footed squire takes care to prevent her making her es-

cape. Una, indeed, running up, after addressing the squire,—

“ And you, fresh bud of virtue springing fast,
Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto death's door,
What hath poor virgin for such peril past
Wherewith you to reward? Accept therefore
My simple self, and service evermore,”—

particularly entreats that they do not “ let that wicked woman scape away.” The witch having been given in charge to the squire, the prince by himself enters the castle, where, however, still no living creature is to be seen :—

Then can he loudly through the house to call;
But no man cared to answer to his cry :
There reigned a solemn silence over all;
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seen in bower or
hall !

At last, with creeping crooked pace forth came
An old old man, with beard as white as snow ;
That on a staff his feeble steps did frame,
And guide his weary gait both to and fro ;
For his eye-sight him failed long ago :
And on his arm a bunch of keys he bore,
The which unused rust did overgrow :
Those were the keys of every inner door ;
But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.

But very uncouth sight was to behold,
How he did fashion his untoward pace ;
For, as he forward moved his footing old,
So backward still was turned his wrinkled face :
Unlike to men, who ever, as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
This was the ancient keeper of that place,
And foster-father of the giant dead ;
His name Ignaro did his nature right ahead.^c

His reverend hairs and holy gravity
The knight much honoured, as beseemed well ;

^c Declare.

And gently asked, where all the people be,
Which in that stately building wont to dwell :
Who answered him full soft, *He could not tell.*
Again he asked, where that same knight was laid
Whom great Orgoglio with his puissance fell
Had made his caitive thrall : again he said,
He could not tell ; ne ever other answer made.

In this way Spenser sets before us, in his ingenious and splendid picture-writing, the moral truth that Pride (Orgoglio) is the foster-child of, or, in other words, is nourished by, Ignorance. Other questions have the same success ; and at last the prince stepping up to the old man takes the keys from his arm, and opens the several doors for himself.

There all within full rich arrayed he found,
With royal arras, and resplendent gold,
And did with store of every thing abound
That greatest prince's presence might behold.
But all the floor (too filthy to be told)
With blood of guiltless babes, and innocents true,
Which there were slain, as sheep out of the fold,
Defiled was ; that dreadful was to view ;
And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

And there beside a marble stone was built
An altar, carved with cunning imagery ;
On which true Christians' blood was often spilt,
And holy martyrs often done to die,
With cruel malice and strong tyranny :
Whose blessed sprites, from underneath the stone,
To God for vengeance cried continually ;
And with great grief were often heard to groan ;
That hardest heart would bleed to hear their piteous
moan.

In the end he comes to the dungeon where the Red-cross Knight has been confined now for the space of three weary months. His call having been answered by " an hollow, dreary, murmuring voice," the prince, when he can find no key that will open the iron door, rends it in his fury and indignation. Having entered, however, his foot can find no floor,

But all a deep descent, as dark as hell,
That breathed ever forth a filthy baneful smell.

But neither darkness foul, nor filthy bands,
Nor noxious smell, his purpose could withhold,
(Entire affection hateth nicer hands;)

and so he soon finds means to have the miserable prisoner brought up to the fresh air and the light of day.

His sad dull eyes, deep sunk in hollow pits,
Could not endure the unwonted sun to view;
His bare thin cheeks for want of better bits,
And empty sides deceived of their due,
Could make a stony heart his hap to rue;
His rawbone arms, whose mighty brawned bowers^d
Were wont to rive steel plates, and helmets hew,
Were clean consumed; and all his vital powers
Decayed; and all his flesh shrunk up like withered
flowers.

We shall not linger over either the joy of Una, or the punishment of Duessa, who, upon being stripped naked, is found to be a very different description of person from what she had seemed when arrayed in her royal robes and purple pall, and is, after a few severe words from Una, allowed to take her departure to the wilderness, where, "flying fast from heaven's hated face," she endeavours to hide her shame among the rocks and caves.

Canto IX. (54 stanzas).—This is another great canto. The first part of it is taken up with the history of Prince Arthur, which, so far as he knows it, the prince himself relates to Una, at her request, before they set out from Orgoglio's castle in quest of fresh adventures. His sire and lineage he is ignorant of: as soon as he was born he had been taken from his mother's lap and delivered to a fairy knight, who forthwith brought him to old Timon, to be by him instructed in all martial arts and exercises,—old Timon, who in youth was in warlike feats the expertest of living men, and is yet the wisest of the inhabitants of the earth:—

^d Flexor muscles.

His dwelling is, low in a valley green,
Under the foot of Rauran mossy bore—

that is Rawran-Vaur hill in Merioneth. Hither the great magician Merlin often came to see the boy; and by him he was assured; that he was son and heir to a king. But what adventure, asks Una, hath brought you hither into Fairy Land? And, when the prince, in answer, drops an allusion to some hidden sorrow rankling in his riven breast,

“Ah! courteous knight,” quoth she, “what secret wound
Could ever find to grieve the gentlest heart on ground?”

On this he tells how in his commencing youth he had often been warned by Timon of the dangers and miseries of love, and how “that idle name of love, and lover’s life,” he had ever scorned:—

“But all in vain; no fort can be so strong,
Ne fleshly breast can armed be so sound,
But will at last be won with battery long,
Or unawares at disadvantage found:
Nothing is sure that grows on earthly ground.
And who most trusts in arm of fleshly might,
And boasts in beauty’s chain not to be bound,
Doth soonest fall in disadventurous fight,
And yields his caitiff neck to victor’s most despite.

Ensample make of him your hapless joy,
And of myself now mated, as ye see;
Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging boy
Did soon pluck down, and curbed my liberty.
For on a day, pricked forth with jollity
Of looser life and heat of hardiment,
Ranging the forest wide on courser free,
The fields, the floods, the heavens, with one consent,
Did seem to laugh on me, and favour mine intent.

Forwearied with my sports, I did alight
From lofty steed, and down to sleep me laid:
The verdant grass my couch did goodly dight,
And pillow was my helmet fair displayed:
Whiles every sense the humour sweet embayed,*

* Bathad.

And slumbering soft my heart did steal away,
 Me seemed, by my side a royal maid
 Her dainty limbs full softly down did lay :
 So fair a creature yet saw never sunny day.

Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment
 She to me made, and bade me love her dear ;
 For dearly sure her love was to me bent,
 As, when just time expired, should appear.
 But, whether dreams delude, or true it were,
 Was never heart so ravished with delight,
 Ne living man like words did ever hear,
 As she to me delivered all that night ;
 And at her parting said, she Queen of Fairies hight.^f

When I awoke, and found her place devoid,
 And nought but pressed grass where she had lyen,
 I sorrowed all so much as erst I joyed,
 And washed all her place with watery eyen.
 From that day forth I loved that face divine ;
 From that day forth I cast in careful mind
 To seek her out with labour and long time,
 And never vowed to rest till her I find :
 Nine months I seek in vain, yet ni'll that vow unbind."

Thus as he spake, his visage waxed pale,
 And change of hue great passion did bewray ;
 Yet still he strove to cloak his inward bale,
 And hide the smoke that did his fire display ;
 Till gentle Una thus to him gan say :
 " O happy Queen of Fairies, that hast found,
 Mongst many, one that with his prowess may
 Defend thine honour, and thy foes confound !

True loves are often sown, but seldom grow on ground."

Then, after some further discourse, Arthur leaves them to pursue his inquiry through the world after his love, giving the Redcross Knight at parting a box of diamond containing a few drops of a liquor able in an instant to heal any wound, and receiving from him in return

A book wherein his Saviour's Testament
 Was writ with golden letters rich and brave.

^f Was called.

Una and her knight continue their way at a slow pace.

So as they travelled, lo ! they gan espy
An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
That seemed from some feared foe to fly,
Or other grisly thing, that him aghast.^s
Still, as he fled, his eye was backward cast,
As if his fear still followed him behind :
Als^h flew his steed, as he his bands had brast,
And with his winged heels did tread the wind,
As he had been a foal of Pegasus his kind.

Nigh as he drew they might perceive his head
To be unarmed, and curled uncombed hairs
Upstaring stiff, dismayed with uncouth dread :
Nor drop of blood in all his face appears,
Nor life in limb ; and to increase his fears,
In foul reproach of knighthood's fair degree,
About his neck an hempen rope he wears,
That with his glistening arms does ill agree :
But he of rope, or arms, has now no memory.

To the anxious request of the Redcross Knight that he would tell the cause of his extraordinary perturbation,

He answered nought at all ; but adding new
Fear to his first amazement, staring wide
With stony eyes and heartless hollow hue,
Astonished stood as one that had espied
Infernal Furies with their chains untied.

It is not till after being repeatedly questioned that his

—— faltering tongue at last these words seemed forth
to shake ;

“ For God's dear love, sir knight, do me not stay,
For lo ! he comes, he comes fast after me.”

It is only by force that he is prevented from continuing his flight ; but at last he relates how he lately chanced to keep company with a knight called Sir Terwin, who

^s Terrified.

^h Also.

“ ————— well himself advanced
 In all affairs, and was both bold and free ;
 But not so happy as mote happy be :
 He loved, as was his lot, a lady gent,
 That him again loved in the least degree ;
 For she was proud, and of too high intent,
 And joyed to see her lover languish and lament.”

One day returning together sad and comfortless from this haughty beauty, they met that villain, the cursed wight from whom he has just made his escape :—

“ A man of hell, that calls himself Despair ;”
 who, having accosted them, soon, “ creeping close as snake in hidden weeds,” discovered the depressed state of their minds, and then “ with wounding words ” plucking from them all hope of relief, set himself to persuade them both to end all sorrow in death—for which end he gave one the rope he still has about his neck, the other a rusty knife. With the latter instrument Sir Terwin had without delay “ a wide way made to let forth living bréath ;” he himself had,

“ ————— more fearful or more lucky wight,
 Dismayed with that deformed dismal sight,
 Fled fast away, half dead with dying fear.”

“ God you never let,” he exclaims to the Redcross Knight, “ his charmed speeches hear !”

“ His subtle tongue, like dropping honey melt’h
 Into the heart, and searcheth every vein ;
 That, ere one be aware, by secret stealth
 His power is reft and weakness doth remain.
 O never, sir, desire to try his guileful train !”ⁱ

Of course this dissuasion has no effect ; and Trevisan (such is the name of the frightened knight) reluctantly consents to ride back so far as to show the other where the villain is to be found.

Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight
 His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,

Far underneath a craggy cliff ypight,^k
Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcases doth crave :
On top whereof aye dwelt the ghastly owl,
Shrieking his baleful note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other cheerful fowl ;
And all about it wandering ghosts did wail and howl :

And all about old stocks and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leaf was ever seen,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees ;
On which had many wretches hanged been,
Whose carcases were scattered on the green,
And thrown about the cliffs.

Sir Trevisan would fain fly, but the other forces him to stay.

That darksome cave they enter where they find
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind :
His greasy locks, long grown and unbound,
Disordered hung about his shoulders round.
And hid his face ; through which his hollow eyne
Looked deadly dull, and stared as astound ;
His raw-bone cheeks, through penury and pine,
Were shrunk into his jaws, as he did never dine.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thorns together pinned and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapped abouts :
And him beside there lay upon the grass
A dreary corse whose life away did pass,
All wallowed in his own yet luke-warm blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas !
In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

Infuriated by the sight of the body of the self-murdered Sir Terwin, the Redcross Knight assails the wretch with indignant words. " What frantic fit," he answers, " hath thus distraught thee ? Nought else drove this

^k Placed, fixed.

despairing man to death but his own guilty deserving mind.

“ Who travails by the weary wandering way,
To come unto his wished home in haste,
And meets a flood, that doth his passage stay ;
Is not great grace to help him over past,
Or free his feet that in the mire stick fast ?
Most envious man, that grieves at neighbour's good ;
And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast ;
Why wilt not let him pass, that long hath stood
Upon the bank, yet wilt thyself not pass the flood ?

He there does now enjoy eternal rest
And happy ease, which thou dost want and crave,
And further from it daily wanderest ;
What if some little pain the passage have,
That makes frail flesh to fear the bitter wave ;
Is not short pain well borne, that brings long ease,
And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave ?
Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life, does greatly please.”

The knight, though much wondering “ at his sudden wit,” nevertheless ventures to argue with him, and observes that the term of life is appointed by God, who gave it, and that a soldier may not move from his station till his captain bid. “ No,” replies Despair ;

“ ——— he that points the sentinel his room
Doth license him depart at sound of morning drum ;”

and then he proceeds to reason that whatever is done in heaven or earth must be the doing of the Creator, not of man, who is merely his instrument ; that whatever has been made has evidently been made to die ; that the longer life, the greater sin ; that

“ — he that once hath missed the right way,
The further he doth go, the further he doth stray ;”

that life at the best is full of sorrows, and has little or nothing to make it be loved by a wise man ; and he ends with a strong appeal to the knight to consider his own particular case, and to say whether he has not already

endured wretchedness and committed sin and folly enough. Finally, he exclaims,

“ Is it not better to die willingly,
Than linger till the glass be all outrun?
Death is the end of woes : die soon, O Fairy’s son.”

This address, we are told, pierced through the knight’s heart like a sword—

That all his manly powers it did disperse,
As he were charmed with enchanted rhymes,
That oftentimes he quaked, and fainted oftentimes.

The villain goes on to urge him with additional temptations, and at last takes “ a dagger sharp and keen” and puts it in his hand :—

————— his hand did quake,
And tremble like a leaf of aspen green,
And troubled blood through his pale face was seen
To come and go with tidings from the heart,
As it a running messenger had been ;

but here Una, who, it appears, had accompanied them, interposes, and, snatching out of his hand “ the cursed knife,” throws it to the ground, and, much enraged, upbraids the faint-hearted knight with having so far forgotten the great object of his life, the subjugation of the dragon ; and, exclaiming, “ Come, come away, frail, feeble, fleshly wight !” calls upon him instantly to arise and leave the fatal place.

So up he rose, and thence amounted straight.
Which when the carl beheld, and saw his guest
Would safe depart, for all his subtile sleight ;
He chose an halter from among the rest,
And with it hung himself, unbid, unblest.
But death he could not work himself thereby,
For thousand times he so himself had dressed,
Yet natheless it could not do him die,
Till he should die his last, that is, eternally.

Canto (X. 68 stanzas).—Una now perceives that it is necessary her knight’s relaxed frame should be strength-

ened and cherished for a time "with diets daint;" for which purpose she determines to conduct him to "an ancient house, not far away," called the House of Holiness. This house is governed "through wisdom of a matron grave and hoar," named Dame Celia, who is the mother of three daughters, the two eldest, Fidelia and Speranza (Faith and Hope), virgins; the younger, Charissa (Charity), linked to a husband, by whom she has many "pledges dear." On their arrival they find the door locked fast; but, when they knocked,

The porter opened unto them straightway.
He was an aged sire, all hoary grey,
With looks full lowly cast, and gait full slow,
Wont on a staff his feeble steps to stay,
Hight Humiltà. They pass in, stooping low;
For straight and narrow was the way which he did
show.

Inside they find a spacious court, and are there met by "a franklin fair and free" named Zeal, and by a gentle squire, Reverence, who leads them to the Lady of the place. By her Una is very graciously received, and, after the knight has been presented, they are both entertained by the ancient dame with all courtesy—"ne wanted ought to shew her bounteous or wise."

Thus as they gan of sundry things devise,
Lo! two most goodly virgins came in place,
Ylinked arm in arm in lovely wise;
With countenance demure, and modest grace,
They number'd even steps and equal pace:
Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
Like sunny beams threw from her crystal face
That could have dazed the rash beholder's sight,
And round about her head did shine like heaven's light.
She was arrayed all in lily white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water filled up to the height,
In which a serpent did himself enfold,
That horror made to all that did behold;
But she no whit did change her constant mood;
And in her other hand she fast did hold

A book, that was both signed and sealed with blood,
Wherein dark things were writ, hard to be understood.

Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blue, that her beseemed well ;
Not all so cheerful seemed she of sight
As was her sister ; whether dread did dwell
Or anguish in her heart, is hard to tell :
Upon her arm a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned ever, as befel ;
And ever up to heaven, as she did pray,
Her steadfast eyes were bent, ne swerved other way.

In a short conversation that ensues it is mentioned that the third sister, Charissa, is still laid aside in consequence of a recent confinement. The knight is then conducted to his lodging by a groom called Meek Obedience ; and the next morning he is taken into her school by Fidelia, and by her instructed in

— her sacred book, with blood ywrit,
That none could read except she did them teach.

For she was able with her words to kill,
And raise again to life the heart that she did thrill.

And, when she list pour out her larger sprite,
She would command the hasty sun to stay,
Or backward turn his course from heaven's height :
Sometimes great hosts of men she could dismay ;
Dry-shod to pass she parts the floods in tway ;
And eke huge mountains from their native seat
She would command themselves to bear away,
And throw in raging sea with roaring threat :
Almighty God her gave such power and puissance
great.

Afterwards the knight is taken in hand, first by Speranza, then by a leech or doctor called Patience :—

And bitter Penance, with an yorn whip,
Was wont him once to disple¹ every day :

¹ Discipline.

And sharp Remorse his heart did prick and nip,
 That drops of blood thence like a well did play :
 And sad Repentance used to embay
 His body in salt water smarting sore,
 The filthy blots of sin to wash away.
 So in short space they did to health restore
 The man that would not live, but erst lay at death's
 door.

He is now brought to Una, who,

——— joyous of his cured conscience,
 Him dearly kissed,—

and then he is presented by her to Charissa, who by
 this time was “woxen strong,” and had “left her fruit-
 ful nest.”

She was a woman in her freshest age,
 Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,
 With goodly grace and comely personage,
 That was on earth not easy to compare ;
 Full of great love ; but Cupid's wanton snare
 As hell she hated ; chaste in work and will ;
 Her neck and breasts were ever open bare,
 That aye thereof her babes might suck their fill ;
 The rest was all in yellow robes arrayed still.

A multitude of babes about her hung,
 Playing their sports, that joyed her to behold ;
 Whom still she fed, whilst they were weak and young,
 But thrust them forth still as they waxed old :
 And on her head she wore a tire of gold,
 Adorned with gems and owches wondrous fair,
 Whose passing price uneath^m was to be told :
 And by her side there sat a gentle pair
 Of turtle doves, she sitting in an ivory chair.

By Charissa the knight is instructed

——— in every good behest
 Of love, and righteousness, and well to done ;

and then is delivered to an ancient matron named

^m Scarcely.

Mercy, who leads him forth by a narrow and thorny way, bearing him up as a careful nurse does her child, till she brings him to a neighbouring hospital, inhabited by seven beadmen—the seven heads or branches into which the virtue of Charity is distributed by the scholastic theologians—who had vowed all their life to the service of heaven, and severally officiate as steward, almoner, wardrobe-keeper, redeemer of prisoners, attendant upon the sick, burier of the dead, and provider for widows and orphans. After staying with him here for some time, she next conducts him to a chapel and a hermitage on the top of a high and steep hill, where dwells the “aged holy man,” Heavenly Contemplation :—

Great grace that old man to him given had ;
 For God he often saw from heaven's height :
 All were his earthly eyne both blunt and bad,
 And through great age had lost their kindly sight,
 Yet wondrous quick and persant was his sprite,
 As eagle's eye, that can behold the sun.

On being informed by Mercy that Fidelia, by whom have been committed to him the keys of “that most glorious house” the way to which leads right from hence, desires that the knight should be taken thither, the hermit answers,

“ — Since thou bidst, thy pleasure shall be done.
 Then come, thou Man of Earth ! and see the way
 That never yet was seen of Fairy's son ;”

and

That done, he leads him to the highest mount ;
 Such one, as that same mighty man of God,
 That blood-red billows like a walled front
 On either side disparted with his rod,
 Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,ⁿ
 Dwelt forty days upon ; where, writ in stone
 With bloody letters by the hand of God,

ⁿ Went.

The bitter doom of death and baleful moan
He did receive, whilst flashing fire about him shone :

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full high,
Adorned with fruitful olives all around,
Is, as it were for endless memory
Of that dear Lord who oft thereon was found,
For ever with a flowering girland crowned :
Or like that pleasant mount, that is for aye
Through famous poets' verse each where renowned,
On which the thrice three learned Ladies play
Their heavenly notes, and make full many a lovely
lay.

From this he is shown the "little path that was both
steep and long" leading to the Celestial city.

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessed Angels to and fro descend
From highest heaven in gladsome company,
And with great joy into that city wend,
As commonly as friend does with his friend.
Whereat he wondered much, and gan inquire,
What stately building durst so high extend
Her lofty towers unto the starry sphere,
And what unknownen nation there empeopled were.

The hermit informs him that what he beholds is the
New Jerusalem.

"Till now," said then the knight, "I weened well
That great Cleopolis where I have been,
In which that fairest Fairy Queen doth dwell,
The fairest city was that might be seen ;
And that bright tower, all built of crystal clean,
Panthea, seemed the brightest thing that was :
But now by proof all otherwise I ween ;
For this great city that does far surpass,
And this bright Angels' tower quite dims that tower of
glass."

"Most true," then said the holy aged man ;
"Yet is Cleopolis, for earthly frame,
The fairest piece that eye beholden can ;
And well beseems all knights of noble name

That covet in the immortal book of fame
 To be eternized, that same to haunt,
 And doen their service to that sovereign dame,
 That glory does to them for guerdon grant:
 For she is heavenly born, and heaven may justly vaunt.

“ And thou, fair imp, sprung out from English race,
 However now accounted Elfin’s son,
 Well worthy doest thy service for her grace,
 To aid a virgin desolate fordone.
 But when thou famous victory hast won,
 And high amongst all knights hast hung thy shield,
 Thenceforth the suit of earthly conquest shun,
 And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field:
 For blood can nought but sin, and wars but sorrows
 yield.

“ Then seek this path that I to thee presage,
 Which after all to heaven shall thee send;
 Then peaceably thy painful pilgrimage
 To yonder same Hierusalem do bend,
 Where is for thee ordained a blessed end:
 For thou amongst those saints whom thou doest see
 Shalt be a saint, and thine own nation’s friend
 And patron: thou *Saint George* shalt called be,
Saint George of merry *England*, the sign of victory.”

In answer to his inquiries touching his lineage, he is afterwards told that he is sprung from the ancient race of the Saxon kings of Britain; that he was carried off in infancy, while he slept, by a Fairy, who left “her base elfin brood” in his stead; that by her he was brought “unto this Fairy Land,” and hid “in an heaped furrow,” where he was found by a ploughman, and by him brought up to the same state, whence his name Georgos (signifying a tiller of the ground), until incited by inborn courage and strength he had come to Fairy Court, there to seek for fame, and prove his skill in arms. He then returns to Una, and they take their departure together from “Celia and her daughters three.”

Canto XI. (55 stanzas).—Una and her knight now make straight for her father’s realm, and when they have there arrived she points out to him the brazen tower in

which her parents have shut themselves up. A hideous roar immediately announces the presence of the dragon, whom looking round they soon perceive

Where stretched he lay upon the sunny side
Of a great hill, himself like a great hill.

At sight of the knight's glittering arms, "that heaven with light did fill," the monster instantly rouses himself; Una takes her station on a neighbouring height; the poet solemnly invokes his muse for aid worthily to relate the battle about to ensue; meanwhile the dragon draws nigh, "half-flying and half-footing" in his haste. His monstrous body, swollen with wrath and poison, as well as blood, is armed all over with brazen scales :

His flaggy wings, when forth he did display,
Were like two sails, in which the hollow wind
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way :
And eke the pens, that did his pinions bind,
Were like main-yards with flying canvass lined ;
With which whenas him list the air to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage find,
The clouds before him fled for terror great,
And all the heavens stood still amazed with his threat.

His tail, "wound up in hundred folds," is not much short of three furlongs in length, and is armed at the point with two stings, "both deadly sharp, that sharpest steel exceeden far;" still sharper are his claws; his mouth gapes like the mouth of hell, three ranks of iron teeth being ranged in each jaw ;

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shields,
Did burn with wrath, and sparkled living fire :
As two broad beacons, set in open fields,
Send forth their flames far off to every shire,
And warning give that enemies conspire
With fire and sword the region to invade ;
So flamed his eyne with rage and rancorous ire :
But far within, as in a hollow glade,
Those glaring lamps were set, that made a dreadful
shade.

As he advances he shakes his scales and lifts aloft his speckled breast, so as to make the knight nigh quake for fear; nevertheless he couches his steady spear and rides fiercely at him. Though not pierced, the monster is staggered with the push, but a sweep of his long tail brings both horse and man to ground. They both, however, up lightly rise again, on which, inflamed with exceeding rage, the furious beast gathers all his strength for their destruction:

Then, with his waving wings displayed wide,
Himself up high he lifted from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcibly divide
The yielding air, which nigh too feeble found
Her flitting parts, and element unsound,
'To bear so great a weight: He, cutting way
With his broad sails, about him soared round;
At last, low stooping with unwieldy sway,
Snatched up both horse and man, to bear them quite away.

Long he them bore above the subject plain,
So far as yewen bow a shaft may send;
Till struggling strong did him at last constrain
To let them down before his flightes end:
As haggard hawk, presuming to contend
With hardy fowl above his able might,
His weary pounces all in vain doth spend
To truss the prey too heavy for his flight;
Which, coming down to ground, does free itself by fight.

He so disseized of his griping gross,
The knight his thrillant spear again essayed
In his brass-plated body to emboss,
And three men's strength unto the stroke he laid;
Wherewith the stiff beam quaked, as afraid,
And glancing from his scaly neck did glide
Close under his left wing, then broad displayed:
The piercing steel there wrought a wound full wide,
That with the uncouth smart the monster loudly cried.

He cried, as raging seas are wont to roar,
When wintry storm his wrathful wreck does threat;
The rolling billows beat the ragged shore,
As they the earth would shoulder from her seat.

The spear-head has stuck fast in his flesh, and now flowed forth

A gushing river of black gory blood,
That drowned all the land whereon he stood ;
The stream thereof would drive a water-mill.

Again the knight is thrown from his horse, but quickly again he starts up from the ground ;

And fiercely took his trenchant blade in hand,
With which he strook so furious and so fell,
That nothing seemed the puissance could withstand.
Upon his crest the hardened iron fell ;
But his more hardened crest was armed so well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make.

It is as if he struck a rock of adamant. Finding now, however, that he cannot fly, the beast, in grief and anguish, loudly brays, " that like was never heard," and sends forth from his throat a flame, that singes the knight's face, and even pierces to his body through his armour.

Not that great champion of the antique world,
Whom famous poets' verse so much doth vaunt,
And hath for twelve huge labours high extolled,
So many furies and sharp fits did haunt,
When him the poisoned garment did enchant,
With Centaurs' blood and bloody verses charmed ;
As did this knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,
Whom fiery steel now burned, that erst him armed ;
That erst him goodly armed, now most of all him harmed.

Faint, weary, sore, emboiled,^o grieved, brent,
With heat, toil, wounds, arms, smart, and inward fire,
That never man such mischiefs did torment ;
Death better were ; death did he oft desire ;
But death will never come, when needs require.

He is now struck to the ground by the dragon ; but fortunately immediately behind him is an ancient well, rightly called the Well of Life ;

^o Boiled.

For unto life the dead it could restore,
And guilt of sinful crimes clean wash away;
Those that with sickness were infected sore
It could recure; and aged long decay
Renew, as one were born that very day.
Both Silo this, and Jordan, did excel,
And the English Bath, and eke the German Spa;
Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus, match this well:
Into the same the knight back overthrowen fell.

It is now sunset, and the monster, thinking his foe destroyed, claps his iron wings in the joy and pride of victory. Una remains all night in prayer, fearing that all is over; but on the morrow at sunrise she sees her knight start up out of the well, "as eagle fresh out of the ocean wave." Another long day of desperate fighting ensues, at the end of which the knight is again thrown down. But he is again fortunate, or rather befriended by heaven:—

There grew a goodly tree him fair beside,
Loaden with fruit and apples rosy red,
As they in pure vermilion had been died,
Whereof great virtues over all were read:
For happy life to all which thereon fed,
And life eke everlasting, did befall:
Great God it planted in that blessed stead^p
With his Almighty hand, and did it call
The Tree of Life, the crime of our first father's fall.

In all the world like was not to be found,
Save in that soil, where all good things did grow,
And freely sprung out of the fruitful ground,
As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
Till that dread dragon all did overthrow.
Another like fair tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof whoso did eat, eftsoones did know
Both good and ill: O mournful memory!
That tree through one man's fault hath done us all to die!
From that first tree forth flowed, as from a well,
A trickling stream of balm, most sovereign

^p Station, place.

And dainty dear, which on the ground still fell,
And overflowed all the fertile plain,
As it had dewed been with timely rain;
Life and long health that gracious ointment gave;
And deadly wounds could heal; and rear again
The senseless corse appointed for the grave:
Into that same he fell, which did from death him save.

To the Tree of Life the dragon dare not approach. It
is now night, and the champion lies in the stream,

— as in a dream of deep delight,
Besmeared with precious balm;

while Una spends the hours in prayer for him as before,
watching the noyous night, and waiting for joyous day.

The joyous day gan early to appear;
And fair Aurora from the dewy bed
Of aged Tithone gan herself to rear
With rosy cheeks, for shame as blushing red:
Her golden locks, for haste, were loosely shed
About her ears, when Una her did mark
Climb to her chariot, all with flowers spread,
From heaven high to chase the cheerless dark;
With merry note her loud salutes the mountain lark.

Rising up refreshed, and all healed of his wounds and
hurts, the doughty knight speedily despatches the dragon,
now dismayed and fearing that his fate is at hand, by
thrusting his spear down his throat.

So down he fell, and forth his life did breathe
That vanished into smoke and cloudes swift;
So down he fell, that the earth him underneath
Did groan, as feeble so great load to lift;
So down he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
Whose false foundation waves have washed away,
With dreadful poise is from the mainland rift,
And, rolling down, great Neptune doth dismay:
So down he fell, and like an heaped mountain lay.

The knight himself even trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a mass it seemed.

Canto XII. (42 stanzas).—The point at which the narrative has now arrived does not leave much to be related in this concluding Canto of the Book, except only the usual winding up of a story of true love. "Behold," exclaims the poet,

— I see the haven nigh at hand,
To which I mean my weary course to bend;
Veer the mainsheet, and bear up with the land,
The which afore is fairly to be kened.

It is hardly yet day when the king and queen and all the people assemble, at the sound of "triumphant trumpets," to rejoice over the destruction of the great national enemy. First come a goodly band of tall young men bearing branches of laurel in their hands;

Unto that doughty conqueror they came,
And, him before themselves prostrating low,
Their lord and patron loud did him proclaim,
And at his feet their laurel boughs did throw.
Soon after them, all dancing on a row,
The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
As fresh as flowers in meadow green do grow,
When morning dew upon their leaves doth light;
And in their hands sweet timbrels all upheld on height.

And, them before, the fry of children young
Their wanton sports and childish mirth did play,
And to the maidens' sounding timbrels sung
In well attuned notes a joyous lay,
And made delightful music all the way,
Until they came, where that fair Virgin stood:
As fair Diana in fresh summer's day
Beholds her nymphs enranged in shady wood,
Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in crystal flood;

So she beheld those maidens' merriment
With cheerful view; who, when to her they came,
Themselves to ground with gracious humbless bent,
And her adored by honorable name,
Lifting to heaven her everlasting fame:
Then on her head they set a girland green,
And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game:

Who, in her self-resemblance well beseen,
Did seem, such as she was, a goodly maiden queen.

And after all the rascal many ran,
Heaped together in rude rabblement,
To see the face of that victorious man.

The king rewards the victorious champion "with princely gifts of ivory and gold," and, fondly embracing his daughter, kisses her again and again ;

And after to his palace he them brings,
With shalms, and trumpets, and with clarions sweet ;
And all the way the joyous people sings,
And with their garments strows the paved street.

After he has been royally feasted, however, the knight declares that he may not yet think of ease or rest, being bound to return to the great Fairy Queen, and to serve her for six years against the proud paynim king, her enemy. In these circumstances the king in the first instance only proposes that he should come back at the end of the six years to accomplish the marriage vowed with Una :

Then forth he called that his daughter fair,
The fairest Une, his only daughter dear,
His only daughter and his only heir ;
Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheer,
As bright as doth the morning star appear
Out of the east, with flaming locks bedight,
To tell that dawning day is drawing near,
And to the world does bring long-wished light,
So fair and fresh that lady shewed herself in sight :

So fair and fresh as freshest flower in May ;
For she had laid her mournful stole aside,
And widow-like sad wimple thrown away,
Wherewith her heavenly beauty she did hide,
Whiles on her weary journey she did ride ;
And on her now a garment she did wear
All lily white, withouten spot or pride,
That seemed like silk and silver woven near ;
But neither silk nor silver therein did appear.

Even "her own dear-loved knight" wonders at her beauty; "oft had he seen her fair, but never so fair dight." But just as she has bent her low before her sire, and is about to speak, comes running in a messenger with letters, affecting the utmost haste, importance, and agitation. The writing when opened by the king, to whom the man delivers it with profound obeisance—kissing the ground whereon the royal foot was set—turns out to be a complaint and protestation addressed to the "most mighty King of Eden fair," from Fidessa, calling herself daughter of the Emperor of the West, in which she warns him not to link his daughter in wedlock to the Redcross Knight, who has already, she declares, plighted his right hand to another love, namely, to herself—"sad maid, or rather widow sad." This occasions some consternation at first; but the knight's explanation of how he had been inveigled by this Fidessa, or more properly Duessa, "the falsest dame on ground," soon sets all right; and the exposure of the treachery is completed by the discovery that the messenger, "clothed with simpleness," is, as suggested by the wise Una, no other than the old enchanter Archimago, who is thereupon chained and thrown into a dungeon. It appears now to have been suddenly agreed on all hands that the marriage should take place forthwith; and the ceremony is accordingly performed by the king himself:

His own two hands the holy knots did knit,
That none but death for ever can divide;
His own two hands, for such a turn most fit,
The housling^a fire did kindle and provide,
And holy water thereon sprinkled wide;
At which the bushy tead^r a groom did light,
And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
For fear of evil fates, but burnen ever bright.

Then gan they sprinkle all the posts with wine,
And made great feast to solemnize that day:

^a Sacramental.

^r Torch.

They all perfumed with frankincense divine,
And precious odours fetched from far away,
That all the house did sweat with great array;
And all the while sweet music did apply
Her curious skill the warbling notes to play,
To drive away the dull melancholy;
The whiles one sung a song of love and jollity.

During the which there was an heavenly noise
Heard sound through all the palace pleasantly,
Like as it had been many an angel's voice
Singing before the Eternal Majesty,
In their trinal triplicities on high:
Yet wist no creature whence that heavenly sweet
Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly
Himself thereby reft of his senses meet,
And ravished with rare impression in his sprite.

Great joy was made that day of young and old,
And solemn feast proclaim'd throughout the land,
That their exceeding mirth may not be told:
Suffice it here by signs to understand
The usual joys at knitting of love's band.
Thrice happy man the knight himself did hold,
Possessed of his lady's heart and hand;
And ever, when his eye did her behold,
His heart did seem to melt in pleasures manifold.

They long, we are told, enjoyed each other's company;
but at last the knight, not forgetful of his oath, returned
to his Fairy Queen, and "Una left to mourn." "And
now," concludes the poet,

Now, strike your sails, ye jolly mariners,
For we be come unto a quiet road,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this weary vessel of her load.
Here she a while may make her safe abode,
Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
And wants supplied; and then again abroad
On the long voyage whereto she is bent:
Well may she speed, and fairly finish her intent!

BOOK THE SECOND.

THE Second Book of the Fairy Queen is entitled 'The Legend of Sir Guyon, or of Temperance;' and is introduced by five stanzas of an address to Queen Elizabeth, in which the poet meets the objection, which he says he is well aware will be made by many, that "all this famous antique history" is merely a "painted forgery"—"the abundance [or overflow] of an idle brain"—"sith none," as he expresses it,

— that breatheth living air doth know
Where is that happy Land of Faïry,
Which I so much do vaunt, yet no where show.

This geographical ignorance, or uncertainty, in which the reader is left, he contends, is nothing:—

But let that man with better sense advise,
That of the world least part to us is read;
And daily how through hardy enterprize
Many great regions are discovered,
Which to late age were never mentioned.
Who ever heard of the Indian Peru?
Or who in venturous vessel measured
The Amazons' huge river, now found true?
Or fruitfulest Virginia who did ever view?

Yet all these were when no man did them know,
Yet have from wisest ages hidden been;
And later times things more unknown shall show:
Why then should witless man so much misween,
That nothing is but that which he hath seen?
What if within the moon's fair shining sphere,
What if in every other star unseen,
Of other worlds he happily should hear?
He wonder would much more; yet such to some appear.

However, he adds, if one will inquire farther, he may

find Fairy Land by certain signs set down in the present work ;

And thou, O fairest princess under sky,
In this fair mirror may'st behold thy face,
And thine own realms in Land of Fairy,
And in this antique image thy great ancestry.

Canto I. (61 stanzas).—The story of the present Book is connected with that of the preceding by the re-appearance of the old magician Archimago, who, we are told, as soon as he understood the Redcross Knight to have departed out of Eden land, “to serve again his sovereign Elfin Queen,” proceeded to set his arts in motion, and soon left his shackles empty and made his escape “out of caitiffs’ hands”—that is, apparently, the hands of the hostile, and to him, therefore, evil, persons who were appointed as his guards. Una is now out of his reach ; but he is still resolutely bent to work what mischief he may to the Redcross Knight. Of this, however, after a time he gives up hope, at least for the present. But not to be idle, he casts about for a new object on which to exercise his malignity—and while walking along in this mood he encounters,

Fair marching underneath a shady hill,
A goodly knight, all armed in harness meet,
That from his head no place appeared to his feet.
His carriage was full comely and upright ;
His countenance demure and temperate ;
But yet so stern and terrible in sight,
That cheered his friends, and did his foes amate ;^s
He was an Elfin born, of noble state
And mickle worship in his native land ;
Well could he tourney, and in lists debate,
And knighthood took of good Sir Huon’s hand,
When with king Oberon he came to Fairy Land.
Him als accompanied upon the way
A comely palmer, clad in black attire,
Of ripest years, and hairs all hoary gray,
That with a staff his feeble steps did stire,^t

^s Daunt.

^t Stir, move.

Lest his long way his aged limbs should tire :
And, if by looks one may the mind aread,
He seemed to be a sage and sober sire ;
And ever with slow pace the knight did lead,
Who taught his trampling steed with equal steps to
tread.

Archimago, immediately accosting the knight, implores him for a short space to stay his steed "for humble miser's [wretch's] sake ;" and then proceeds, all pale and trembling, to relate how he had just seen the foulest violence committed on a fair and honourable lady, whose squire he was, by a "lewd ribald," who, as well as the lady, was still not a great way off. Instantly rushing under the guidance of the crafty magician to find the ravisher, the knight comes upon the place where the lady sits alone,

With garments rent, and hair dishevelled,
Wringing her hands, and making piteous moan.

After much show of sorrow and shame she informs him that the wanton knight's name she does not know—she can only describe his appearance :—

" Certes," said she, " I wot not how he hight,
But under him a grey steed he did wield,
Whose sides with dappled circles weren dight :
Upright he rode, and in his silver shield
He bore a bloody cross, that quartered all the field."

To Guyon, for it is he upon whom Archimago has chanced, this coat-of-arms at once points out who he is :—

" Now by my head," said Guyon, " much I muse,
How that same knight should do so foul amiss,
Or ever gentle damsel so abuse :
For may I boldly say, he surely is
A right good knight, and true of word ywis :"
I present was, and can it witness well,
When arms he swore, and straight did enterprise

" Certainly.

The adventure of the Errant Damosel;
In which he hath great glory won, as I hear tell."

Nevertheless, Guyon goes on to declare, this Redcross champion shall speedily have another opportunity of showing his valour; and therefore the lady may cease to make herself unhappy, and solace her grief with the hope and assurance of vengeance. The lady, as the reader has anticipated, is no injured virgin, but Archimago's old confederate, the false Duessa, whom he had found wandering naked in the waste wilderness, and lurking among rocks and in subterranean caverns; and who had been by him thus redecked in the semblance of beauty;

For all he did was to deceive good knights,
And draw them from pursuit of praise and fame
To slug^v in sloth and sensual delights,
And end their days with irrenowned shame.

He now proceeds to conduct the lady's deliverer to where her ravisher is:—

So now he Guyon guides an uncouth way
Through woods and mountains, till they came at last
Into a pleasant dale, that lowly lay
Betwixt two hills, whose high heads, overplaced,
The valley did with cool shade overcast:
Through midst thereof a little river rolled,
By which there sate a knight with helm unlaced,
Himself refreshing with the liquid cold,
After his travel long and labours manifold.

Guyon at once prepares to rush upon him, and the other also without loss of time puts his spear in rest. But no harm ensues: Guyon stops and lowers his spear at sight of the cross on his opponent's shield, begging forgiveness of heaven for his heedless hardiment in directing his weapon against that holy emblem; the Redcross Knight takes the blame on himself for his thoughtlessness in having been about to strike the fair image of the heavenly

^v To live as sluggards.

mind that decked Sir Guyon's shield; and, the false squire having in the mean time slunk off and vanished, both see the delusion that has been played upon them. The palmer having then come up, and spoken a few words, the Redecross Knight wishes Sir Guyon the same success in his new adventure as he had himself had in that just accomplished:—

So courteous congé both did give and take,
With right hands plighted, pledges of good will.
Then Guyon forward gan his voyage make
With his black palmer, that him guided still:
Still he him guided over dale and hill,
And with his steady staff did point his way;
His race with reason, and with words his will,
From foul intemperance he oft did stay,
And suffered not in wrath his hasty steps to stray.

In this manner they travel together for a long time, in the course of which the knight gains honour in "many hard essays." At last, as they are passing along by a forest side, for shelter from the sun, they hear the voice of a woman lamenting and shrieking:—

"But if that careless heavens," quoth she, "despise
The doom of just revenge, and take delight
To see sad pageants of men's miseries,
As bound by them to live in lives' despise;
Yet can they not warn Death from wretched wight.
Come, then; come soon; come, sweetest Death, to me,
And take away this long-lent loathed light:
Sharp be thy wounds, but sweet the medicines be
That long captived souls from weary thralldom free."

From the rest of her lament it appears that she has a babe with her, and that its father has been recently slain. Guyon, dismounting, rushes forward to the thick, or thicket, where she lies; but before he can come up to her she has thrust a knife into her bosom, and

———— made a grisly wound,
From which forth gushed a stream of gore-blood thick,
That all her goodly garments stained around,
And into a deep sanguine dyed the grassy ground.

Pitiful spectacle of deadly smart,
Beside a bubbling fountain low she lay,
Which she increased with her bleeding heart,
And the clean waves with purple gore did ray :^w
Als in her lap a lovely babe did play
His cruel sport, instead of sorrow due ;
For in her streaming blood he did embay
His little hands, and tender joints embrue :
Pitiful spectacle, as ever eye did view !

Besides them both, upon the soiled grass
The dead corse of an armed knight was spread,
Whose armour all with blood besprinkled was ;
His ruddy lips did smile, and rosy red
Did paint his cheerful cheeks, yet being dead ;
Seemed to have been a goodly personage,
Now in his freshest flower of lustihead,
Fit to inflame fair lady with love's rage,
But that fierce fate did crop the blossom of his age.

When Sir Guyon beheld this sight, " his heart gan wax as stark as marble stone." Plucking forth the knife, he stops the flow of blood with his garment, and at last the lady recovers so far as to be able to tell him part of her story before she breathes her last. This dead corpse, she begins,—

" The gentlest knight that ever on green grass
Gay steed with spurs did prick, the good Sir Mordant,
was."

Leaving her in pursuit of adventures, he had fallen into the hands of the false enchantress Acrasia, whose dwelling is within " a wandering island " called the Bower of Bliss ; and, " for he was flesh (all flesh doth frailty breed) " by her had been beguiled to ill ; hearing which she, his true lady love, had wrapped herself " in palmer's weed," and set out in search of him. On her way, all alone as she was, she had been forced to call Lucina to her aid :—

^w Discolour.

"Lucina came: a man-child forth I brought;
The woods, the nymphs, my bowers,* my midwives were;
Hard help at need!"

At last she found her knight, but so transformed in mind and nature by the witch's spells that he knew neither her nor his own degradation. By "wise handling and fair governance," however, she at last restored him to a better will:—

"Which when the vile enchanteress perceived,
How that my lord from her I would reprieve,
With cup thus charmed him parting she deceived;
'Sad verse, give death to him that death does give,
And loss of love to her that loves to live,
So soon as Bacchus with the Nymph does link!'
So parted we, and on our journey drive;
Till, coming to this well, he stopt to drink:
The charm fulfill'd, dead suddenly he down did sink.

"Which when I, wretch"—Not one word more she said,
But breaking off the end for want of breath,
And sliding soft, as down to sleep her laid,
And ended all her woe in quiet death.

Guyon is greatly shocked; but he and his friend the palmer are of one mind as to what must be done.

"Palmer," quoth he, "death is an equal doom
To good and bad, the common inn of rest;
But after death the trial is to come,
When best shall be to them that lived best:
But both alike, when death hath both suppress,
Religious reverence doth burial teen;^y
Which whoso wants, wants so much of his rest:
For all so great shame after death I ween,
As self to dyen bad, unburied bad to been."

So both agree their bodies to engrave:^z
The great earth's womb they open to the sky,

* My chamber.

^y This is commonly interpreted "Religious reverence prompts to burial for both alike:" but perhaps it rather means, "Religious reverence doeth sad burial to both alike."

^z Inter.

And with sad cypress seemly it embrace;^a
 Then, covering with a clod their closed eye,
 They lay therein their corses tenderly,
 And bid them sleep in everlasting peace.
 But, ere they did their utmost obsequy,
 Sir Guyon more affection to increase,
 Bynempt^b a sacred vow, which none should aye release.

The dead knight's sword out of his sheath he drew,
 With which he cut a lock of all their hair,
 Which medling^c with their blood and earth he threw
 Into the grave, and gan devoutly swear;
 "Such and such evil God on Guyon rear,
 And worse and worse, young orphan, be thy pain,
 If I, or thou, due vengeance do forbear,
 Till guilty blood her guerdon do obtain!"—
 So, shedding many tears, they closed the earth again.

Canto II. (46 stanzas).—Guyon, having taken up in his arms the smiling infant, utters a few pitying words:—

Then, soft himself inclining on his knee
 Down to that well, did in the water ween
 (So love does loath disdainful nicety)
 His guilty hands from bloody gore to clean:
 He washed them oft and oft, yet nought they been
 For all his washing cleaner: still he strove;
 Yet still the little hands were bloody seen:
 The which him into great amazement drove,
 And into divers doubt his wavering wonder clove.

The wise palmer explains to him that the nymph of this well, flying from the pursuit of Faunus, had on her prayer to Diana been changed into the stone, still bearing the shape of a maid, from which the waters flow; and that they so retain her purity that they will not mingle with nor take the stain of anything foul. He advises that the babe's hands be allowed to remain bloody as they are, in token of its mother's fate and innocence. Guyon on this gives the child to the palmer, and, taking up the dead knight's bloody armour, proceeds to look for his horse, but is much amazed to find it gone. So there is nothing for him but to trudge along on foot with

^a Adorn.^b Took.^c Mixing.

his double load. At last they come to an ancient castle built on a rock close to the sea.

Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,
The children of one sire by mothers three;
Who, dying whilome, did divide this fort
To them by equal shares in equal fee:
But strifeful mind and divers quality
Drew them in parts, and each made other's foe:
Still did they strive and daily disagree;
The eldest did against the youngest go,
And both against the middest meant to worken woe.

Where when the knight arrived, he was right well
Receiv'd, as knight of so much worth became,
Of second sister, who did far excel
The other two; Medina was her name,
A sober, sad, and comely courteous dame:
Who, rich arrayed, and yet in modest guise,
In goodly garments that her well became,
Fair marching forth in honourable wise,
Him at the threshold met and well did enterprise.

She led him up into a goodly bower,
And comely courted with meet modesty;
Ne in her speech, ne in her haviour,
Was lightness seen or looser vanity,
But gracious womanhood, and gravity,
Above the reason of her youthly years:
Her golden locks she roundly did uptie
In braided trammels, that no looser hairs
Did out of order stray about her dainty ears.

This second sister is called Medina, or Golden Mean; the others, the Two Extremities; the eldest, Elissa; the youngest Perissa. They are at present each with her knight; the suitor of the eldest being Sir Huddibras, "an hardy man," but "more huge in strength than wise in works," and "all armed in shining brass;" that of the younger, our old acquaintance Sansloy, "he that fair Una late foul outraged." The two knights bear deadly envy and hate to one another; but yet, as soon as they hear of the arrival of the stranger, they make haste to offer him battle. Meanwhile, however, they

fall to quarrelling between themselves, and make such a thundering commotion that all who dwell in the house are called to the spot, and among the rest Guyon, who, instantly binding his "sunbroad shield" about his wrist, and unsheathing his shining blade, runs up to learn the cause of their strife.

But they, him spying, both with greedy force
At once upon him ran, and him beset
With strokes of mortal steel without remorse,
And on his shield like iron sledges bet.
As, when a bear and tiger, being met
In cruel fight on Lybic ocean wide,
Espy a traveller with feet surbet,^d
Whom they in equal prey hope to divide,
They stint their strife and him assail on every side.

Guyon beats them off, but still, whenever he renews his attempt to part them, they fall upon him again together:—

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,
Whom raging winds, threatening to make the prey
Of the rough rocks, do diversly disease,
Meets two contrary billows by the way,
That her on either side do sore essay,
And boast to swallow her in greedy grave;
She, scorning both their spites, does make wide way,
And, with her breast breaking the foamy wave,
Does ride on both their backs, and fair herself doth save:

So boldly he him bears, and rusheth forth
Between them both, by conduct of his blade.
Wondrous great prowess and heroic worth
He shewed that day, and rare ensample made,
When two so mighty warriors he dismade:
At once he wards and strikes; he takes and pays;
Now forced to yield, now forcing to invade;
Before, behind, and round about him lays:
So double was his pains, so double be his praise.

Strange sort of fight, three valiant knights to see
Three combats join in one, and to darrain^e

^d Wearied.

^e Wage.

A triple war with triple enmity,
All for their ladies' froward love to gain;
Which, gotten, was but hate. So Love does reign
In stoutest minds, and maketh monstrous war;
He maketh war, he maketh peace again,
And yet his peace is but continual jar:
O miserable men, that to him subject are!

Whilst they are thus furiously intermingled, "the fair Medina, with her tresses torn," runs among them, and, falling down before them, beseeches them

—— by the womb which had them borne,
And by the loves which were to them most dear,
And by the knighthood which they sure had sworne,

to forbear; her efforts are frustrated for a time by the loud and vehement opposition of her two sisters, but at last her gracious words produce some effect, and she prevails upon the combatants, after they have laid down their weapons, to repair to her lodging, there to have terms of peace arranged and established. The two froward sisters come with the rest, and do their best to feign such cheer "as for the time behoves," yet cannot altogether repress their real natures. Elissa inwardly despises the entertainment as base and scanty, and will scarcely either eat or speak; young Perissa, on the contrary, is all full of laughter and loose disport;

No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
But poured out in pleasure and delight:
In wine and meats she flowed above the bank,
And in excess exceeded her own might;
In sumptuous tire she joyed herself to prank;
But, of her love too lavish, little have she thank!

The fair Medina, taking her seat between them, has an arduous post, while she plies all her efforts to keep them in order. When the feast is ended she beseeches Guyon to tell them whence he has come and whither he is bound; on which he relates in a long speech that the great Queen of Fairy Land—the "most glorious virgin Queen alive"—having bestowed on him her renowned

Order of Maidenhead, had, on the appearance of the old palmer, by whom he is attended, at the solemn feast she is wont to hold every first day of the year, and his complaint of the mischief done by a wicked fay, deigned to employ him, unworthy as he was, to go forth and redress the evil. It is three months since he has left her royal presence ; and his resolution is to rest nowhere in house nor hold till he has conquered that false Acrasia of whose foul deeds the little child he has with him is a wretched witness. He then tells the story of the infant and its unhappy parents, Mordant and Amavia.

Night was far spent ; and now in ocean deep
Orion, flying fast from hissing snake,
His flaming head did hasten for to steep,
When of his piteous tale he end did make ;
Whilst with delight of that he wisely spake
Those guests beguiled did beguile their eyes
Of kindly sleep, that did them overtake.
At last, when they had marked the changed skies,
They wist their hour was spent ; then each to rest him
hies.

Canto III. (46 stanzas).—On the morrow, as soon as

——Titan, playing on the eastern streams,
Gan clear the dewy air with springing light,

Guyon takes his departure, leaving “ the bloody-handed babe ” to the care of Medina, with a recommendation that he should be called Ruddymane, and thereby taught or incited when he grew up to avenge his parents’ slaughter. The story now returns to the knight’s good steed, which, while he ran to assist Amavia, had it appears been seized, along with his spear left beside it, by a losel, or loose fellow, Braggadoccio, who chanced to be wandering by the way ;

One that to bounty never cast his mind,
Ne thought of honour ever did essay
His baser breast, but in his kestrel[†] kind
A pleasing vein of glory he did find,

[†] A hawk of base breed.

To which his flowing tongue and troublous sprite
Gave him great aid, and made him more inclined.

Inflated with his acquisition, Braggadoccio as he rides along sees "one sitting idle on a sunny bank," upon which he immediately advances in hostile fashion; and when the man roars out "Mercy!" he compels him with some thundering words to yield himself his captive, and, after kissing his stirrup, to follow him as his liegeman and thrall. Trompart, however, who was wily-witted and grown old in cunning and knavery, soon perceives what a fool he has got for a master. But meanwhile they hold on their way together harmoniously enough, till at length they are met by old Archimago, who, struck by Braggadoccio's gallant appearance, immediately conceives him to be the fit man for avenging him on Guyon and the Knight of the Redcross. He is somewhat surprised to see that he has got no sword; but Trompart, to whom he whispers his inquiries, explains that circumstance, by telling him that his master has lost the weapon in a great adventure, and has sworn never to wear another till he shall have taken vengeance for such despite; adding that it does not matter—"that spear is long enough to done a thousand groan." Braggadoccio once undertakes the adventure proposed by the magician, scouting his earnest exhortation that he should first provide himself with complete armour.

"Dotard," said he, "let be thy deep advise;
Seems that through many years thy wits thee fail,
And that weak eld hath left thee nothing wise,
Else never should thy judgment be so frail
To measure manhood by the sword or mail.
Is not enough four quarters of a man,
Withouten sword or shield, an host to quail?
Thou little wottest what this right-hand can:
Speak they, which have beheld the battles which it
 wan."

Archimago, nevertheless, still argues the point; till, in the end, to cut matters short, Braggadoccio declares that, having once overcome seven knights with his single

sword, he had on that memorable occasion made a vow never again to use in battle a weapon of the sort unless it were that of the noblest knight on earth. That being the case, Archimago answers, there will be no difficulty; the noblest knight now alive is Prince Arthur of Fairy Land; "he hath a sword that flames like burning brand;" and that same shall by to-morrow be by Braggadoccio's side. "At which bold word," we are told,

———— that boaster gan to quake,
And wondered in his mind what mote that monster
make;—

that is, apparently, what might bring about that miracle. And then comes the following splendid passage:—

He stayed not for more bidding, but away
Was sudden vanished out of his sight:
The northern wind his wings did broad display
At his command, and reared him up light
From off the earth to take his airy flight.
They looked about, but no where could espy
Tract of his foot: then dead through great affright
They both nigh were, and each bade other fly:
Both fled at once, ne ever back returned eye;

Till that they come unto a forest green,
In which they shroud themselves from causeless fear;
Yet fear them follows still, whereso they been:
Each trembling leaf and whistling wind they hear
As ghastly bugs does greatly them afear:
Yet both do strive their fearfulness to feign.^h
At last they heard a horn that shrilled clear
Throughout the wood that echoed again,
And made the forest ring, as it would rive in twain.

Eftⁱ through the thick they heard one rudely rush;
With noise whereof he from his lofty steed
Down fell to ground, and crept into a bush,
To hide his coward head from dying dread.

^g Bugbear.

^h Conceal.

ⁱ Soon.

But Trompart stoutly stayed to taken heed
 Of what might hap. Eftsoon there stepped forth
 A goodly lady clad in hunter's weed,
 That seemed to be a woman of great worth,
 And by her stately portance^j born of heavenly birth.

Her face so fair, as flesh it seemed not,
 But heavenly portrait of bright angel's hue,
 Clear as the sky, withouten blame or blot,
 Through goodly mixture of complexions due;
 And in her cheeks the vermeil red did shew
 Like roses in a bed of lilies shed,
 The which ambrosial odours from them threw,
 And gazer's sense with double pleasure fed,
 Able to heal the sick and to revive the dead.

In her fair eyes two living lamps did flame,
 Kindled above at the heavenly Maker's light,
 And darted fiery beams out of the same,
 So passing persant and so wondrous bright
 That quite bereaved the rash beholder's sight:
 In them the blinded god his lustful fire
 To kindle oft essayed, but had no might;
 For, with dread majesty and awful ire,
 She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base desire.

Her ivory forehead, full of bounty brave,
 Like a broad table did itself dispread,
 For Love his lofty triumphs to engrave,
 And write the battles of his great godhead:
 All good and honour might therein be read:
 For there their dwelling was. And, when she spake,
 Sweet words, like dropping honey, she did shed;
 And twixt the pearls and rubins^k softly break
 A silver sound, that heavenly music seemed to make.

Upon her eyelids many graces sate,
 Under the shadow of her even brows,
 Working belgardes^l and amorous retrate;^m
 And every one her with a grace endows,
 And every one with meekness to her bows:

^j Carriage.^k Rubies.^l Beautiful looks.^m Aspect.

So glorious mirror of celestial grace,
 And sovereign monument of mortal vows,
 How shall frail pen describeⁿ her heavenly face,
 For fear, through want of skill, her beauty to disgrace!

So fair, and thousand thousand times more fair,
 She seemed, when she presented was to sight;
 And was yelad, for heat of scorching air,
 All in a silken camus^o lily white,
 Purpled^p upon with many a folded plight,^a
 Which all above besprinkled was throughout
 With golden aigulets, that glistred bright,
 Like twinkling stars; and all the skirt about
 Was hemmed with golden fringe.

Below her ham her weed^r did somewhat train.*
 And her straight legs most bravely were embailed^t '
 In gildenⁿ buskins of costly cordwain,^v
 All barred with golden bends, which were entailed^w
 With curious anticks,^x and full fair aumailed.^y
 Before they fastened were under her knee
 In a rich jewel, and therein entrained^z
 The ends of all the knots, that none might see
 How they within their foldings close enwrapped be:

Like two fair marble pillars they were seen,
 Which do the temple of the gods support,
 Whom all the people deck with girlands^a green,
 And honour in their festival resort;
 Those same with stately grace and princely port
 She taught to tread, when she herself would grace;
 But with the woody nymphs when she did sport,*
 Or when the flying libbard^b she did chase,
 She could them nimbly move, and after fly apace.

And in her hand a sharp boar-spear she held,
 And at her back a bow and quiver gay,

ⁿ Describe.

^o Thin gown.

^p Gathered.

^q Plait.

^r Dress.

^s Hang.

^t Enclaved.

^u Gilded.

^v Spanish leather.

^w Engrosed, marked.

^x Figures.

^y Enamelled.

^z Interwoven.

^a Garlands.

* Misprinted "play" in all the editions.

^b Leopard.

Stuffed with steel-headed darts wherewith she quelled
The savage beasts in her victorious play,
Knit with a golden baldric which forelay
Athwart her snowy breast, and did divide
Her dainty paps; which, like young fruit in May,
Now little gan to swell, and, being tied,
Through her thin weed their places only signified.

Her yellow locks, crisped like golden wire,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
And, when the wind amongst them did inspire,
They waved like a pennon wide dispread,
And low behind her back were scattered :
And, whether art it were or heedless hap,
As through the flowering forest rash she fled,
In her rude hairs sweet flowers themselves did lap,
And flourishing fresh leaves and blossoms did enwrap.

Such as Diana by the sandy shore
Of swift Eurotas, or on Cynthus green,
Where all the nymphs have her unwares forlore,^c
Wandereth alone with bow and arrows keen,
To seek her game; or as that famous queen
Of Amazons, whom Pyrrhus did destroy,
The day that first of Priam she was seen,
Did show herself in great triumphant joy,
To succour the weak state of sad afflicted Troy.

She has nearly sent her lance into the bush where Braggadoccio lies crouching and concealed, when her hand is stayed by the entreaty of Trompart, himself also not a little frightened. The vaunting dastard comes forth shaking his crest, like a fowl pruning its wings on issuing from its concealment after the hawk has soared out of sight; and a dialogue takes place between him and the lady. To his inquiry why she was left the court, the haunt and happy home of all delights, to range in the wild forest, Belphoebe, for that is her name, answers in these noble words:—

“ Abroad in arms, at home in studious kind,
Who seeks with painful toil, shall Honour soonest find :

^c Forsaken.

In woods, in waves, in wars, she wons to dwell,
 And will be found with peril and with pain;
 Ne can the man, that moulds in idle cell,
 Unto her happy mansion attain:
 Before her gate High God did Sweat ordain,
 And wakeful Watches ever to abide:
 But easy is the way and passage plain
 To Pleasure's palace; it may soon be spied,
 And day and night her doors to all stand open wide."

She is proceeding, when Braggadoccio, inflamed by her beauty and sweet words, suddenly advances to fold her in his arms; but she repels him with her javelin bright, and, turning her about, is soon beyond his reach. Trompart advises that she be let alone; who can tell but that she is some power celestial?—

"For, whiles she spake, her great words did appal
 My feeble courage, and my heart oppress,
 That yet I quake and tremble over all."
 "And I," said Braggadoccio, "thought no less,
 When first I heard her horn sound with such ghastli-
 ness.

For from my mother's womb this grace I have
 Me given by eternal destiny,
 That earthly thing may not my courage brave
 Dismay with fear, or cause one foot to fly,
 But either hellish fiends, or powers on high:
 Which was the cause, when erst that horn I heard,
 Weening it had been thunder in the sky,
 I hid myself from it as one afeared;
 But, when I other knew, myself I boldly reared.
 But now, for fear of worse that may betide,
 Let us soon hence depart." They soon agree:
 So to his steed he got, and gan to ride
 As one unfit therefore, that all might see
 He had not trained been in chivalry;
 Which well that valiant courser did discern;
 For he despised to tread in due degree,
 But, chafed and foamed with courage fierce and stern,
 And to be eased of that base burden still did earn."^d

^d Yearn.

Canto IV. (46 stanzas).—This Canto is occupied with the adventure of Guyon's deliverance of Phaon from Furor and his mother Occasion, which hardly admits of abridgment. The allegory is very ingenious and complete, and the description, as usual, lively and expressive; but it contains few passages that would be effective separated from the context. The generally unornamented character of the writing is no doubt designed by way of repose and variety after the brilliancy of the preceding Canto. Furor, or Wrath, is represented as a madman, of great strength; his mother, Occasion, as an ugly, wrinkled old woman, lame of one leg, and supporting her feeble steps on a staff, with hoary locks hanging loose from the front of her head, but no hair behind. The son is found dragging a handsome stripling along the ground by the hair, and wounding him with incessant blows; his mother all the while both encouraging and urging him on with her tongue, and also lending him stones, and sometimes her staff—"though it her one leg were"—the more effectively to maul his victim. Guyon overcomes the two at last, and rescues the unhappy youth, by acting upon the instructions of the Palmer, and first assailing the mother; he catches hold of her by her front locks, and, having thrown her to the ground, quiets her by fastening her tongue with an iron lock. He then easily manages the son:—

With hundred iron chains he did him bind,
And hundred knots, that did him sore constrain;
Yet his great iron teeth he still did grind
And grimly gnash, threatening revenge in vain:
His burning eyue, whom bloody streakes did stain,
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparks of fire;
And, more for rank despite than for great pain,
Shaked his long locks coloured like copper-wire,
And bit his tawny beard to shew his raging ire.

Phaon had murdered his true love Claribel, deceived by a stratagem of his false friend Philemon, who had made the unhappy man believe her unfaithful, by getting her handmaid Pryene to meet himself dressed in her mistress's clothes. After he has told his story,

Then gan the palmer thus : " Most wretched man,
 That to Affections does the bridle lend !
 In their beginning they are weak and wan,
 But soon through sufferance grow to fearful end ;
 Whiles they are weak, betimes with them contend
 For, when they once to perfect strength do grow,
 Strong wars they make, and cruel battery bend
 Gainst fort of Reason, it to overthrow :
 Wrath, Jealousy, Grief, Love this squire have laid thus
 low.

Wrath, Jealousy, Grief, Love, do thus expel :
 Wrath is a fire ; and Jealousy a weed :
 Grief is a flood ; and Love a monster fell ;
 The fire of sparks, the weed of little seed,
 The flood of drops, the monster filth did breed :
 But sparks, seed, drops, and filth, do thus delay ;
 The sparks soon quench, the springing seed outweed,
 The drops dry up, and filth wipe clean away :
 So shall Wrath, Jealousy, Grief, Love die and decay."

One now comes running up, panting and breathless,
 bearing on his back a brazen shield, on which is, in the
 midst of a bloody field, flaming fire, with the motto,
Burnt I do burn ; and in his hand two arrows dipped in
 poison. He announces that his lord, the renowned
 knight Pyrochles, brother of Cymochles, is at hand, and
 haughtily informs Guyon that he must immediately re-
 tire, or remain where he is at his peril. The two bro-
 thers are—

The sons of old Acrates and Despite :
 Acrates, son of Phlegethon and Jar ;
 But Phlegethon is son of Erebus and Night,
 But Erebus son of Eternity is hight.

Pyrochles is now in quest of Occasion, " for he is all dis-
 posed to bloody fight."—

" Then lo ! where bound she sits whom thou hast sought,"
 Said Guyon : " let that message to thy lord be brought."

The varlet, who has stated that his own name is Atin
 (or Strife), at this waxes more insolent and furious than

ever; but when he throws at Guyon one of his arrows, "headed with ire and vengeable despite," the wary knight catches it on his shield; upon which Atin is off in a moment out of reach and out of sight.

Canto V. (38 stanzas).—Pyrochles is now seen advancing fast, clad in fiery armour, and mounted on a steed red as blood and foaming ire. He rushes upon Guyon without pause or word of warning; but the latter, with one dexterous stroke, smites off his horse's head, and so compels him to fight on equal terms. The combat that ensues is a fierce one; but it ends by Guyon forcing his antagonist to bite the dust, and to confess himself conquered and captive. At the request of Pyrochles, however, he generously unbinds Occasion and her son, and gives them up to their friend. Occasion at once defies both Pyrochles and Guyon; then Furor insists upon fighting with the former; and, while Occasion vainly endeavours to excite Guyon to take part with her son, Pyrochles is at last so hard bested that he is forced to call to Guyon for help. The Palmer, however, dissuades him from interfering, and the two leave the scene to pursue their journey together. Meanwhile, Atin has gone to tell what has befallen Pyrochles to his brother Cymochles:—

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
Famous throughout the world for warlike praise,
And glorious spoils, purchased in perilous fight:
Full many doughty knights he in his days
Had done to death, subdued in equal frays;
Whose carcases, for terror of his name,
Of fowls and beasts he made the piteous preys,
And hung their conquered arms for more defame
On gallow trees, in honour of his dearest dame.

His dearest dame is that enchanteress,
The vile Acrasia, that with vain delights,
And idle pleasures, in her Bower of Bliss,
Does charm her lovers, and the feeble sprites
Can call out of the bodies of frail wights;
Whom then she does transform to monstrous hues,
And horribly misshapes with ugly sights,

Captived eternally in iron mews
And darksome dens, where Titan his face never shews.

Here, in the Bower of Bliss, Atin finds Cymochles,
surrounded by the companions and ministers of his pleasures :—

And over him Art, striving to compare
With Nature, did an arbour green dispread,
Framed of wanton ivy, flowering fair,
Through which the fragrant eglantine did spread
His prickling arms, entrained with roses red,
Which dainty odours round about them threw :
And all within with flowers was garnished,
That, when mild Zephyrus amongst them blew,
Did breathe out bounteous smells, and painted colours
shew.

And fast beside there trickled softly down
A gentle stream, whose murmuring wave did play
Amongst the pumy stones, and made a soun,^e
To lull him soft asleep that by it lay :
The weary traveller, wandering that way,
Therein did often quench his thirsty heat,
And then by it his weary limbs display,
(Whiles creeping slumber made him to forget
His former pain,) and wiped away his toilsome sweat.

And on the other side a pleasant grove
Was shot up high, full of the stately tree
That dedicated is to Olympic Jove,
And to his son Alcides, whenas he
In Nemea gained goodly victory :
Therein the merry birds of every sort
Chanted aloud their cheerful harmony,
And made amongst themselves a sweet consort,
That quickened the dull sprite with musical comfort.

There he him found all carelessly displayed,
In secret shadow from the sunny ray,
On a sweet bed of lilies softly laid,
Amidst a flock of damsels fresh and gay ;

.

And every of them strove with most delights
 Him to aggrate,¹ and greatest pleasures shew :
 Some framed fair looks, glancing like evening lights ;
 Others sweet words, dropping like honey dew ;
 Some bathed kisses, and did soft embrue
 The sugared liquor through his melting lips.

.

Atin's sharp words, however, aided by a touch of his sharper dart, rouse Cymochles from his inglorious dream ; and quickly donning his warlike gear, and mounting his steed, he breaks away from all efforts to detain him, and proudly pricks forward on his courser strong, while

—Atin aye him pricks with spurs of shame and wrong.

Canto VI. (51 stanzas).—Cymochles, on the information of Atin, believes that his brother has been slain by Guyon ; and, full of thoughts of revenge, he rides on till he comes to a river,—

————— by whose utmost brim
 Waiting to pass he saw whereas did swim
 Along the shore, as swift as glance of eye,
 A little gondelay, bedecked trim
 With boughs and arbours woven cunningly,
 That like a little forest seemed outwardly.

And therein sate a lady fresh and fair,
 Making sweet solace to herself alone :
 Sometimes she sung as loud as lark in air,
 Sometimes she laughed, that nigh her breath was gone ;
 Yet was there not with her else any one,
 That to her might move cause of merriment :
 Matter of mirth enough, though there were none,
 She could devise ; and thousand ways invent
 To feed her foolish humour and vain jolliment.

On being called by Cymochles to ferry him over, “ the merry mariner ” readily turns to the shore “ her painted boat,” and takes in the knight, but no entreaties will persuade her to admit his companion :—

¹ Gratify.

Eftsoons her shallow ship away did slide,
 More swift than swallow shears the liquid sky,
 Withouten oar or pilot it to guide,
 Or winged canvass with the wind to fly:
 Only she turned a pin, and by and by
 It cut away upon the yielding wave,
 (Ne cared she her course for to apply,)§
 For it was taught the way which she would have,
 And both from rocks and flats itself could wisely save.

And all the way the wanton damsel found
 New mirth her passenger to entertain;
 For she in pleasant purpose did abound,
 And greatly joyed merry tales to feign,
 Of which a storehouse did with her remain;
 Yet seemed nothing well they her became:
 For all her words she drowned with laughter vain,
 And wanted grace in uttering of the same,
 That turned all her pleasance to a scoffing game.

And other whiles vain toys she would devise,
 As her fantastick wit did most delight:
 Sometimes her head she fondly would aguise^h
 With gaudy girlands, or fresh flowerets dight
 About her neck, or rings of rushes plight:
 Sometimes, to do him laugh, she would essay
 To laugh at shaking of the leaves light,
 Or to behold the water work and play
 About her little frigate, therein making way.

“Her light behaviour and loose dalliance,” we are told
 “gave wondrous great contentment to the knight,” so
 that he soon lost all thought of his “vowed revenge and
 cruel fight:”—

So easy is to appease the stormy wind
 Of malice in the calm of pleasant womankind.

She tells him that her name is Phaedria and that she is
 like himself, a servant of Acrasia:—

§ Nor did she care to steer in any particular direction.

^h Decorate, set off.

“ In this wide-inland sea, that hight by name
The Idle Lake, my wandering ship I row,
That knows her port, and thither sails by aim,
Ne care ne fear I how the wind do blow,
Or whether swift I wend or whether slow :
Both slow and swift alike do serve my turn ;
Ne swelling Neptune ne loud thund’ring Jove
Can change my cheer, or make me ever mourn :
My little boat can safely pass this perilous bourn.”

Thus talking and toying, they-come to an island floating
in the midst of that great lake ; there the gondola puts
into port, and stepping ashore they walk forward toge-
ther :—

It was a chosen plot of fertile land,
Amongst wide waves set, like a little nest,
As if it had by Nature’s cunning hand
Been choicely picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensample of the best :
No dainty flower or herb that grows on ground,
No arboret¹ with painted blossoms drest
And smelling sweet, but there it might be found
To bud out fair, and her sweet smells throw all around.

No tree, whose branches did not bravely spring ;
No branch, whereon a fine bird did not sit :
No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetly sing ;
No song, but did contain a lovely ditt²

She leads him into a shady dale, and, laying herself
down beside him on the grass, takes his unhelmeted
head in her lap, and, while he sinks into slumber, charms
him with this sweet love-lay :—

“ Behold, O man, that toilsome pains dost take,
The flowers, the fields, and all that pleasant grows,
How they themselves do thine ensample make,
Whiles nothing envious Nature them forth throws
Out of her fruitful lap : how, no man knows,
They spring, they bud, they blossom fresh and fair,
And deck the world with their rich pompous shows ;

¹ Shrub.

² Ditty.

Yet no man for them taketh pains or care,
Yet no man to them can his careful pains compare.

The lily, lady of the flowering field,
The flower-de-luce, her lovely paramour,
Bid thee to them thy fruitless labours yield,
And soon leave off this toilsome weary stour :^{*}
Lo ! lo, how brave she decks her bounteous bower,
With silken curtains and gold coverlets,
Therein to shroud her sumptuous belamour !
Yet neither spins nor cards, ne cares nor frets,
But to her mother Nature all her care she lets."

Why then should man, the lord of all these things, the sovereign of nature, wilfully make himself a wretched thrall, and waste his life in searching after toils and dangers ? " What boots it all to have, and nothing use ? "

By this she had him lulled fast asleep,
That of no worldly thing he care did take :
Then she with liquors strong his eyes did steep,
That nothing should him hastily awake.
So she him left, and did herself betake
Unto her boat again, with which she cleft
The slothful wave of that great greasy lake :
Soon she that island far behind her left,
And now is come to that same place where first she
weft.¹

By this time Guyon has come to the other side of the strand ; as soon as he calls her to ferry him over, she comes to him, as she did to Cymochles, and takes him on board ; but she will no more admit the Palmer than she would Atin. Guyon, rather than leave his guide behind, would have himself returned to the land, but the bark instantly darts forward—

Through the dull billows, thick as troubled mire.

The lady's free demeanour does not take with him so well as it did with Cymochles ; but he too, though but half-pleased, steps ashore with her upon the beautiful isle ; where

^{*} Stir.

¹ Spread her sail.

— all, though pleasant, yet she made much more ;
The fields did laugh, the flowers did freshly spring,
The trees did bud, and early blossoms bore ;
And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
And told that garden's pleasures in their carolling.

And she, more sweet than any bird on bough,
Would oftentimes amongst them bear a part,
And strive to pass (as she could well enow)
Their native music by her skilful art.

The wise and wary knight, nevertheless, though not so churlish as to refuse all return to the courtesies of the gentle lady, keeps watch over his heart, and takes care that her winning ways find no entrance there. Suddenly, however, while still walking together, they are met by Cymochles, awakened "out of his idle dream." Enfuriated by the sight of "that lady debonair" in the company of another, he instantly attacks Sir Guyon ; a quarter of that knight's shield is shorn away, and the other's plumed crest is cloven in twain ; but in the storm of blows Phaedria runs between them, and, throwing herself at their feet, implores them to cease in a passionate appeal. Strife and contention, she cries, are the shame of knighthood ; peace and amours were ever the chief commendation as well as joy of the mighty ancient heroes and gods :—

"Of love they ever greater glory bore
Then of their arms : Mars is Cupido's friend,
And is for Venus' loves renowned more
Than all his wars and spoils, the which he did of yore."

"Therewith," it is added, "she sweetly smiled ;" and they, angry as they had been, relented and became calm :—

Such power have pleasing words ; such is the might
Of courteous clemency in gentle heart.

The lady now, seeing he is not for her purpose, willingly suffers Guyon to depart, and ferries him to the land. Here Atin is still standing where he had been left by his master ; but a few railing words and a menacing shake

of his dart are all the demonstration he ventures to make, and the knight, with strong reason mastering passion frail, passes fairly forth. Soon after Atin es far off a knight in armour coming running up—"breathless, heartless, faint, and wan"—and making with all haste for the Idle Flood:—

The varlet saw, when to the flood he came
How without stop or stay he fiercely leapt,
And deep himself beducked in the same,
That in the lake his lofty crest was steept,
Ne of his safety seemed care he kept;
But with his raging arms he rudely flashed
The waves about, and all his armour swept,
That all the blood and filth away was washed;
Yet still he beat the water, and the billows dashed.

This proves to be Pyrochles; he can only roar, "I burn, I burn, I burn!—

"Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming side,
Nor sea of liquor cold, nor lake of mire;
Nothing but death can do me to respire."

Atin leaps into the lake to his assistance; but he know not the nature of that sea;—

The waves thereof so slow and sluggish were,
Engrossed with mud which did them foul agrise,^m
That every weighty thing they did upbear,
Ne ought mote ever sink down to the bottom there.

While the two are thus struggling in the idle wave, up comes Archimago, attracted by the noise, in the guise of a hoary-headed old man, carrying a sword in his hand; and he speedily, with balms and herbs and his mighty spells, heals the wounds of his good friend Pyrochles, received in his last struggle with Furor, "that cursed man, that cruel fiend of hell."

Canto VII. (66 stanzas).—Guyon, meanwhile travelling on alone, for his friend and guide the Palmer has been left on the other side of the Idle Lake, passes

^m Make terrible.

through a desert wilderness without for some time meeting with any adventure, till he comes at length to "a gloomy glade, covered with boughs and shrubs from heaven's light," and there he finds cowering in the shade the most withered and uncouth-looking of old men:—

His face with smoke was tanned, and eyes were bleared,
His head and beard with soot were ill bedight,
His coal-black hands did seem to have been seared
In smith's fire-spitting forge, and nails like claws
appeared.

His iron coat, all overgrown with rust,
Was underneath enveloped with gold;
Whose glistening gloss, darkened with filthy dust,
Well yet appeared to have been of old
A work of rich entaile^a and curious mould,
Woven with anticks and wild imagery:
And in his lap a mass of coin he told,
And turned upside down, to feed his eye
And covetous desire with his huge treasury.

And round about him lay on every side
Great heaps of gold that never could be spent;
Of which some were rude ore, not purified
Of Mulciber's devouring element;
Some others were new driven, and distent
Into great ingos and to wedges square;
Some in round plates withouten moniment:
But most were stamped, and in their metal bare
The antique shapes of kings and Kesars strong and rare.

As soon as he sees Guyon he rises and runs to hide his treasures in the earth; but the knight, "lightly to him leaping," stays his hand. They then enter into talk. To Guyon's question of what he is, the other, "with staring eyes fixed askance," answers in great disdain:—

"God of the world and wordlings I me call,
Great Mammon, greatest god below the sky,
That of my plenty pour out unto all,
And unto none my graces do envy:
Riches, renown, and principality,

^a Ornament.

Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,
 For which men swink^o and sweat incessantly,
 Fro me do flow into an ample flood,
 And in the hollow earth have their eternal brood."

If the knight will consent to serve him, all these mountains of wealth that he sees, and ten times as much more, shall be at his command. "No," replies Guyon:—

"Regard of worldly muck doth foully blend
 And low abase the high heroic sprite,
 That joys for crowns and kingdoms to contend:
 Fair shields, gay steeds, bright arms, be my delight;
 Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight."

"Vain-glorious elf," said he, "dost not thou weet,
 That money can thy wants at will supply?
 Shields, steeds, and arms, and all things for thee meet,
 It can purvey in twinkling of an eye;
 And crowns and kingdoms to thee multiply.
 Do not I kings create, and throw the crown
 Sometimes to him that low in dust doth lie,
 And him that reigned into his room thrust down;
 And whom I lust do heap with glory and renown?"

All otherwise, rejoins the knight, do I deem of riches;
 "infinite mischiefs of them do arise:"—

"Ne thine be kingdoms, ne the sceptres thine;
 But realms and rulers thou dost both confound,
 And loyal truth to treason dost incline:
 Witness the guiltless blood poured oft on ground;
 The crowned often slain; the slayer crowned;
 The sacred diadem in pieces rent;
 And purple robe gored with many a wound:
 Castles surprised; great cities sacked and brent:
 So mak'st thou kings, and gainest wrongful government."

If men would only think how small an allowance suffices for "untroubled nature," they would despise the superfluities which wealth procures:—

“ The antique world, in his first flowering youth,
Found no defect in his Creator's grace ;
But with glad thanks, and unreprieved truth,
The gifts of sovereign bounty did embrace :
Like angels' life was then men's happy case :
But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,
Abused her plenty and fat-swoll'n increase
To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
The measure of her mean and natural first need.”

This reasoning, however, is received with great contempt by Mammon, who, telling him to

“ ——— leave the rudeness of that antique age
To them that lived therein in state forlorn,”

proposes, by way of converting him to more sensible views, to conduct him to the secret place where he has his residence and keeps his treasures. And now the poet puts forth all his strength :—

————— So by and by
Through that thick covert he him led, and found
A darksome way, which no man could descry,
That deep descended through the hollow ground,
And was with dread and horror compassed around.

At length they came into a larger space,
That stretched itself into an ample plain ;
Through which a beaten broad highway did trace,^p
That straight did lead to Pluto's grisly reign ;
By that wayside there sate infernal Pain,
And fast beside him sate tumultuous Strife ;
The one in hand an iron whip did strain,
The other brandished a bloody knife ;
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten life.

On the other side in one consort there sate
Cruel Revenge, and rancorous Despite,
Disloyal Treason, and heart-burning Hate ;
But gnawing Jealousy, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite ;
And trembling Fear still to and fro did fly,
And found no place where safe he shroud him might :

Lamenting Sorrow did in darkness lie ;
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.

And over them sad Horror with grim hue
Did always soar, beating his iron wings ;
And after him owls and night-ravens flew,
The hateful messengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolour telling sad tidings ;
Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a clift,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That heart of flint asunder could have rift ;
Which having ended after him she flieth swift.

All these before the gates of Pluto lay ;
By whom they passing spake unto them nought.
But the Elfin knight with wonder all the way
Did feed his eyes, and filled his inner thought.
At last him to a little door he brought,
That to the gate of hell, which gaped wide,
Was next adjoining, ne them parted ought :
Betwixt them both was but a little stride,
That did the House of Richess from Hell-mouth divide.

Before the door sate self-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For fear lest Force or Fraud should unaware
Break in, and spoil the treasure there in guard :
Ne would he suffer Sleep once thitherward
Approach, albe his drowsy den were next ;
For next to Death is Sleep to be compared ;
Therefore his house is unto his annext :
Here Sleep, there Riches, and Hell-gate them both
betwixt.

So soon as Mammon there arrived, the door
To him did open and afforded way :
Him followed eke Sir Guyon evermore,
Ne darkness him ne danger might dismay.
Soon as he entered was, the door straightway
Did shut, and from behind it forth there leapt
An ugly fiend, more foul than dismal day ;
The which with monstrous stalk behind him stept,
And ever as he went due watch upon him kept.
Well hoped he, ere long that hardy guest,
If ever covetous hand, or lustful eye,

Or lips he laid on thing that liked him best,
Or ever sleep his eye-strings did untie,
Should be his prey : and therefore still on high
He over him did hold his cruel claws,
Threatening with greedy gripe to do him die,
And rend in pieces with his ravenous paws,
If ever he transgressed the fatal Stygian laws.

That house's form within was rude and strong,
Like an huge cave hewn out of rocky clift,
From whose rough vault the ragged breaches hung
Emboss'd with massy gold of glorious gift,
And with rich metal loaded every rift,
That heavy ruin they did seem to threat ;
And over them Arachne high did lift
Her cunning web, and spread her subtle net,
Enwrapped in foul smoke and clouds more black than jet.

Both roof, and floor, and walls, were all of gold,
But overgone with dust and old decay,
And hid in darkness, that none could behold
The hue thereof ; for view of cheerful day
Did never in that house itself display ;
But a faint shadow of uncertain light,
Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away ;
Or as the moon, clothed with cloudy night,
Does show to him that walks in fear and sad affright.

In all that room was nothing to be seen
But huge great iron chests, and coffers strong,
All barred with double bends, that none could ween
Them to enforce by violence or wrong ;
On every side they placed were along.
But all the ground with skulls was scattered
And dead men's bones, which round about were flung ;
Whose lives, it seemed, whilome there were shed,
And their vile carcasses now left unburied.

They forward pass ; ne Guyon yet spoke word,
Till that they came unto an iron door,
Which to them opened of his own accord,
And showed of riches such exceeding store
As eye of man did never see before,
Ne ever could within one place be found,
Though all the wealth, which is or was of yore,

Could gathered be through all the world around,
And that above were added to that under ground.

To Mammon's offer of as much of all this treasure as he would like to possess, the knight answers with a cold and steady refusal as before.

Thereat the fiend his gnashing teeth did grate,
And grieved so long to lack his greedy prey ;
For well he weened that so glorious bait
Would tempt his guest to take thereof assay :
Had he so done, he had him snatched away
More light than culver^a in the falcon's fist :
Eternal God thee save from such decay !
But, whenas Mammon saw his purpose mist,
Him to entrap unwares another way he wist.

Thence, forward he him led and shortly brought
Unto another room, whose door forthright
To him did open as it had been taught :
Therein an hundred ranges weren pight,
And hundred furnaces all burning bright :
By every furnace many fiends did bide,
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight ;
And every fiend his busy pains applied
To melt the golden metal, ready to be tried.

One with great bellows gathered filling air,
And with forced wind the fuel did inflame ;
Another did the dying brands repair
With iron tongs, and sprinkled oft the same
With liquid waves, fierce Vulcan's rage to tame,
Who, maistering them, renewed his former heat :
Some scummed the dross that from the metal came ;
Some stirred the molten ore with ladles great :
And every one did swink, and every one did sweat.

But, when an earthly wight they present saw
Glistering in arms and battailous array,
From their hot work they did themselves withdraw
To wonder at the sight ; for, till that day,
They never creature saw that came that way :

^a Pigeon.

Their staring eyes sparkling with fervent fire
And ugly shapes did nigh the man dismay,
That, were it not for shame, he would retire ;
Till that him thus bespake their sovereign lord and sire :

“ Behold, thou Fairy’s son, with mortal eye,
That living eye before did never see !
The thing, that thou didst crave so earnestly,
To weet, whence all the wealth late show’d by me
Proceeded, lo ! now is reveal’d to thee.
Here is the fountain of the worldes good !
Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched be,
Avisé thee well, and change thy wilful mood ;
Lest thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be withstood.”

Guyon again declines the offer of the money-god, and,
much displeased, the latter still leads him forward :—

He brought him, through a darksome narrow strait,
To a broad gate all built of beaten gold :
The gate was open ; but therein did wait
A sturdy villain, striding stiff and bold,
As if the Highest God defy he would :
In his right hand an iron club he held,
But he himself was all of golden mould,
Yet had both life and sense, and well could weld
That cursed weapon, when his cruel foes he quelled.

Disdain he called was, and did disdain
To be so called, and who so did him call :
Stern was his look, and full of stomach vain ;
His portance ^r terrible, and stature tall,
Far passing the height of men terrestrial ;
Like an huge giant of the ‘Titans’ race ;
That made him scorn all creatures great and small,
And with his pride all others’ power deface :
More fit amongst black fiends than men to have his place.

As soon as Disdain espies the knight’s glittering arms—
“ that with their brightness made that darkness light ”
—he lifts his club with design to strike—

For nothing might abash the villain bold,
Ne mortal steel empierce his miscreated mould ;

but Mammon restrains his hasty hand, and Guyon enters.

————— The room was large and wide,
As it some guild or solemn temple were;
Many great golden pillars did upbear
The massy roof, and riches huge sustain;
And every pillar decked was full dear
With crowns, and diadems, and titles vain,
Which mortal princes wore whilst they on earth did
reign.

A rout of people there assembled were,
Of every sort and nation under sky,
Which with great uproar pressed to draw near
To the upper part, where was advanced high
A stately siege* of sovereign majesty;
And thereon sate a woman gorgeous gay,
And richly clad in robes of royalty,
That never earthly prince in such array
His glory did enhance, and pompous pride display.

Her face right wondrous fair did seem to be,
That her broad beauty's beam great brightness threw
Through the dim shade, that all men might it see;
Yet was not that same her own native hue,
But wrought by art and counterfeited shew,
Thereby more lovers unto her to call;
Nathless† most heavenly fair in deed and view
She by creation was, till she did fall;
Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloak her crime
withal.

There, as in glistering glory she did sit,
She held a great gold chain ylinked well,
Whose upper end to highest heaven was knit,
And lower part did reach to lowest hell;
And all that press did round about her swell
To catchen hold of that long chain, thereby
To climb aloft, and others to excel:
That was Ambition, rash desire to sty,‡
And every link thereof a step of dignity.

* Seat.

† Not the less.

‡ Ascend.

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree
 By riches and unrighteous reward ;
 Some by close shouldering ; some by flattery ;
 Others through friends ; others for base regard ;
 And all, by wrong ways, for themselves prepared :
 Those, that were up themselves, kept others low ;
 Those, that were low themselves, held others hard,
 Ne suffered them to rise or greater grow ;
 But every one did strive his fellow down to throw.

Mammon informs Guyon that the goodly lady is his daughter :—

“ And fair Philotimé she rightly hight,
 The fairest wight that wonneth under sky,
 But that this darksome nether world her light
 Doth dim with horror and deformity,
 Worthy of heaven and high felicity,
 From whence the gods have her for envy thrust.”

He offers her to Guyon for a wife ; but, thanking the god “ for so great grace and offered high estate,” the gentle knight declares himself an unworthy match for an immortal mate, even were he not bound by love-vows to another. Mammon suppresses his inward wrath, and now leads him

Into a garden goodly garnished
 With herbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not be read :
 Not such as earth out of her fruitful womb
 Throws forth to men, sweet and well savoured,
 But direful deadly black, both leaf and bloom,
 Fit to adorn the dead and deck the dreary tomb.

There mournful cypress grew in greatest store ;
 And trees of bitter gall ; and ebon sad ;
 Dead sleeping poppy ; and black hellebore ;
 Cold colocintida ;^v and tetra^w mad ;
 Mortal samnitis ;^x and cicuta^y bad,
 With which the unjust Athenians made to die
 Wise Socrates, who, thereof quaffing glad,

^v Bitter gourd.

^x Savine.

^w Deadly nightshade.

^y Hemlock.

Poured out his life and last philosophy
To the fair Critias,^z his dearest belamy !^a

The garden of Proserpina this hight;
And in the midst thereof a silver seat,
With a thick arbour goodly over-dight,
In which she often used from open heat
Herself to shroud, and pleasures to entreat:
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With branches broad dispread and body great,
Clothed with leaves, that none the wood might see,
And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might be.

Their fruit were golden apples glistening bright,
That goodly was their glory to behold;
On earth like never grew, ne living wight
Like ever saw, but they from hence were sold;
For those, which Hercules with conquest bold
Got from great Atlas' daughters, hence began,
And planted there did bring forth fruit of gold;
And those, with which th' Eubœan^b young man wan
Swift Atalanta, when through craft he her outran.

Here also sprung that goodly golden fruit,
With which Acontius got his lover true,
Whom he had long time sought with fruitless suit:
Here eke that famous golden apple grew,
The which amongst the gods false Ate threw;
For which the Idæan ladies disagreed,
Till partial Paris dempt it Venus' due,
And had of her fair Helen for his meed,
That many noble Greeks and Trojans made to bleed.

The warlike Elf much wondered at this tree,
So fair and great, that shadowed all the ground;

^z This is a mistake on the part of Spenser. It was Theramenes, who, on being forced to drink poison by his old friend Critias, once a disciple of Socrates, and now become one of the thirty tyrants, smilingly said, in swallowing it, "This I drink to the health of the fair Critias." The story is told by Cicero in his *Tusculan Questions*.

^a Friend.

^b Hippomanes, who, however, was not an Eubœan, but a native of Onchestos in Bœotia.

And his broad branches, laden with rich fee,
 Did stretch themselves without the utmost bound
 Of this great garden, compassed with a mound :
 Which overhanging, they themselves did steep
 In a black flood, which flowed about it round ;
 That is the river of Cocytus deep,
 In which full many souls do endless wail and weep.

Which to behold he clomb up to the bank ;
 And, looking down, saw many damned wights
 In those sad waves, which direful deadly stank,
 Plunged continually of cruel sprites,
 That with their piteous cries and yelling shrights,^c
 They made the further shore resounden wide :
 Amongst the rest of those same rueful sights,
 One cursed creature he by chance espied,
 That drenched lay full deep under the garden side.

Deep was he drenched to the utmost chin,
 Yet gaped still as coveting to drink
 Of the cold liquor which he waded in ;
 And, stretching forth his hand, did often think
 To reach the fruit which grew upon the brink ;
 But both the fruit from hand, and flood from mouth,
 Did fly aback, and made him vainly swink ;
 The whiles he starved with hunger, and with drouth
 He daily died, yet never throughly dying couth.^d

The knight, him seeing labour so in vain,
 Asked who he was, and what he meant thereby ?
 Who, groaning deep, thus answered him again ;
 " Most cursed of all creatures under sky,
 Lo, Tantalus I here tormented lie !
 Of whom high Jove wont whilome feasted be ;
 Lo, here I now for want of food do die !
 But, if that thou be such as I thee see,
 Of grace I pray thee give to eat and drink to me !"

Another suffering wretch that he sees is Pilate ; and

Infinite moe tormented in like pain
 He there beheld, too long here to be told :
 Ne Mammon would there let him long remain,
 For terror of the tortures manifold

^c Shrieks.

^d Could thoroughly die.

In which the damned souls he did behold,
 But roughly him bespake: "Thou fearful fool,
 Why takest not of that same fruit of gold?
 Ne sittest down on that same silver stool,
 To rest thy weary person in the shadow cool?"

Rough words and soft, however, are alike ineffectual. And now, three days having been consumed in this infernal, or at least subterraneous, sojourn, Mammon is constrained to suffer the knight to return to light of day, and even to conduct him thither. But, stout as he was in frame as well as in heart, Guyon has begun to wax weak and wan,

For want of food and sleep, which two upbear
 Like mighty pillars this frail life of man,
 That none without the same endure can;

and, as soon as he reaches the upper air, he drops down in a swoon.

Canto VIII. (56 stanzas).—This Canto, again, is one of more business or action than poetic splendour. It is introduced, however, by some lines of great beauty. "O," exclaims the poet, "the exceeding grace of highest God, that loves his creatures so, as even to send to and fro his blessed angels in the service of wicked man!"—

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
 To come to succour us that succour want!
 How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
 The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
 Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
 They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
 And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
 And all for love and nothing for reward:
 O, why should Heavenly God to men have such regard!

While Guyon has been with Mammon the palmer has found at another place a passage across the lake, and has now come near to where the knight lies entranced, when he is drawn to the spot by the loud outcry of a rueful voice. When he comes up he is alarmed by the

sight of his friend stretched on the ground apparently senseless :—

Beside his head there sate a fair young man,
Of wondrous beauty and of freshest years,
Whose tender bud to blossom new began,
And flourish fair above his equal peers :
His snowy front, curled with golden hairs,
Like Phoebus' face adorned with sunny rays,
Divinely shone ; and two sharp winged shears,
Decked with divers plumes, like painted jays,
Were fixed at his back to cut his airy ways.

Like as Cupido on Idæan hill,
When, having laid his cruel bow away,
And mortal arrows, wherewith he doth fill
The world with murderous spoils and bloody prey,
With his fair mother he him dights to play,
And with his goodly sisters, Graces three ;
The goddess, pleased with his wanton play,
Suffers herself through sleep beguiled to be,
The whiles the other ladies mind their merry glee.

The angel, for such it is, commits Guyon to the charge of the palmer, and then, spreading " his painted nimble wings," vanishes away. The palmer has just discovered that life is not yet quite extinct, when he perceives pacing towards them " two paynim knights all armed as bright as sky," accompanied by an aged sire, and preceded by a light-footed page. These are the " two sons of Acrates old," Pyrochles and Cymochles ; the old man is Archimago ; the page, Atin. Despite the fearless reproaches of the palmer, they proceed to strip Guyon of his armour ; but are stopped by the advance of

An armed knight, of bold and bounteous grace,
Whose squire bore after him an ebon lance
And covered shield : well kenned him so far space
The enchanter by his arms and amenance,
When under him he saw his Lybian steed to prance.

It is Prince Arthur himself. Roused by the magician, the two brothers betake them to their arms ; and Pyro-

chles, being without a sword, requests Archimago to lend him the one he carries, that namely which he had procured for Braggadoccio. The enchanter replies that he gladly would, but that this is in fact Prince Arthur's own sword, and as such entirely useless in the present case; Merlin made it for the prince "by his almighty art," when he was sworn a knight:—

"The metal first he mix'd with medæwart,
That no enchantment from his dint might save;
Then it in flames of Aetna wrought apart,
And seven times dipped in the bitter wave
Of hellish Styx, which hidden virtue to it gave.

The virtue is, that neither steel nor stone
The stroke thereof from entrance may defend;
Ne ever may be used by his fone;^f
Ne forced his rightful owner to offend;
Ne ever will it break, ne ever bend."

Wherefore, he adds, it is rightly called Mordure, that is, the hard-biter. Pyrochles, however, scouts the notion of sharp steel knowing any difference between one man's flesh and another's, and snatches the weapon out of the old man's hand, binding at the same time Guyon's shield about his wrist. When the prince, having come up, has looked upon the armed corse of the knight, "in whose dead face he read great magnanimity," he is informed by the palmer of the outrage the two paynims had been about to commit. A courteous appeal on his part is met by arrogance and insolence on theirs; they fall upon him together, and without warning; but the good sword Mordure does not forget its duty, and, though for a time hard pressed, he comes off at last victorious over both. Once, having been thrown from his saddle to the ground—"wanting his sword when he on foot should fight"—he is rescued from extreme peril by the palmer reaching him Guyon's; then, we are told,

—like a lion, which had long time sought
His robbed whelps, and at the last them found

Amongst the shepherd swains, then wexeth wood and
yond :^s

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blows
On either side, that neither mail could hold,
Ne shield defend the thunder of his throws.

As savage bull, whom two fierce mastiffs bait,
When rancour doth with rage him once engore,
Forgets with wary ward them to await,
But with his dreadful horns them drives afore,
Or flings aloft, or treads down in the floor,
Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdain,
That all the forest quakes to hear him roar :
So raged Prince Arthur twixt his foemen twain,
That neither could his mighty puissance sustain.

Cymochles is slain, and then Pyrochles, forced at last to throw away the worse than useless Mordure, is soon quieted, but will not accept of life, and so his head is also smitten off. Guyon now awakes and recognises the prince. Meanwhile both Archimago and Atin have taken to their heels.

Canto IX. (60 stanzas).—Arthur having now recovered his stolen sword, as well as Guyon his lost shield, they set forth together, and on their way the former inquires who is the lady whose picture that shield exhibits, as we have seen in the account of the meeting between Sir Guyon and the Redcross Knight in the first Canto of this Book. Guyon informs him that it is the Queen of Fairy. How may a stranger knight, asks the prince, hope to become one of her soldiers and servants? What meed is there so great, noble lord, answers Guyon, but you may easily attain? Were you to be enrolled among the knights of her Order of Maidenhead, questionless you would

“ — in her favour high be reckoned,
As Arthegal and Sophy now been honoured.”

Arthur declares that from the time he first took his vows

^s Furious.

of knighthood his whole desire has been to enter the service of that queen and goddess ; yet nowhere has he been able to find her. Guyon replies that he would himself be his guide to Fairy Land, were it not that he is prevented by a hard adventure which he must perform, the destruction, namely, of the false Acrasia.

———— So talked they, the whiles
They wasted had much way, and measured many miles.

Evening is now come on, when they perceive a goodly castle “ foreby a river in a pleasant dale,” whither they resolve to betake themselves in the hope of finding quarter for the night ; but on coming near, and dismounting from their horses (for Guyon, it must be presumed, though the circumstance is not mentioned, has supplied himself with that of one of the slain paynims) they find the gates fast barred and every inlet closed. On the prince’s squire winding his horn under the castle wall,

That with the noise it shook as it would fall,

a warder looks forth from aloft, and cries to them to fly if they would save their lives ; the castle has for seven years been besieged by a throng of enemies, and all ingress or egress has been impossible.

Thus as he spoke, lo ! with outrageous cry
A thousand villains round about them swarmed
Out of the rocks and caves adjoining nigh ;
Vile caitiff wretches, ragged, rude, deformed,
All threatening death, all in strange manner armed ;
Some with unwieldy clubs, some with long spears,
Some rusty knives, some staves in fier warmed :
Stern was their look ; like wild amazed steers,
Staring with hollow eyes, and stiff upstanding hairs.

The two valiant knights, however, drive off this rabble rout ; they returned indeed again and again :—

But soon the knights with their bright-burning blades
Broke their rude troops, and orders did confound,

Hewing and slashing at their idle shades ;
For, though they bodies seem, yet substance from them
fades.

As when a swarm of gnats at eventide
Out of the fens of Allan^b do arise,
Their murmuring small trumpets sounden wide,
Whiles in the air their clustering army flies,
That as a cloud doth seem to dim the skies ;
Ne man nor beast may rest or take repast
For their sharp wounds and noyous injuries,
Till the fierce northern wind with blust'ring blast
Doth blow them quite away, and in the ocean cast.

The lady of the castle now issues forth, attended by a
goodly train of other ladies and squires ;—

Alma she called was ; a virgin bright,
That had not yet felt Cupid's wanton rage ;
Yet was she wooed of many a gentle knight,
And many a lord of noble parentage,
That sought with her to link in marriage :
For she was fair, as fair mote ever be,
And in the flower now of her freshest age ;
Yet full of grace and goodly modesty,
That even heaven rejoiced her sweet face to see.

In robe of lily white shé was arrayed,
That from her shoulder to her heel down raught ;
The train whereof loose far behind her strayed,
Branched with gold and pearl most richly wrought,
And borne of two fair damsels, which were taught
That service well : her yellow golden hair
Was trimly woven, and in tresses wrought,
Ne other tire she on her head did wear,
But crowned with a girland of sweet rosiere.¹

She leads the knights into the castle, where they rest
themselves a space ; and then she conducts them over
it. The wall, which is very lofty, is

^b The professed commentators neither inform us what
Allan this is, nor confess their ignorance. Is it the bog of
Allan in the south of Ireland ?

¹ Rose-tree.

Not built of brick, ne yet of stone and lime,
 But of thing like to that Ægyptian slime,
 Whereof king Nine whilome built Babel tower.

The description of its form is very curious, and is no doubt full of mystic meaning, into which, however, we cannot here stop to inquire :—

The frame thereof seemed partly circular,
 And part triangular : O work divine !
 Those two the first and last proportions are ;
 The one imperfect, mortal, feminine ;
 The other immortal, perfect, masculine ;
 And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,
 Proportioned equally by seven and nine ;
 Nine was the circle set in heaven's place :
 All which, compacted, made a goodly diapase.

It is supposed that by the circular part is here meant the human mind ; by the triangular, the body. The gates are two ; of which the one in front, for entrance, far surpasses the other both in workmanship and material : when it is locked, no one can pass through it ; when opened, no man can close it :—

Of hewen stone the porch was fairly wrought,
 Stone more of value, and more smooth and fine,
 Than jet or marble far from Ireland brought ;
 Over the which was cast a wandering vine,
 Enchased with a wanton ivy twine :
 And over it a fair portecullis hung,
 Which to the gate directly did incline
 With comely compass and compacture strong,
 Neither unseemly short, nor yet exceeding long.

Within the barbican, or watch-tower, sits a porter, “ day and night duly keeping watch and ward ; ” all babblers and tell-tales are excluded by his never intermitted care ;—

His larum-bell might loud and wide be heard
 When cause required, but never out of time ;
 Early and late it rung, at evening and at prime.

Twice sixteen armed warders, besides, sit around the porch. In the hall are many tables "fair dispread;" and at the upper end a comely personage "yclad in red down to the ground," and carrying a white rod in his hand; this is Diet, the steward; while up and down walks his marshal, Appetite, a jolly yeoman. In the kitchen, which they next visit, are many ranges reared against the wall, and one great chimney, with a mighty cauldron continually boiling, the furnace under it being kept alive by a huge pair of bellows. Around stand numerous cooks, furnished with hooks and ladles. The master-cook is called Concoction; the kitchen-clerk, Digestion. Everything foul and waste is conveyed away by the back-gate, named Port Esquiline. After this the two knights are brought by Alma into a goodly parlour,—

That was with royal arras richly dight,
In which was nothing pourtrayed nor wrought,
Not wrought nor pourtrayed, but easy to be thought:

And in the midst thereof upon the floor
A lovely bevy of fair ladies sat,
Courtied of many a jolly paramour.

All that goes on, however, is innocent and modest. When the Prince and Guyon have entered, each of them chooses a damsel; and the former by chance lights on a lady fair and fresh as morning rose, but still wearing something of sadness in her air; she is arrayed in a long purple pall, the skirt of which is fretted all about with gold, and in her hand she holds a branch of poplar. Her pensiveness, however, she tells him is merely "through great desire of glory and of fame;" adding, somewhat to his surprise,—

"Ne aught, I ween, are ye therein behind,
That have twelve months sought one, yet nowhere can
her find."

The name of this lady is found to be Praise-desire. The other damsel "of that gentle crew," whom the fairy knight, Sir Guyon, entertains, is also right fair and modest, except that she often changes colour; she is dressed

in a blue garment, "close round about her tucked with many a plight;" and she carries on her hand an owl. Her name turns out to be Shamefacedness. The two ladies in fact express, or mirror, the characters of the knights. After some time, however, Alma calls them again away; and they ascend a stately turret by ten alabaster steps:—

That turret's frame most admirable was,
Like highest heaven compassed around,
And lifted high above this earthly mass,
Which it surviued, as hills doen lower ground:
But not on ground mote like to this be found;
Not that, which antique Cadmus whilome built
In Thebes, which Alexander did confound;
Nor that proud tower of Troy, though richly gilt,
From which young Hector's blood by cruel Greeks was
spilt.

The roof hereof was arched over head,
And decked with flowers and herbars daintily;
Two goodly beacons, set in watches' stead,
Therein gave light, and flamed continually:
For they of living fire most subtilly
Were made, and set in silver sockets bright,
Covered with lids devised of substance sly,
That readily they shut and open might.
O, who can tell the praises of that maker's might!

It, in truth,

—— likest is unto that heavenly tower
That God hath built for his own blessed bower.

It contains three chief stages or stories, in which dwell the councillors of Alma, three sages, the wisest that ever lived. The first sits in the front part of the tower:—

His chamber was disappointed all within
With sundry colours, in the which were writ
Infinite shapes of things dispersed thin;
Some such as in the world were never yet,
Ne can devised be of mortal wit;
Some daily seen and knownen by their names,
Such as in idle fantasies do flit;

Infernal hags, centaurs, fiends, hippodames,^j
Apes, lions, eagles, owls, fools, lovers, children, dames.

And all the chamber filled was with flies,
Which buzzed all about, and made such sound
That they encumbered all men's ears and eyes;
Like many swarms of bees assembled round,
After their hives with honey do abound.
All those were idle thoughts and fantasies,
Devices, dreams, opinions unsound,
Shows, visions, soothsays, and prophecies;
And all that feigned is, as leasings, tales, and lies.

Amongst them all sate he which wonned there,
That hight Phantastes by his nature true;
A man of years, yet fresh, as mote appear,
Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hue,
That him full of melancholy did shew;
Bent hollow beetle brows; sharp staring eyes,
That mad or foolish seemed: one by his view
Mote deem him born with ill-disposed skies,
When oblique Saturn sate in the house of agonies.

This is he who foresees things to come. The walls of
the second room

Were painted fair with memorable gestic
Of famous wizards; and with picturals
Of magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
Of commonwealths, of states, of policy,
Of laws, of judgments, and of decretals,
All arts, all science, all philosophy,
And all that in the world was aye thought wittily.

And in the midst of all this infinite variety sits "a man
of ripe and perfect age, who did them meditate all his
life long," but whose name is not given; this is he who
"could of things present best advise." The third cham-
ber, which is behind the other two, seems ruinous and
old; yet the walls are still firm and strong; and therein
sits an old man, half-blind, and decrepit in body, yet
with his mind still full of lively vigour, he who keeps
things past in memory:—

^j Sea-horses.

This man of infinite remembrance was,
 And things foregone through many ages held,
 Which he recorded still as they did pass,
 Ne suffered them to perish through long eld,
 As all things else the which this world doth weld;
 But laid them up in his immortal scrine,
 Where they for ever incorrupted dwelled:
 The wars he well remembered of king Nine,
 Of old Assaracus, and Inachus divine.

The years of Nestor nothing were to his,
 Ne yet Mathusalem, though longest lived;
 For he remembered both their infancies:
 Ne wonder then if that he were deprived
 Of native strength now that he them survived.
 His chamber all was hanged about with rolls
 And old records from ancient times derived,
 Some made in books, some in long parchment scrolls,
 That were all worm-eaten and full of canker holes.

Amidst them all he in a chair was set,
 Tossing and turning them withouten end;
 But, for he was unable them to fet,^k
 A little boy did on him still attend
 To reach whenever he for ought did send;
 And oft when things were lost, or laid amiss,
 That boy them sought and unto him did lend:
 Therefore he Anamnestes cleped^l is;
 And that old man Eumnestes, by their properties."

Looking over his library, the Prince finds an ancient book called 'The Briton Moniments,' and Guyon another entitled 'Antiquity of Fairy Land ;'—

Whereat they, burning both with fervent fire
 Their country's ancestry to understand,
 Craved leave of Alma and that aged sire
 To read those books, who gladly granted their desire.

Canto X. (77 stanzas).—This long canto is, with the exception of the last eight or nine stanzas, merely a metrical chronicle of the old British kings from Brutus to

^k Fetch.

^l Named.

Uther Pendragon, father of Arthur, taken almost exclusively from Geoffrey of Monmouth, not admitting of abridgment, and containing few passages of eminent poetical beauty. It is also wholly episodical, and may be passed over without the thread of the story being broken. We may quote, however, a portion of the enthusiastic celebration of Queen Elizabeth, or of her illustrious ancestry, with which the poet enters upon his task.—

Argument worthy of Mæonian quill ;
Or rather worthy of great Phœbus' rote,^m
Whereon the ruins of great Ossa hill,
And triumphs of Phlegræan Jove, he wrote,
That all the gods admired his lofty note.
But, if some relish of that heavenly lay
His learned daughters would to me report
To deck my song withal, I would essay
Thy name, O sovereign Queen, to blazon far away.
Thy name, O sovereign Queen, thy realm, and race,
From this renowned prince derived are,
Who mightily upheld that royal mace
Which now thou bear'st, to thee descended far
From mighty kings and conquerors in war,
Thy fathers and great grandfathers of old,
Whose noble deeds above the northern star
Immortal Fame for ever hath enrolled,
As in that old man's book they were in order told.

All this British story was related in the book found by Arthur. Having brought the narrative down to the death of Aurelius, or Ambrosius, the second son of the Emperor Constantine, and the elder brother of Uther, it went on :—

“ After him Uther, which Pendragon hight,
Succeeding”—There abruptly it did end,
Without full point, or other caesure right ;
As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,
Or the author self could not at least attend
To finish it : that so untimely breach
The prince himself half seemed to offend ;

^m Harp.

Yet secret pleasure did offence impeach,
And wonder of antiquity long stopt his speech.

At last, quite ravished with delight to hear
The royal offspring of his native land,
Cried out, "Dear country! O how dearly dear
Ought thy remembrance and perpetual band
Be to thy foster child, that from thy hand
Did common breath and nouriture receive!
How brutish is it not to understand
How much to her we owe, that all us gave;
That gave unto us all whatever good we have!"

All this while, too, Guyon has been reading his book, nor has yet got through the great and ample volume, which began with the creation of a man by Prometheus, whom he animated by fire stolen from heaven, and called Elf, and who, wandering with weary feet, found in the gardens of Adonis a goodly creature, whom he named a Fay. From them spring all elves and fairies. Their eldest son was Elfin;—

———— him all India obeyed,
And all that now America men call.

Next succeeded Elfinan, who laid the foundation of Cleopolis; then Elfile, Elfinel, Elfant, Elfar, and Elfinor,—

———— who was in magic skilled:
He built by art upon the glassy sea
A bridge of brass, whose sound heaven's thunder
seemed to be.

From him and his three sons descended a succession of no fewer than seven hundred princes, whose history, says the poet, it were too long here to record, "ne much material." After all those came Elficleos, who was succeeded first by his eldest son Elferon, then by his youngest the mighty Oberon:—

He dying left the fairest Tanaquill,
Him to succeed therein, by his last will:
Fairer and nobler liveth none this hour,
Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill;

Therefore they Glorian call that glorious flower :
Long may'st thou, Glorian, live in glory and great
power !

The gentle Alma now reminds the two knights that supper has been long waiting for them ;—

So half unwilling from their books them brought,
And fairly feasted as so noble knights she ought.

Canto XI. (49 stanzas).—The next morning, before daybreak, Sir Guyon and the Palmer rise and resume their journey, and, having come again to the river's side, are taken on board his well-rigged boat by a ferryman whom the lady Alma had provided, and who speedily conveys them out of sight. As soon as they are gone, the House of Temperance, as the castle is called, is again attacked by the bands of villains that had been dispersed by the knight and the prince the day before :—

So huge and infinite their numbers were,
That all the land they under them did hide ;
So foul and ugly, that exceeding fear
Their visages impressed when they approached near.

Their captain has divided them into twelve troops ; seven of which (the Seven Deadly Sins) he has arranged in strong entrenchments over against the castle gate, appointing the other five to assault severally the five great bulwarks of the pile (that is, the Five Senses). These five troops are all described at length. Of the first, or those that directed their attack against the bulwark of the Sight, some were headed like owls, some like dogs, some like gryphons ;—

And every one of them had lynxes' eyes,
And every one did bow and arrows bear ;

But two, than all more huge and violent,
Beauty and Money, they that bulwark sorely rent.

The second troop, who assaulted the sense of Hearing, had heads like harts, and snakes, and wild boars. The assailants of the third fort, or the Smell, are described as

Some like to hounds, some like to apes dismayed,ⁿ
 Some like to puttocks,^o all in plumes arrayed;

those of the fourth, or the bulwark of Taste, as

Some mouthed like greedy oistriches; some faced
 Like loathly toads, some fashioned in the waste
 Like swine.

Most hideous and fiercest of all are those composing the
 fifth troop, who batter at the sense of Touch;—

For some like snails, some did like spiders shew,
 And some like ugly urchins,^p thick and short.

Against the restless siege of all the twelve bands the
 castle is defended by “those two brethren giants,” that
 is, Prince Arthur and his squire, who exert themselves
 with such activity and effect that no one of the enemy
 attempts an entrance without having his groaning ghost
 sent to the other world. At last the Prince resolves to
 go forth and seek the captain of the besieging host, that
 he may decide the strife with him in single combat:—

Eftsoons himself in glitterand arms he dight,
 And his well proved weapons to him hent;^q
 So, taking courteous congé, he behight^r
 Those gates to be unbarred, and forth he went.
 Fair mote he thee,^s the prowest and most gent
 That ever brandished bright steel on high!
 Whom soon as that unruly rabblement
 With his gay squire issuing did espy,
 They reared a most outrageous dreadful yelling cry,
 And therewithal at once at him let fly
 Their fluttering arrows, thick as flakes of snow,
 And round about him flock impetuously,
 Like a great water-flood, that, tumbling low
 From the high mountains, threats to overflow

ⁿ Or, perhaps, *dismade*, that is misshapen.

^o Bitterns. ^p Hedgehogs.

^q Took. ^r Ordered.

^s Fairly may he prosper.

With sudden fury all the fertile plain,
And the sad husbandman's long hope doth throw
Adown the stream, and all his vows make vain,
Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruin may sustain.

Upon his shield their heaped hail he bore,
And with his sword dispers'd the rascal flocks,
Which fled asunder, and him fell before ;
As withered leaves drop from their dried stocks,
When the wroth western wind does reave their locks.
And underneath him his courageous steed,
The fierce Spumador, trod them down like docks ;
The fierce Spumador born of heavenly seed,
Such as Laomedon of Phœbus' race did breed.

Which sudden horror and confused cry
When as their captain heard in haste he yode ^t
The cause to weet,^u and fault to remedy :
Upon a tiger swift and fierce he rode,
That as the wind ran underneath his load,
Whiles his long legs nigh raught unto the ground :
Full large he was of limb, and shoulders broad ;
But of such subtle substance and unsound,
That like a ghost he seemed whose grave-clothes were
unbound :

And in his hand a bended bow was seen,
And many arrows under his right side,
All deadly dangerous, all cruel keen,
Headed with flint, and feathers bloody dyed ;
Such as the Indians in their quivers hide :
Those could he well direct and straight as line,
And bid them strike the mark which he had eyed ;
Ne was there salve, ne was there medicine,
That mote recure their wound ; so inly they did tine. ^v

As pale and wan as ashes was his look ;
His body lean and meagre as a rake ;
And skin all withered like a dried rook ;
Thereto as cold and dreary as a snake ;
That seemed to tremble evermore and quake :
All in a canvass thin he was bedight,
And girded with a belt of twisted brake :^w

^t Went, came.^u Know.^v Rage, pain.^w Fern.

Upon his head he wore a helmet light,
Made of a dead man's skull, that seemed a ghastly sight :

Maleger was his name : and after him
There follow'd fast at hand two wicked hags,
With hoary locks all loose, and visage grim ;
Their feet unshod, their bodies wrapt in rags,
And both as swift on foot as chased stags ;
And yet the one her other leg had lame,
Which with a staff all full of little snags *
She did support, and Impotence her name :
But the other was Impatience armed with raging flame,

As soon as the carle sees the Prince approach he rides
forward and shoots at him a succession of arrows, which
the Prince receives upon his shield. After a few mo-
ments, however, to put an end to this assault, he couches
his spear and rides fiercely at him ; on which the other
quickly turns aside his light-footed beast and flies : it is
labour lost to try to approach him : —

Far as the winged wind his tiger fled,
That view of eye could scarce him overtake,
Ne scarce his feet on ground were seen to tread ;
Through hills and dales he speedy way did make,
Ne hedge ne ditch his ready passage brake,
And in his flight the villain turned his face,
(As wons the Tartar by the Caspian lake,
Whenas the Russian him in fight does chase,)
Unto his tiger's tail, and shot at him apace.

As fast as he shoots his arrows the lame hag gathers
them up and gives them to him again ; when the Prince,
dismounting, thinks to tie her hands her sister hag
comes up, and the two by their united strength throw
him on his back and keep him down ; the villain now
also falls upon him ; and he is only rescued by the assist-
ance of his faithful squire, who, snatching off the two
women, keeps them at bay, while the Prince manages
the carle, now come down from his tiger, and without
his bow and arrows. No sooner, however, has he been
felled to the ground, and apparently struck dead, than

* Jags.

he springs to his feet again unhurt, and, tearing up a huge stone which stood fixed in the earth, hurls it at the Prince, who only escapes destruction by lightly leaping back. Nor is he disposed of even when he is run through the body: he neither falls nor sheds a drop of blood. The Prince is in amazement, and knows not what to try next;—

Flesh without blood, a person without sprite;
Wounds without hurt, a body without might;
That could do harm, yet could not harmed be;
That could not die, yet seemed a mortal wight;
That was most strong in most infirmity;
Like did he never hear, like did he never see.

Throwing away both his shield, and his good sword *Mordure*, “that never failed at need till now,” he takes the mysterious body up in his naked arms and crushes it till he has apparently pressed all the breath out of it: it is of no use; the instant he casts the lumpish corse to the earth, up again it starts, and the next moment is raining huge strokes on him as fast as ever. Nearly at his wits’ end, the Prince at last fortunately remembers having heard that the Earth was the carle’s mother, and that as often as he wanted a new supply of life and strength all he had to do was to go to her for it: the mode of despatching him is now obvious; having again beaten the breath out of the body, he carries it on his shoulders to a neighbouring lake, and throws it into the water “without remorse.” The two hags, seeing what is done, run about like mad dogs; and, while *Impatience* rushes headlong into the lake and is drowned, *Impotence* kills herself with one of *Maleger*’s darts. The exhausted Prince is received into the now delivered castle, where fairest *Alma* meets him “with balm, and wine, and costly spicery,” and where, after he has been despoiled of his armour,

In sumptuous bed she made him to be laid,
And, all the while his wounds were dressing, by him
staid.

Canto XII. (87 stanzas).—The course of the story

now returns to Guyon, whose crowning adventure is at hand.

Two days now in that sea he sailed has,
Ne ever land beheld, ne living wight,
Ne ought save peril, still as he did pass :
Tho,^y when appeared the third morrow bright
Upon the waves to spread her trembling light,
An hideous roaring far away they heard,
That all their senses filled with affright ;
And straight they saw the raging surges reared
Up to the skies, that them of drowning made afeard.

The boatman tells the Palmer, who is steering, to keep an even course ; for they are approaching the Gulf of Greediness, on the other side of which is a rock of magnet, called the Rock of Reproach, which attracts to it those who strive to avoid the gulf, so that it is barely possible to escape both. They pass, however, in safety.

So forth they rowed ; and that ferryman
With his stiff oars did brush the sea so strong,
That the hoar waters from his frigate ran,
And the light bubbles danced all along,
Whiles the salt brine out of the billows sprong.

After a time, seeing far off a number of islands floating among the floods, the knight calls out "land ;" but the ferryman informs him that these are the Wandering Islands, which, fair and fruitful as they appear, must be shunned by all who would escape the worst of dangers.

They to him hearken, as beseemeth meet ;
And pass on forward : so their way does lie,
That one of those same islands, which do fleet
In the wide sea, they needs must passen by,
Which seemed so sweet and pleasant to the eye,
That it would tempt a man to touchen there :
Upon the bank they sitting did espy
A dainty damsel dressing of her hair,
By whom a little skippet^z floating did appear.

^y Then.

^z Skiff.

This turns out to be the wanton Phaedria, who had lately ferried Guyon over the Idle Lake. She first calls to them, and then puts out in her boat in pursuit of them; nor is she got rid of till the Palmer has given her a sharp rebuke. The wary boatman now again exhorts the Palmer to "keep an even hand;" for they are approaching the quicksands of Unthrifihead, and the perilous pool opposite to it, called the Whirlpool of Decay. They see a richly laden ship wrecked upon the quicksand; but their own boat is again urged past both dangers. No sooner, however, have they made this new escape than all three are filled with surprise and dismay at seeing the sea suddenly rise into mountains without any apparent natural cause;—

The waves come rolling, and the billows roar
Outrageously, as they enraged were,
Or wrathful Neptune did them drive before
His whirling chariot for exceeding fear;
For not one puff of wind there did appear.

At the same time monsters of all "ugly shapes and horrible aspects,"

Such as Dame Nature self might fear to see,
gather around them:—

Spring-headed ^a hydras; and sea-shouldering whales;
Great whirlpools, which all fishes make to flee;
Bright scolopendras arm'd with silver scales;
Mighty monoceroses ^{*} with immeasured tails;

The dreadful fish that hath deserved the name
Of Death, and like him looks in dreadful hue;
The grisly wasserman, that makes his game
The flying ships with swiftness to pursue;

The horrible sea-satyr, that doth shew
His fearful face in time of greatest storm;
Huge ziffius, whom mariners eschew
No less than rocks, as travellers inform;
And greedy rosmarines with visages deform:

^a With heads springing from their bodies.

^{*} Commonly misprinted *monoceros*.

All these, and thousand thousands many more,
 And more deformed monsters thousand fold,
 With dreadful noise and hollow rumbling roar
 Came rushing, in the foamy waves enrolled,
 Which seemed to fly for fear them to behold.

The Palmer, however, tells his companions to fear nothing; these monsters are only phantoms, or shapes raised to work them dread by the wicked witch whose dominion they are on their way to overthrow; and smiting the sea with his staff he makes them all fly away and vanish. They are next assailed by the rueful cry of "a seemly maiden" sitting by the shore of an island but by the Palmer's advice they turn a deaf ear also to this appeal, which he informs them is only a piece of "womanish fine forgery," by no means requiring any attention. And now they come to a place of which the boatman had warned them long before—a perilous passage, "where many mermaids haunt, making false melodies:"—

——— It was a still
 And calmy bay, on the one side sheltered
 With the broad shadow of an hoary hill;
 On the other side an high rock towered still,
 That twixt them both a pleasant port they made,
 And did like an half theatre fulfil:
 There those five sisters had continual trade,
 And used to bathe themselves in that deceitful shade.

They had been fair ladies till they had ventured to contend in song with the Muses, when they were transformed in their lower extremities to fish;

But the upper half their hue retained still,
 And their sweet skill in wonted melody;
 Which ever after they abused to ill,
 To allure weak travellers, whom gotten they did kill.
 So now to Guyon, as he passed by,
 Their pleasant tunes they sweetly thus applied;
 "O thou fair son of gentle Faïry,
 That art in mighty arms most magnified
 Above all knights that ever battle tried,

O turn thy rudder hitherward awhile :
 Here may thy storm-beat vessel safely ride ;
 [This is the port of rest from troublous toil,
 The world's sweet inn from pain and wearisome turmoil."
 With that the rolling sea, resounding soft,
 In his big base them fitly answered ;
 And on the rock the waves breaking aloft
 A solemn mean unto them measured ;
 The whiles sweet Zephyrus loud whistled
 His treble, a strange kind of harmony ;
 Which Guyon's senses softly tickled,
 That he the boatman bade row easily,
 And let him hear some part of their rare melody.

The Palmer persuades them, however, to pass on ; and
 now at last they descry the land whither they are bound.
 At first they are perplexed by a black fog in which it is
 enveloped ; and then all of a sudden an immeasurable
 flight of fowls come fluttering about them and smiting
 them with their wicked wings ;

Even all the nation of unfortunate
 And fatal birds about them flocked were,
 Such as by nature men abhor and hate ;
 The ill-faced owl, death's dreadful messenger ;
 The hoarse night-raven, trump of doleful drear ;
 The leather-winged bat, day's enemy ;
 The rueful strich,^b still waiting on the bier ;
 The whistler shrill, that whoso hears doth die ;
 The hellish harpies, prophets of sad destiny.

Still they move forward, till at last the weather clears
 up and the land is plainly seen. Leaving the other by
 his boat, Guyon and the Palmer step ashore, and march
 boldly on. A multitude of wild beasts, whose hideous
 bellowing had announced them before they appeared,
 are silenced and made to tremble by the uplifting of the
 Palmer's mighty staff :—

Of that same wood it framed was cunningly,
 Of which Caduceus whilome was made,
 Caduceus, the rod of Mercury,
 With which he wents the Stygian realms invade

^b The screech-owl.

Through ghastly horror and eternal shade;
 The infernal fiends with it he can assuage,
 And Orcus tame, whom nothing can persuade,
 And rule the Furies when they most do rage:
 Such virtue in his staff had eke this palmer sage.

And now they are arrived at the spot where stands the
 home and sovereign seat of the enchantress—the Bower
 of Bliss:—

A place picked out by choice of best alive
 That nature's work by art can imitate:
 In which whatever in this worldly state
 Is sweet and pleasing unto living sense,
 Or that may daintiest fantasy aggrate,
 Was poured forth with plentiful dispense,
 And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

The fence that surrounds it is weak and thin; for it is
 not Force, but Wisdom and Temperance, that its in-
 mates fear. The gate, too, is rather for ornament than
 for strength:—

It framed was of precious ivory,
 That seemed a work of admirable wit;
 And therein all the famous history
 Of Jason and Medea was ywrit;
 Her mighty charms, her furious loving fit;
 His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
 His falsed faith, and love too lightly flit;
 The wondered Argo, which in venturous piece,
 First through the Euxine seas bore all the flower of
 Greece.

Ye might have seen the frothy billows fry
 Under the ship as thorough them she went,
 That seemed the waves were into ivory,
 Or ivory into the waves, were sent;
 And otherwhere the snowy substance sprent^d
 With vermeil, like the boy's^e blood therein shed,
 A piteous spectacle did represent;
 And otherwhiles with gold besprinkled
 It seemed the enchanted flame, which did Creusa wed.

^c Castle. ^d Sprinkled.

^e Absyrtes, whom his sister Medea killed.

In the porch sits "a comely personage of stature tall,"
his loose garment flowing about his heels:—

They in that place him Genius did call:
Not that celestial Power, to whom the care
Of life, and generation of all
That lives, pertains in charge particular;
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
And strange phantoms, doth let us oft foresee,
And oft of secret ills bids us beware:
That is our Self, whom though we do not see,
Yet each doth in himself it well perceive to be:
Therefore a god him sage Antiquity
Did wisely make, and good Agdistes call.

This, on the contrary, is the foe of life. Yet he has the government of the garden, as Pleasure's porter; he holds a staff in his hand, and flowers are scattered all around him; and, as Guyon enters, he offers him, as he is accustomed to do to all new-comers, a mighty mazer (or maple) bowl filled with wine, which always stands by his side. Guyon, however, scornfully throws down his bowl, and breaks his staff. Then the Knight and the Palmer enter the garden, which they find to be a spacious plain,

————— whose fair grassy ground
Mantled with green, and goodly beautified
With all the ornaments of Flora's pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as half in scorn
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
Did deck her, and too lavishly adorn,
When forth from virgin bower she comes in the early
morn.

Thereto the heavens always jovial
Looked on them lovely, still in stedfast state,
Ne suffered storm nor frost on them to fall,
Their tender buds or leaves to violate:
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
To afflict the creatures which therein did dwell;
But the mild air with season moderate
Gently attempered, and disposed so well,
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and wholesome
smell:

More sweet and wholesome than the pleasant hill
 Of Rhodope, on which the nymph, that bore
 A giant babe, herself for grief did kill;
 Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore
 Fair Daphne Phœbus' heart with love did gore;
 Or Ida, where the gods loved to repair,
 Whenever they their heavenly bowers forlore;^f
 Or sweet Parnass the haunt of Muses fair:
 Or Eden self, if ought with Eden mote compare.

Wondering much, but suffering no delight to make his
 senses captive, Guyon goes forward till he comes to
 another gate, or rather semblance of a gate,

————— being goodly dight
 With boughs and branches, which did broad dilate
 Their clasping arms in wanton wreathings intricate;
 So fashioned a porch with rare device,
 Arched over head with an embracing vine,
 Whose bunches hanging down seemed to entice
 All passers-by to taste their luscious wine,
 And did themselves into their hands incline,
 As freely offering to be gathered;
 Some deep empurpled as the hyacine,
 Some as the rubine laughing sweetly red,
 Some like fair emeralds, not yet well ripened:
 And them amongst some were of burnished gold,
 So made by art to beautify the rest,
 Which did themselves amongst the leave enfold,
 As lurking from the view of covetous guest,
 That the weak boughs with so rich load opprest
 Did bow adown as overburdened.

Under the porch sits a comely dame, clad in fair weeds,
 but with all her garments loose and in disorder.

In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
 And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
 Whose sappy liquor, that with fulness swelled,
 Into her cup she scrused with dainty breach
 Of her fine fingers, without foul impeach,
 That so fair winepress made the wine more sweet.

^f Forsook.

As she is used to do to all strangers, she offers her cup to Guyon, who, "taking it out of her tender hand," dashes it on the ground. *Excess*—such is the fair lady's name—is exceedingly wroth; but, not heeding her, he passes on.

There the most dainty paradise on ground
Itself doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
And none does other's happiness envy;
The painted flowers; the trees upshooting high;
The dales for shade; the hills for breathing space;
The trembling groves; the crystal running by;
And, that which all fair works doth most aggrace,^s
The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude
And scorned parts were mingled with the fine),
That Nature had for wantonness ensued^h
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;
So striving each the other to undermine,
Each did the other's work more beautify;
So differing both in wills agreed in fine:
So all agreed, through sweet diversity,
This garden to adorn with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountain stood,
Of richest substance that on earth might be,
So pure and shiny that the silver flood
Through every channel running one might see;
Most goodly it with curious imagery
Was overwrought, and shapes of naked boys,
Of which some seemed with lively jollity
To fly about, playing their wanton toys,
Whilst others did themselves embayⁱ in liquid joys.

And over all of purest gold was spread
A trail of ivy in his native hue;
For the rich metal was so coloured,
That wight, who did not well advised it view,
Would surely deem it to be ivy true:
Low his lascivious arms adown did creep,
That, themselves dipping in the silver dew,

^s Grace.^h Pursued.ⁱ Bathe.

Their fleecy flowers they fearfully did steep,
 Which drops of crystal seemed for wantonness to weep.
 Infinite streams continually did well
 Out of this fountain, sweet and fair to see,
 The which into an ample laver fell,
 And shortly grew to so great quantity,
 That like a little lake it seemed to be;
 Whose depth exceeded not three cubits height,
 That through the waves one might the bottom see,
 All paved beneath with jasper shining bright,
 That seemed the fountain in that sea did sail upright.
 And all the margent round about was set
 With shady laurel trees, thence to defend
 The sunny beams which on the billows bett,
 And those which therein bathed mote offend.

For a few moments Guyon is somewhat agitated by the sight, painted by the poet only in too warm and life-like colours, which he chances to see as he passes near this fountain; but the Palmer rebukes "those wandering eyes of his," and draws him forward, telling him that now they are at the end of their travail, close upon the very Bower of Bliss, where Acrasia wons.

Eftsoons they heard a most melodious sound,
 Of all that mote delight a dainty ear,
 Such as at once might not on living ground,
 Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
 Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
 To read what manner music that mote be;
 For all that pleasing is to living ear
 Was there consorted in one harmony;
 Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree:
 The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
 Their notes unto the voice attempered sweet:
 The angelical soft trembling voices made
 To the instruments divine response meet;
 The silver-sounding instruments did meet
 With the base murmur of the waters' fall;
 The waters fall with difference discreet,
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
 The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

There, whence the music seems to come, sits the fair witch, with the last lover her sorcery has drawn to her slumbering in the shade beside her, while with fixed eyes she gazes on his features, or, often leaning down, lightly kisses his lips and eyelids ;

The whiles some one did chant this lovely lay :
“ Ah ! see, whoso fair thing dost fain to see,
In springing flower the image of thy day !
Ah ! see the virgin rose, how sweetly she
Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
That fairer seems the less ye see her may !
Lo ! see, soon after how more bold and free
Her bared bosom she doth broad display ;
Lo ! see soon after how she fades and falls away !

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life the leaf, the bud, the flower ;
Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
That erst was sought to deck both bed and bower
Of many a lady, and many a paramour !
Gather therefore the rose whilst yet is prime,
For soon comes age that will her pride deflower :
Gather the rose of love whilst yet is time,
Whilst loving thou may'st loved be with equal crime.”

He ceased ; and then gan all the choir of birds
Their divers notes to attune unto his lay,
As in approvance of his pleasing words.

But neither the words nor the music have power to detain the knight and his friend, who, creeping on silently “ through many covert groves and thickets close,” at last come upon the witch, laid upon a bed of roses, with the head of her sleeping lover in her lap. She is described as

— arrayed, or rather disarrayed,
All in a veil of silk and silver thin,
That hid no whit her alabaster skin,
But rather showed more white, if more might be :
More subtile web Arachne cannot spin ;
Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven see
Of scorched dew, do not in the air more lightly flee.

Her snowy breast was bare ; and

— her fair eyes, sweet smiling in delight,
Moistened their fiery beams, with which she thrilled
Frail hearts, yet quenched not ; like starry light,
Which, sparkling on the silent waves, does seem more
bright.

The young man beside her, we are told, seemed to be
“ some goodly swain of honourable place :”

A sweet regard and amiable grace,
Mixed with manly sternness, did appear,
Yet sleeping, in his well-proportioned face.

Rushing upon them before they are perceived, Guyon
and the Palmer throw over them a subtile net which the
latter has framed for the purpose ; both strive to escape
but in vain ; they are both taken and bound, she in
chains of adamant, “ for nothing else might keep her
safe and sound.” All the rest meanwhile have fled.
Verdant, for so the youth is called, is soon released, and
counsel sage given him instead of bonds ; but all those
pleasant bowers, that brave palace, the groves, the gar-
dens, the arbours, the banqueting houses, Guyon with-
out pity breaks down, defaces, and burns, till what was
lately the fairest is now the foulest place. Finally he
and the Palmer proceed with their captives to where
they had been attacked on their way by the wild beasts
and now the Palmer explains that these are the former
lovers of the enchantress, transformed by her, as she had
got tired of them one after another, from men into
brutes. At the Knight’s request he restores them all to
their proper shape by a stroke of his virtuous staff ; but
hardly any of them seem much to enjoy the change ;
and one especially, called Gryll, who had been a hog,
is exceedingly vexed and angry at being deprived of his
bestial character. There are some, the Palmer observes,
who, human in shape, are beasts in everything else ;

“ Let Gryll be Gryll, and have his hoggish mind :
But let us hence depart whilst weather serves and wind.”

SPENSER, AND HIS POETRY.

BY
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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
CHARLES KNIGHT & Co., LUDGATE STREET.
1845.



SPENSER AND HIS POETRY.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

BOOK THIRD.

THE Third Book of the Fairy Queen contains the Legend of Britomartis, or of Chastity. Britomartis is one of the names of Diana; but it was no doubt selected by Spenser partly also on account of the sound, by which he designs to intimate that his heroine is a Britoness. As may be supposed, in celebrating "that fairest virtue, far above the rest," full advantage is taken by the poet of so fair an opportunity of complimenting his royal patroness, who was almost as vain of her virginity as of her beauty. In a prelude of five stanzas he asks himself what need he has to fetch foreign examples from Fairy Land of what shines forth with such liveliness and perfection in his sovereign, that ladies, ambitious of distinguishing themselves in a similar manner, have no occasion to look any farther—were it not, he ingeniously adds, that her portraiture can be truly expressed neither by "life-resembling pencil," nor artist's "dædal hand," "all were it Zeuxis or Praxiteles,"—

Ne poet's wit, that passeth painter far
In picturing the parts of beauty daint.

He then glides gracefully into a reference to his friend Raleigh's poem written in celebration of Elizabeth,

which we have already found noticed in his letter explaining the plan and allegory of the Fairy Queen—

———— that sweet verse, with nectar sprinkled,
In which a gracious servant pictured
His Cynthia, his heaven's fairest light.

Only, he concludes, let "that same delicious poet" permit a rustic muse for a little while to appropriate his high theme, and let the fairest Cynthia not refuse to view herself in more mirrors than one—

But either Gloriana let her choose,
Or in Belphebe fashioned to be;
In the one her rule, in the other her rare chastity.

These introductions to the several Books of the Fairy Queen, we may here observe, have all the appearance of having been written after the poem itself, and inserted, like the Dedictory Sonnets, by the author when he was preparing it for the press.

Canto I. (67 stanzas).—From what is said at the commencement of this Canto, Guyon and the Palmer must be supposed to have returned, after their capture of Acrasia, to the house of Alma, and there rejoined Prince Arthur. Soon after the Briton Prince and Fairy Knight take leave of their fair hostess and set out again on their way together, the enchantress being at the same time sent forward by another road, and under a strong guard, to Fairy Court. After long wandering and many adventures, they see in an open plain a knight advancing towards them, attended by an aged squire, crouching, as if overladen by the burthen of his years, under his three-square or triangular shield. This shield, "bearing a lion passant in a golden field" (the legendary arms of the old British kings), the stranger knight assumes as soon as he sees the Prince and Guyon approaching, as was customary in such circumstances; but he manifests no hostile intent. Somewhat remarkably, nevertheless, Guyon at once proposes to attack him, beseeching "the prince, of grace, to let him run that turn;" and upon his companion assenting he sharply spurs forward

His foamy steed, whose fiery feet did burn
The verdant grass as he thereon did tread.

The issue, however, is that the Fairy Knight, much to his surprise as well as shame and vexation, is in an instant thrown from his saddle, and

————— ere well he was aware,
Nigh a spear's length behind his crouper fell,
although without mischance to life or limb. It is the first time,

————— sith warlike arms he bore,
And shivering spear in bloody field first shook,
that he has ever suffered such dishonour. But ah, exclaims the poet,

Ah! gentlest knight, that ever armour bore,
Let not thee grieve dismounted to have been,
And brought to ground, that never wast before,
For not thy fault, but secret power unseen:
That spear enchanted was which laid thee on the green!

His grief and shame, in truth, would be much greater if he knew by whom it is that he has been thus discomfited—if he were aware that it is a woman with whom he has fought: for his successful opponent is indeed the famous Britomart, who has come on strange adventure all the way from Britain—

To seek her lover (love far sought, alas!)
Whose image she had seen in Venus' looking-glass.

Upon all this Upton, the most learned of the commentators on the Fairy Queen, has a curious observation. The poem, he remarks, is full of allusions, either moral or historical. It is singular conduct in a courteous knight, like Guyon, to attack another by whom he has not been defied, and whom he has not himself defied. Some secret history is probably alluded to. "In Britomart," says Upton, "I suppose imaged the Virgin Queen; in Sir Guyon the Earl of Essex. Sir Guyon is dismounted, presuming to match himself against Britomart. If Guyon historically and covertly (now and then) means the Earl

of Essex, will it not bear an easy allusion to his presuming to match himself with Queen Elizabeth? And has not the poet with the finest art managed a very dangerous and secret piece of history?"

Guyon, snatching his sword, is about to renew the combat, but the Palmer, knowing that "Death sate on the point of that enchanted spear," hastens to him and counsels him to desist; and, the Prince also joining in the same advice, and laying the blame, not on his own carriage, but on "his starting steed that swarved aside," and on "the ill purveyance of his page," he is at last pacified. On this they all agree to make friends, and to pursue their journey together.

O, goodly usage of those antique times,
In which the sword was servant unto right;
When not for malice and contentious crimes,
But all for praise and proof of manly might,
The martial brood accustomed to fight:
Then honour was the meed of victory,
And yet the vanquished had no despise.

They travel through many lands, till at last they enter a forest, in whose gloomy shades they ride a long while without seeing tract of any living thing, "save bears, lions, and bulls, which roamed them around."

All suddenly out of the thickest brush,
Upon a milk-white palfrey all alone,
A goodly lady did foreby them rush,
Whose face did seem as clear as crystal stone,
And eke, through fear, as white as whales bone:
Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,
And all her steed with tinsel trappings shone,
Which fled so fast that nothing mote him hold,
And scarce them leisure gave her passing to behold.

Still as she fled her eye she backward threw,
As fearing evil that pursued her fast;
And her fair yellow locks behind her flew,
Loosely dispersed with puff of every blast:
All as a blazing star doth far outcast
His hairy beams, and flaming locks disspread,
At sight whereof the people stand aghast;

But the sage wizard tells, as he has read,
That it importunes death and doleful drearihead.

They soon perceive that she is pursued by "a griesly foster," or forester, mounted on a "tireling * jade," which he fiercely urges on

Through thick and thin, both over bank and bush,
In hope her to attain by hook or crook,
That from his gory sides the blood did gush:
Large were his limbs, and terrible his look,
And in his clownish hand a sharp boar-spear he shook.

The two gentle knights, seeing this, we are told, instantly set forth together after the lady,

————— in hope to win thereby
Most goodly meed, the fairest dame alive—

leaving the Prince's squire, Timias, to manage the foul foster. Meanwhile Britomart,

————— whose constant mind
Would not so lightly follow beauty's chase,

after waiting for them a short time, sets forward on her way by herself. Having got nearly out of the wood, she perceives fronting her a stately castle, before the gate of which a spacious plain is wide outspread; and there six knights are fighting with one, who, though sore beset, is yet neither dismayed nor driven back, but, on the contrary, keeps them all at bay and forces them to recoil. Britomart immediately runs to his rescue, calling at the same time upon the six to forbear; but they do not heed her till she rushes amongst them and soon compels them to be at peace. The single knight then informs her that he loves a lady, "the truest one on ground"—her name the Errant Damsel—and that the six would force him, "by odds of might," to fix his affections on another dame. Certes, says Britomart, ye six are to blame in thus attempting to accomplish by force a thing by no means to be so gone about:

* The editors do not explain or notice this word.

For knight to leave his lady were great shame
 That faithful is; and better were to die.
 All loss is less, and less the infamy,
 Than loss of love to him that loves but one:
 Ne may love be compelled by maistery;
 For, soon as maistery comes, sweet love anon
 Taketh his nimble wings, and soon away is gone.

[The reader will recognise in these two last fine lines the origin of Pope's couplet in the Epistle of Eloisa:

Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
 Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.]

But the six now state their case by the mouth of one of their number. In the castle dwells

————— a lady fair,
 Whose sovereign beauty hath no living peer;
 Thereto so bounteous and so debonnaire,
 That never any mote with her compare:

and she has ordained a law, approved by them her servants, that every knight passing this way shall, "in case he have no lady nor no love," devote himself to her service; or, if he have another love, either give her up, or maintain in fight with them that she is fairer than the lady of the castle.

"Perdy," said Britomart, "the choice is hard!
 But what reward had he that overcame?"
 "He should advanced be to high regard,"
 Said they, "and have our lady's love for his reward.

"Therefore aread, sir, if thou have a love."
 "Love have I sure," quoth she, "but lady none;
 Yet will I not fro mine own love remove,
 Ne to your lady will I service done,
 But wreak your wrongs wrought to this knight alone,
 And prove his cause." With that, her mortal spear
 She mightily aventred towards one,
 And down him smote ere well aware he were;
 Then to the next she rode, and down the next did bear.

After this she throws a third to the ground, and a fourth is disposed of in like manner by the single knight; upon which the two that remain yield themselves prisoners.

'They acknowledge that her's is the damsel, and they her liegemen, without however being aware that it is a woman to whom they thus surrender their swords, themselves, and their lady love. They now conduct Britomart into Castle Joyous, and passing through a long and spacious chamber soon bring her into the presence of its mistress, whom they call the Lady of Delight, but whose true name is Malecasta.

But for to tell the sumptuous array
Of that great chamber should be labour lost;
For living wit, I ween, cannot display
The royal riches and exceeding cost
Of every pillar and of every post,
Which all of purest bullion framed were,
And with great pearls and precious stones embossed;
That the bright glisten of their beames clear
Did sparkle forth great light, and glorious did appear.

But the richness and royalty of the inner room, in which the lady sits, are still more wonderful :

The walls were round about appareled
With costly cloths of Arras and of Tour;
In which with cunning hand was pourtrayed
The love of Venus and her paramour,
The fair Adonis, turned to a flower;
A work of rare device and wondrous wit.
First did it show the bitter baleful stoure,
Which her essayed with many a fervent fit,
When first her tender heart was with his beauty smit:

Then with what sleights and sweet allurements she
Enticed the boy, as well that art she knew,
And wooed him her paramour to be;
Now making girlands of each flower that grew,
To crown his golden locks with honour due;
Now leading him into a secret shade
From his beauperes,^a and from bright heaven's view,
Where him to sleep she gently would persuade,
Or bathe him in a fountain by some covert glade :

And, whilst he slept, she over him would spread
Her mantle coloured like the starry skies,

^a Fair companions.

And her soft arm lay underneath his head,
 And with ambrosial kisses bathe his eyes ;
 And, whilst he bathed, with her two crafty spies
 She secretly would search each dainty limb,
 And throw into the well sweet rosemaries,
 And fragrant violets, and pansies trim ;
 And ever with sweet nectar she did sprinkle him.

So did she steal his heedless heart away,
 And joyed his love in secret unespied.

In another picture he lies languishing of his wound, while
 the goddess weeps and laments by his side ;

————— and evermore
 With her soft garment wipes away the gore
 Which stains his snowy skin with hateful hue :
 But, when she saw no help might him restore,
 Him to a dainty flower she did transmue,^b
 Which in that cloth was wrought, as if it lively grew.

All around the chamber are beds or couches, “as whilome
 was the antique world’s guise,” and throngs of squires
 and damsels fill it continually with dance and revel.

And all the while sweet music did divide
 Her looser notes with Lydian harmony ;
 And all the while sweet birds thereto applied
 Their dainty lays and dulcet melody,
 Aye carolling of love and jollity.

Britomart and the other knight, who now turn out to be
 our old acquaintance, the Knight of the Redcross—his
 Errant Damsel, therefore, being Una—loathe the loose
 demeanour of the wanton crew, but suffer themselves to
 be led up to the great lady, whom they find seated on a
 sumptuous bed, glistening all with gold and glorious show,
 as was the wont of the proud Persian queens. She is of
 rare beauty, although her wanton eyes roll somewhat
 lightly, and are, like Lesbia’s in Moore’s song, too fond
 of flashing their beams to right and left. By her order
 the two strangers are bounteously entertained, and, being
 taken into a bower to be disarmed, “and cheered well
 with wine and spicery,” the Redcross Knight is soon

^b Transmute.

stripped, but the brave maid will only vent, or lift up, her umbrier, that is the visor of her helmet, so as to allow her face to appear :—

As when fair Cynthia, in darksome night,
Is in a noyous cloud enveloped,
Where she may find the substance thin and light
Breaks forth her silver beams, and her bright head
Discovers to the world discomfited ;
Of the poor traveller that went astray
With thousand blessings she is heried :^c
Such was the beauty and the shining ray
With which fair Britomart gave light unto the day.
And eke those six, which lately with her fought,
Now were disarmed, and did themselves present
Unto her view, and company unsought ;
For they all seemed courteous and gent,
And all six brethren, born of one parent,
Which had them trained in all civility,
And goodly taught to tilt and tournament :
Now were they liegemen to this lady free,
And her knight's-service ought,^d to hold of her in fee.
The first of them by name Gardante hight,
A jolly person, and of comely view ;
The second was Parlante, a bold knight ;
And next to him Jocante did ensue ;
Basciante did himself most courteous shew ;
But fierce Bacchante seemed too fell and keen ;
And yet in arms Noctante greater grew :
All were fair knights, and goodly well beseen :
But to fair Britomart they all but shadows been.
For she was full of amiable grace,
And manly terror mixed therewithal ;
That, as the one stirred up affections base,
So the other did men's rash desires appal,
And hold them back that would in error fall :
As he that hath espied a vermeil rose,
To which sharp thorns and breres the way forestall,
Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose,
But, wishing it far off, his idle wish doth lose.

The "fresh and lusty knight," as Britomart seems, soon

^c Praised, blessed.

^d Owed.

kindles a flame in the bosom of the very combustible lady of the castle, who manifests her passion by sufficiently intelligible signs; but Britomart takes no notice of her crafty glances.

Supper was shortly dight, and down they sat;
 Where they were served with all sumptuous fare,
 Whiles fruitful Ceres and Lyæus fat
 Poured out their plenty, without spite or spare;
 Nought wanted there that dainty was and rare:
 And aye the cups their banks did overflow:
 And aye between the cups she did prepare
 Way to her love, and secret darts did throw;
 But Britomart would not such guileful message know.

At last she plainly intimates in words what she feels, and Britomart, who, "by self-feeling of her feeble sex," knows what love is, is not so hard-hearted as to receive her confession with discourtesy—though deeming her somewhat light in thus wooing a wandering guest. As the evening advances every knight and gentle squire

Can choose his dame with *bascioman* gay,
 that is, with kissing of hands; and

Some fell to dance; some fell to hazardry;
 Some to make love; some to make merriment;
 As diverse wits to diverse things apply:
 And all the while fair Malecasta bent
 Her crafty engines to her close intent.
 By this the eternal lamps, wherewith high Jove
 Doth light the lower world, were half yspent,
 And the moist daughters of huge Atlas strove
 Into the ocean deep to drive their weary drove.

All now retire to rest, guided to their bowers by long waxen torches—the Britoness also now undressing, and committing herself to "her soft-feathered nest," where she soon falls sound asleep. Sometime after, however, she is awakened by finding some one stretched beside her; she starts from her bed, and runs to seize her sword; but Malecasta, for it is she,

. The game of hazard.

— half dead
 Through sudden fear and ghastly drearihead,
 Did shriek aloud, that through the house it rong,
 And the whole family therewith adread
 Rashly out of their roused couches sprong,
 And to the troubled chamber all in arms did throng.

The confusion that ensues may be imagined. Only the Redcross Knight openly stands by Britomart; the others, still remembering the event of their yesterday's encounter, are not disposed too rashly again to draw down her hostility;—

But one of those six knights, Gardante hight,
 Drew out a deadly bow and arrow keen,
 Which forth he sent, with felonous despite
 And fell intent, against the virgin sheen:
 The mortal steel stayed not till it was seen
 To gore her side; yet was the wound not deep,
 But lightly razed her soft silken skin,
 That drops of purple blood thereout did weep,
 Which did her lily smock with stains of vermeil steep.

Wherewith enraged she fiercely at them flew,
 And with her flaming sword about her laid,
 That none of them foul mischief could eschew,
 But with her dreadful strokes were all dismayed:
 Here, there, and every where, about her swayed
 Her wrathful steel, that none mote it abide;
 And eke the Redcross Knight gave her good aid,
 Aye joining foot to foot, and side to side;
 That in short space their foes they have quite terrified.

Tho, whenas all were put to shameful flight,
 The noble Britomartis her arrayed,
 And her bright arms about her body dight;
 For nothing would she lenger there be stayed,
 Where so loose life and so ungentle trade
 Was used of knights and ladies seeming gent:
 So, early, ere the gross earth's greasy shade,
 Was all dispersed out of the firmament,
 They took their steeds, and forth upon their journey
 went.

Canto II. (52 stanzas).—The poet begins this Canto by

' Then.

complaining that men have not generally shown themselves "indifferent," that is, impartial, "to womankind ;"

To whom no share in arms and chivalry
They do impart, ne maken memory
Of their brave gests and prowess martial :
Scarce dó they spare to one, or two, or three
Room in their writs ; yet the same writing small
Does all their deeds deface, and dims their glories all.

By record of ancient times, nevertheless, he finds that women were formerly wont in wars to bear the greatest sway, and even in all great exploits to bear away the garland, till envious men began to "coin strait laws to curb their liberty." Yet, he gallantly adds, since they have laid aside warlike weapons and exercises,

They have excelled in arts and policy,
That now we foolish men that praise gan eke to envy.

This, of course, is a piece of adulation to Queen Elizabeth.

As Britomart and the Redcross Knight (here called Guyon, by a mistake either of the press, or, more probably, of the author) are journeying on together, the maid, at the fairy's request, and after suffering violent agitation before she begins, relates to him what it is that has induced her to take up the vocation of knight errantry. Even since her birth she has been trained to arms, and has loathed her life to lead,

As ladies wont, in pleasure's wanton lap,
To finger the fine needle and nice thread.

All her delight, on the contrary, has been in warlike adventures ; and in quest of praise and fame so to be acquired it is that she has come from her native soil, the Greater Britain, hither to Fairy Land. But can the knight, she asks, give her any tidings of one who has lately done her foul dishonour, and on whom she is now seeking to be revenged, one whose name is Arthegal ? She would recall the words, but it is too late : "Fair martial maid," replies the Redcross Knight,

————— of all that ever played
At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
The noble Arthegal hath ever borne the name.

Britomart is inwardly rejoiced "to hear her love so highly magnified;" but she still professes to be intent on revenge, and requests the knight to direct her where she "that faylor false [false doer or deceiver] may find." He answers that it is not easy to say where or how Sir Arthegal may be found;

For he ne wonneth in one certain stead,
But restless walketh all the world around,
Aye doing thinges that to his fame redound,
Defending ladies' cause and orphans' right.

His words sink into her "molten heart:"—

For pleasing words are like to magic art,
That doth the charmed snake in slumber lay :
Such secret ease felt gentle Britomart,
Yet list the same efforce with feigned gainsay ;
(So discord oft in music makes the sweeter lay).

So she goes on to protest that, if she and Arthegal chance to encounter, one of them shall certainly die or surrender; and she gets the Redcross Knight to describe to her his shield, his arms, his horse, his person, that she may know him when she beholds him. Yet all these particulars she is already familiar with, and has had by heart ever since she first fell in love with Arthegal upon seeing his image in Britain revealed in the magician Merlin's wondrous mirror. This looking-glass Merlin had fabricated in Deheubarth, or South Wales, in the days of King Ryence:—

It virtue had to show in perfect sight
Whatever thing was in the world contained
Betwixt the lowest earth and heaven's height,
So that it to the looker appertained :
Whatever foe had wrought, or friend had feigned,
Therein discovered was, ne ought mote pass,
Ne ought in secret from the same remained ;
Forthy^s it round and hollow shaped was,
Like to the world itself, and seemed a world of glass.

^s Therefore, accordingly.

Who wonders not, that reads so wondrous work ?
 But who does wonder, that has read the tower
 Wherein the Ægyptian Phao^b long did lurk
 From all men's view, that none might her discour,ⁱ
 Yet she might all men view out of her bower ?
 Great Ptolemy it for his leman's sake
 Ybuilded all of glass by magic power,
 And also it impregnable did make ;
 6 Yet, when his love was false, he with a peaze^j it brake.
 Such was the glassy globe that Merlin made,
 And gave unto King Ryence for his guard,
 That never foes his kingdom might invade,
 But he it knew at home before he heard
 Tidings thereof, and so them still debarred :
 It was a famous present for a prince,
 And worthy work of infinite reward,
 That treasons could bewray, and foes convince :
 Happy this realm, had it remained ever since !

✓ Britomart, who was King Ryence's only daughter, and
 the heir of his kingdom, having one day gone into her
 father's closet, first viewed awhile her fair self in that fair
 mirror ; but then,—

— as it falleth, in the gentlest hearts
 Imperious Love hath highest set his throne,
 And tyrannizeth in the bitter smarts
 Of them that to him buxom are and prone ;—
 So thought this maid (as maidens use to done)
 Whom fortune for her husband would allot.

Soon there presented himself in the glass a comely
 knight, in complete armour, with his visor up so as to
 disclose his manly face ; his person was portly and of
 heroic grace :—

His crest was covered with a couchant hound,
 And all his armour seemed of antique mould,
 But wondrous massy and assured sound,
 And round about yfretted all with gold,
 In which there written was, with cyphers old,

^b The mistress of one of the Ptolemies.

ⁱ Discover. Blow.

Achilles' arms which Arthegal did win:
 And on his shield enveloped sevenfold
 He bore a crowned little ermlin,
 That decked the azure field with her fair pouldred^k skin.

She both viewed this personage well, and liked him well;
 but lingered no further over what she saw, and went her
 way :—

————— ne her unguilty age
 Did ween, unwares, that her unlucky lot
 Lay hidden in the bottom of the pot:
 Of hurt unwist most danger doth redound.

The “false archer,” however, had shot his bolt :—

Thenceforth the feather in her lofty crest,
 Ruffed^l of love, gan lowly to avail;
 And her proud portance and her princely gest,^m
 With which she erst triumphed, now did quail.

By day, by night, she cannot escape from the thought of
 “that fair image written in her heart.” At last one
 night her aged nurse Glauce, who slept with her, ex-
 tracted her secret and restored to her some measure of
 peace of mind. “O daughter dear,” rejoined the old
 woman to Britomart’s first confession of hopeless af-
 fection,

————— “despair no whit,
 For never sore but might a salve obtain;
 That blinded god, which hath ye blindly smit,
 Another arrow hath your lover’s heart to hit.”

“But neither god of love nor god of sky
 Can do,” said she, “that which cannot be done.”
 “Things oft impossible,” quoth she, “seem ere begun.”

And then the kind and wise-hearted dame followed up
 her re-assuring words with caresses that make them irre-
 sistible :—

^l Ruffled.

^k Spotted.

^m Carriage.

With that, upleaning on her elbow weak,
 Her alabaster breast she oft did kiss,
 Which all that while she felt to pant and quake,
 As it an earthquake were.

In the end, when Britomart had told her all, her faithful friend vowed, if she could not conquer her passion, that, by wrong or right, she would compass her desire and find for her the object of her love. In the morning they both arose before day, and repaired to church, where, however, we are told, they said their prayers, although with great devotion, yet with little zeal:—

For the fair damsel from the holy herseⁿ
 Her love-sick heart to other thoughts did steal:
 And that old dame said many an idle verse,
 Out of her daughter's heart fond fancies to reverse.

Returned home, the royal infant fell
 Into her former fit; for why? no power
 Nor guidance of herself in her did dwell.
 But the aged nurse, her calling to her bower,
 Had gathered rue, and savin, and the flower
 Of camphora, and calamint, and dill;
 All which she in an earthen pot did pour,
 And to the brim with coltwood did it fill,
 And many drops of milk and blood through it did spill:

Then, taking thrice three hairs from off her head,
 Them trebly braided in a threefold lace,
 And round about the pot's mouth bound the thread,
 And, after having whispered a space
 Certain sad words with hollow voice and base,
 She to the virgin said, thrice said she it;
 "Come, daughter, come; come, spit upon my face;
 Spit thrice upon me, thrice upon me spit;
 The uneven number for this business is most fit."

That said, her round about she from her turned,
 She turned her contrary to the sun;
 Thrice she her turned contrary, and returned
 All contrary; for she the right did shun;
 And ever what she did was straight undone.

ⁿ Rehearsal of the service.

So thought she to undo her daughter's love :
 But love, that is in gentle breast begun,
 No idle charm so lightly may remove :
 That well can witness who by trial it does prove.

The noble maid, in fact,

— shortly like a pined ghost became
 Which long hath waited by the Stygian strand ;

and Glauce, utterly baffled, wist not what to do.

Canto III. (62 stanzas).—"Most sacred fire," exclaims the poet, in commencing the continuation of the story of Britomart,

Most sacred fire that burnest mightily
 In living breasts, ykindled first above
 Amongst the eternal spheres and lamping° sky,
 And thence poured into men, which men call Love ;

Whence spring all noble deeds and never-dying fame :

Well did Antiquity a god thee deem,
 That over mortal minds hast so great might.

He then proceeds to relate how Glauce, finding all her efforts and experiments vain, at last advised that application should be made to Merlin, the fabricator of the mirror ; and how thereupon she and Britomart, disguising themselves "in strange and base array," set out together for Maridunum, now Cayr-Merdin (Caermarthen), where

— the wise Merlin whilome wont (they say)
 To make his won, low underneath the ground,
 In a deep delve, far from the view off day,
 That of no living wight he mote be found,
 Whenso he counseled with his sprites encompassed round.

The place is a hideous cavern under a rock, lying a little space

From the swift Barry, tumbling down apace
 Amongst the woody hills of Dyneuowre—

that is Dynevor Castle, near Caermarthen, formerly the

chief seat of the Princes of South Wales. But, continues the poet,

— dare thou not, I charge, in any case
To enter into that same baleful bower,
For fear the cruel fiends should thee unwarcs devour ;
But standing high aloft low lay thine ear,
And there such ghastly noise of iron chains
And brazen cauldrons thou shalt rumbling hear,
Which thousand sprites with long enduring pains
Do toss, that it will stun thy feeble brains ;
And oftentimes great groans, and grievous stounds,
When too huge toil and labour them constrains ;
And oftentimes loud strokes and ringing sounds
From under that deep rock most horribly rebounds.

The cause is said to be this: a short time before his death Merlin had set his spirits at work to fabricate a brazen wall which he designed to erect around the city of Caermarthen ; meanwhile the Lady of the Lake, whom he had long loved, sending for him in haste, he bound them not to slacken their labour till he should come back. But the luckless magician was destined never to revisit his ancient home :—

————— through that false lady's train ^p
He was surprised, and buried under bier,
Ne ever to his work returned again.

Or, as the story is told in the old romance of *La Morte d'Arthur* :—"The Lady of the Lake and Merlin departed ; and by the way as they went Merlin showed to her many wonders, and came into Cornwall. And always Merlin hung about the lady, for to have her favour ; and she was ever passing weary of him, and fain would have been delivered of him ; for she was afraid of him, because he was a devil's son, and she could not put him away by no means. And so upon a time it happened that Merlin shewed to her in a rock wherein was a great wonder, and wrought by enchantment, which went under a stone ; so, by her subtile craft and working,

she made Merlin to go under that stone, to let him wit of the marvels there. But she wrought so there for him that he came never out, for all the craft that he could do." There, accordingly, it is believed that he remains till this hour.

Natheless those fiends may not their work forbear,
So greatly his commandement they fear,
But there do toil and travail day and night,
Until that brazen wall they up do rear;
For Merlin had in magic more insight
Then ever him before or after living wight:

For he by words could call out of the sky
Both sun and moon, and make them him obey;
The land to sea, and sea to mainland dry,
And darksome night he eke could to turn to day;
Huge hosts of men he could alone dismay,
And hosts of men of meanest things could frame,
When so him list his enemies to fray:
That to this day, for terror of his fame,
The fiends do quake when any him to them does name.

It is said that he was no son of mortal sire, but the offspring of "a fair lady nun," Matilda, daughter to Pubidius, Lord of Mathtraval (one of the three provinces into which Wales was divided by Roderic the Great), and cousin to King Ambrosius, conceived in her "by false illusion of a guileful sprite." Britomart and Glauce, after some hesitation, entering (the maid first, made courageous by love) the dread magician's cave, found him deeply intent about one of his wondrous works,

And writing strange characters in the ground,
With which the stubborn fiends he to his service bound.

He had been aware both that they were coming and what was their object; and he only smiled at Glauce's attempts to conceal from him who they were, and to dissemble by "womanish guile" her knowledge of Britomart's real ailment. Bursting forth at length into a laugh, he exclaimed—

"Glauce, what needs this colourable word
To cloak the cause that hath itself bewrayed?"

Ne ye, fair Britomartis, thus arrayed,
More hidden are than sun in cloudy vale."

On this, we are told—

The doubtful maid, seeing herself descried,
Was all abashed, and her pure ivory
Into a clear carnation sudden dyed;
As fair Aurora, rising hastily,
Doth by her blushing tell that she did lie
All night in old Tithonus' frozen bed,
Whereof she seems ashamed inwardly:

but the old nurse boldly demanded of the prophet, that, seeing he knew all, he would not withhold pity and relief. He paused awhile, and then his spirit broke forth:—

"Most noble virgin, that by fatal lore
Hast learned to love, let no whit thee dismay
The hard begin that meets thee in the door,
And with sharp fits thy tender heart oppresseth sore:

For so must all things excellent begin."

And then he told her that from her womb should spring a famous progeny of the ancient Trojan blood, that should,

————— revive the sleeping memory
Of those same antique peers, the heaven's brood,
Which Greek and Asian rivers stained with their blood:

and re-establish the power of the Britons, broken and enfeebled by long wars against a foreign foe from a distant land. The man ordained to be the spouse of Britomart, he afterwards informed them, was Arthegal: he dwelt in the Land of Fairy, yet was no fairy's son, nor related at all to the race of the elfs, but of earthly lineage, having only been in infancy stolen from his cradle by the fairies, and imagining himself to be the offspring of an elf and a fay. He was in truth the son of Gorlois, Prince of Cornwall, and brother to Cador, now reigning in that kingdom, and renowned for his warlike feats from the rising to the setting sun. It was ordained

that Britomart should bring him back to his native soil, and that both he and she should give great proof of their valour, until Arthegal should be cut off too early by the treachery of secret foes. But his son by Britomart (apparently the same who is called Aurelius Conan by the old British historians) should remain the living representation of his sire; and should take from his cousin Constantius (or Constantine, son of Cador) the crown that had of right belonged to his father Arthegal. He, after a reign in which he should fight three great battles with the Saxons, two of them ending in the defeat of the intruders, the third "in fair accordance," that is, apparently, in an agreement or peace on equal terms, should be succeeded by his son Voltipore "in kingdom, but not in felicity." Voltipore's son Malgo, however, should avenge the misfortunes of his father—Malgo, who should reduce to subjection "the six islands, comprovincial in ancient times unto great Britany," namely, Ireland, Iceland, Gothland, the Orkneys, Norway, and Dacia (that is, Denmark); all which his son Careticus should well defend from the Saxon foe; till great Gormond (King of Africa), after having subdued Ireland, "and therein fixed his throne," should come over with a multitude of his Norveyses (or Norwegians) to assist the latter—when their united bands, said Merlin, shall sack and slay, and commit such devastation, that

— "the green grass that groweth they shall bren,^a
That even the wild beast shall die in starved den."

In the rest of his address he continued the history of the wars between the Saxons and Britons to the time of Cadwallader, and his expulsion, towards the close of the seventh century, to Armorica, or the Lesser Britain "Then," he concluded,

— "woe, and woe, and everlasting woe,
Be to the Briton babe that shall be born
To live in tharldom of his father's foe!
Late king, now captive; late lord, now forlorn;

^a Burn.

The world's reproach ; the cruel victor's scorn ;
 Banished from princely bower to wasteful wood !
 O ! who shall help me to lament and mourn
 The royal seed, the antique Trojan blood,
 Whose empire longer here than ever any stood !"

But, he afterwards added, in reply to the further inquiries of Britomart, the thralldom of the Britons was limited to a certain term ; after twice four hundred years they should be restored to their former rule and sovereignty ; and then he sketched the remainder of the English story through the Danish invasions, the Norman Conquest, the Welsh revolts, to the acquisition of the crown by Henry VII. of the Welsh House of Tudor. From that time henceforth should be peace and eternal union between the two nations ;—

" Then shall a royal virgin reign, which shall
 Stretch her white rod over the Belgic shore,
 And the great Castle smite so sore withal,
 That it shall make him shake, and shortly learn to fall :
 But yet the end is not."

The allusions here are explained as being to Queen Elizabeth's protection of the revolted Netherlanders, and her shaking the power of the Castilian (or Spanish) King. At those last words the Magician paused, " as overcome of the spirit's power ;" but he soon recovered, and dismissed the two women with his usual cheerful looks. When they had returned home, it was suggested by the always ready Glauce, that they should disguise themselves in armour, and go and join King Arthur, now making war upon the Saxon brethren, Octa and Oza (or Eosa, as the name is written by Geoffrey of Monmouth) ; and this plan they executed by means of a suit of armour belonging to Angela, Queen of the Angles (a fictitious personage), which had a few days before been taken by the Britons, and suspended by King Ryence in his principal church ; with this, and with a spear which stood beside it, long before made by King Bladud by magic art, and possessed of wondrous virtues, the old woman arrayed Britomart, and then,

Another harness which did hang thereby
 About herself she dight, that the young maid
 She might in equal arms accompany,
 And as her squire attend her carefully :
 Tho to their ready steeds they clomb full light;
 And through back ways, that none might them espy,
 Covered with secret cloud of silent night,
 Themselves they forth conveyed, and passed forward
 right.

Nor did they rest till they came to Fairy Land, as
 Merlin had directed them ; there Britomart and the Red-
 cross Knight having met, as has already been told, for
 some time journeyed and held discourse together ; till at
 length, their ways separating, they bid each other affec-
 tionately adieu—the Redcross Knight turning off in
 another direction, Britomart continuing to ride forward.

Arthegal is supposed to be designed for Spenser's
 patron, Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton.

Canto IV. (61 stanzas).—The glory of all antique
 heroines, the poet assures us, is eclipsed by that of noble
 Britomart ; " well worthy stock," he exclaims,

o

— from which the branches sprong
 That in late years so fair a blossom bare,
 As thee, O Queen, the matter of my song,
 Whose lineage from this lady I derive along.

She and her companion having parted, as has been told,
 after binding themselves to each other in " a friendly
 league of love perpetual,"

— Britomart kept on her former course,
 Ne ever doffed her arms ; but all the way
 Grew pensive through that amorous discourse,
 By which the Redcross Knight did erst display
 Her lover's shape and chivalrous array :
 A thousand thoughts she fashioned in her mind ;
 And in her feigning fancy did pourtray
 Him, such as fittest she for love could find,
 Wise, warlike, personable, courteous, and kind.

At last she and her old squire come to the sea-coast.

Here sitting down, she pours out her lament to the waves
not more restless than the billows of passion that toss her
heart:—

“Love, my lewd pilot, hath a restless mind;
And Fortune, boatswain, no assurance knows;
But sail withouten stars gainst tide and wind:
How can they other do, sith both are bold and blind!

Thou god of winds, that reignest in the seas,
That reignest also in the continent,
At last blow up some gentle gale of ease.”

She is soon roused, however, by the approach of an
armed and mounted knight, who when he comes up in-
stantly and sternly demands that she should fly without
loss of a moment from a way or road which he claims as
his own.

Ythrilled with deep disdain of his proud threat,
She shortly thus; “Fly they, that need to fly;
Words fearen babes: I mean not thee entreat
To pass; but maugre thee will pass or die.”

And with these words, staying for no reply, she dashes
against the stranger knight, who at the same time boldly
advances and strikes her full in the breast, so as to make
her

down
Decline her head, and touch her crupper with her crown

but she, nevertheless, sends her spear through the three-
square scutcheon on his shield into his left side, and,
pitching him the full length of the shaft from his seat,
lays him on the sand tumbled together in a heap and
wallowing in his blood.

Like as the sacred ox, that careless stands
With gilden horns and flowery girlands crowned,
Proud of his dying honour and dear bands,
Whiles the altars fume with frankincense around,
All suddenly with mortal stroke astound
Doth grovelling fall, and with his streaming gore
Distains the pillars and the holy ground,

And the fair flowers that decked him afore :
So fell proud Marinel upon the precious shore.

The meaning of the epithet thus given to the shore appears from the next stanza :—

The martial maid stayed not him to lament,
But forward rode, and kept her ready way
Along the strond ; which, as she over-went,
She saw bestrewed all with rich array
Of pearls and precious stones of great assay,
And all the gravel mixt with golden ore :
Whereat she wondered much, but would not stay
For gold, or pearls, or precious stones, an hour,
But them despised all ; for all was in her power.

Marinel, who has been thus overthrown, is the son of black-browed Cymoent, daughter of great Nereus, by an earthly father, “the famous Dumarin ;” he was brought up by his mother in a rocky cave,

————— till he became
A mighty man at arms, and mickle fame
Did get through great adventures by him done .
For never man he suffered by that same
Rich strond to travel, whereas he did won,
But that he must do battle with the sea-nymph’s son.

At the request of Cymoent, his grandfather had endowed him with such abundance of wealth as never was possessed by offspring of earthly womb :—

———— his heaped waves he did command
Out of their hollow bosom forth to throw
All the huge treasure which the sea below
Had in his greedy gulf devoured deep,
And him enriched through the overthrow
And wrecks of many wretches, which did weep
And often wail their wealth which he from them did
keep.

Shortly upon that shore there heaped was
Exceeding riches and all precious things,
The spoil of all the world ; that it did pass
The wealth of the East, and pomp of Persian kings :
Gold, amber, ivory, pearls, owches, rings,

And all that else was precious and dear,
The sea unto him voluntary brings ;
That shortly he a great lord did appear,
As was in all the land of Fairy, or elsewhere.

Proteus had ere this alarmed Cymoent by foretelling
her, though in the usual deluding language of prophecy,
what would be the fate of her son : he,

—— through foresight of his eternal skill,
Bade her from womankind to keep him well ;
For of a woman he should have much ill ;
A virgin strange and stout him should dismay or kill.

Forthy she gave him warning every day
The love of women not to entertain ;
A lesson too too hard for living clay,
From love in course of nature to refrain !
Yet he his mother's lore did well retain,
And ever from fair ladies' love did fly ;
Yet many ladies fair did oft complain,
That they for love of him would algates die :
Die whoso list for him, he was love's enemy.

Tidings of what has befallen him are now brought to his
mother,

————— whereas she played
Amongst her watery sisters by a pond,
Gathering sweet daffodillies, to have made
Gay girlands from the sun their foreheads fair to shade.

After she recovers from the swoon into which she is
thrown by the news,

—— she bade her chariot to be brought ;
And all her sisters, that with her did sit,
Bade eke at once their chariots to be sought :
Tho, full of bitter grief and pensive thought,
She to her waggon clomb ; clomb all the rest,
And forth together went, with sorrow fraught :
The waves obedient to their behest
Them yielded ready passage, and their rage surceast.

Great Neptune stood amazed at their sight,
Whilst on his broad round back they softly slid,

And eke himself mourned at their mournful plight,
 Yet wist not what their wailing meant, yet did,
 For great compassion of their sorrow, bid
 His mighty waters to them buxom be :
 Eftsoons the roaring billows still abid,^r
 And all the grisly monsters of the sea
 Stood gaping at their gate,* and wondered them to see.

A team of dolphins ranged in array
 Drew the smooth chariot of sad Cymoent ;
 They were all taught by Triton to obey
 To the long reins at her commandement :
 As swift as swallows on the waves they went,
 That their broad flaggy fins no foam did rear,
 Ne bubbling roundel they behind them sent ;
 The rest, of other fishes drawn were,
 Which with their finny oars the swelling sea did shear.

Arrived at the rich strand, they leave their chariots,

And let their timid fishes softly swim
 Along the margent of the foamy shore,
 Lest they their fins should bruise, and surbate^t sore¹
 Their tender feet upon the stony ground.

At sight of Marinel, his mother, we are told, made such
 piteous moan,

That the hard rocks could scarce from tears refrain,
 her sister nymphs accompanying her with their sobs and
 cries. She inveighs against "Fond Proteus, father of
 false prophecies," and those more fond who believe him,
 for here, as she says, is evidently no work of woman's
 hand. Then, softly taking off his armour, and spreading
 on the ground beneath him their "watchet," or blue,
 mantles fringed with silver, they bind up the wound, and
 pour into it

———— sovereign balm and nectar good,
 Good both for earthly medicine and for heavenly food.

"The lily-handed Liagore," who had been taught leech-

^r Abided, remained.

^{*} Going, progress.

^t Weary.

craft by great Apollo, by whom she was the mother of Pæon, now feels his pulse, and revives some hope in the heart of Cymoent by assuring her that some little spark of life still remains. On this they take him up in their tender hands, and bear him softly to his mother's chariot:—

Her team at her commandment quiet stands,
Whilst they the corse into her waggon rear,
And strew with flowers the lamentable bier:
Then all the rest into their coaches climb,
And through the brackish waves their passage shear;
Upon great Neptune's neck they softly swim,
And to her watery chamber swiftly carry him.

Deep in the bottom of the sea her bower
Is built of hollow billows heaped high,
Like to thick clouds that threat a stormy shower,
And vaulted all within like to the sky,
In which the gods do dwell eternally:
There they him laid in easy couch well dight;
And sent in haste for Tryphon, to apply
Salves to his wounds, and medicines of might:
For Tryphon of sea-gods the sovereign leech is hight.

The story now returns to Prince Arthur and Guyon, who, it may be remembered, were left in the First Canto engaged in the pursuit of Florimel, while Timias, the Prince's squire, went after the wicked foster from whom the lady was flying. After chasing "the fearful damsel" together for some time,

Through thick and thin, through mountains and through
plains,

the two knights had at last separated, each taking one of two ways into which the road divided. It was the Prince's fortune to choose that which brought him within view of the lady, whom, however, he cannot prevail upon to stop with all his courteous and re-assuring words; so that, after riding till clouds have covered the nocturnal sky and concealed the long risen stars, he is obliged to give up the hopeless attempt to catch her, and, dismounting, he lays himself down on the grass to sleep.

But no sleep will come ; a thousand fancies beat his idle brain with their light wings ; he wishes and half hopes that the lady fair may be his Fairy Queen herself ; and he pours out his reproaches on the night, which has reft her from him :—

“ Night ! thou foul mother of annoyance sad,
Sister of heavy Death, and nurse of Woe,
Which wast begot in heaven, but for thy bad
And brutish shape thrust down to hell below,
Where, by the grim flood of Cocytus slow,
Thy dwelling is in Erebus’ black house,
(Black Erebus, thy husband, is the foe
Of all the gods), where thou ungracious
Half of thy days dost lead in horror hideous ;

What had the Eternal Maker need of thee
The world in his continual course to keep,
That dost all things deface, ne lettest see
The beauty of his work ? Indeed in sleep
The slothful body that doth love to steep
His lustless limbs, and drown his baser mind,
Doth praise thee oft, and oft from Stygian deep
Calls thee his goddess, in his error blind,
And great dame Nature’s handmaid cheering every kind.

But well I wote that to an heavy heart
Thou art the root and nurse of bitter cares,
Breeder of new, renewer of old smarts :
Instead of rest thou lendest railing ^u tears ;
Instead of sleep thou sendest troublous fears
And dreadful visions, in the which alive
The dreary image of sad Death appears :
So from the weary spirit thou dost drive
Desired rest, and men of happiness deprive.

Under thy mantle black there hidden lie
Light-shunning Theft, and traitorous Intent,
Abhorred Bloodshed, and vile Felony,
Shameful Deceit, and Danger imminent,
Foul Horror, and eke hellish Dreariment :
All these I wote in thy protection be,
And light do shun, for fear of being shent :

^u Trickling.

For light alike is loathed of them and thee;
And all that lewdness love do hate the light to see.

For Day discovers all dishonest ways,
And sheweth each thing as it is in deed:
The praises of High God he fair displays,
And His large bounty rightly doth aread:
Day's dearest children be the blessed seed
Which Darkness shall subdue and heaven win:
Truth is his daughter; he her first did breed
Most sacred virgin without spot of sin:
Our life is day; but death with darkness doth begin.

O, when will Day then turn to me again,
And bring with him his long-expected light!
O Titan! haste to rear thy joyous wain;
Speed thee to spread abroad thy beames bright,
And chase away this too long lingering Night;
Chase her away, from whence she came, to hell:
She, she it is, that hath me done despite:
There let her with the damned spirits dwell,
And yield her room to Day, that can it govern well."

Thus he spends the time "in restless anguish and unquiet pain," till the re-appearance of the light, when, "half in great disdain," he again mounts his steed, and "with heavy look and lumpish pace," the animal accommodating his steps to his master's mood of mind, pursues his way.

Canto V. (55 stanzas).—The Prince rides long without finding a way out of the forest; but at last meets a dwarf, running along in affright, who, in reply to his inquiry what he flies from or after, intimates in a few hasty words, that he is in pursuit of his mistress, "a lady of great sway and high account throughout all Elfin Land," whom he had long served, and who had lately set out from Fairy Court, and taken this road. Further questioned, he describes her as "royally clad in cloth of gold;" adding,

"Her fair locks in rich circlet be enrolled,
A fairer wight did never sun behold;
And on a palfrey rides more white than snow,
Yet she herself is whiter manifold."

The surest sign, whereby ye may her know,
Is, that she is the fairest wight alive, I trow."

It is clear that she is the lady whom the Prince had himself been lately pursuing. The Dwarf informs him that she is a virgin renowned for her chastity and virtue; that she is named Florimel the Fair—

Fair Florimel, beloved of many a knight,
Yet she loves none but one, that Marinel is hight.

Marinel, however, warned by his mother against ladies' love, "sets nought at all by Florimel." But it is now reported that he is slain; five days, they say, it is since this happened, and it is four since Florimel left the court of Fairy, vowing never to return till she should have found him alive or dead. On hearing this relation the Prince comforts the Dwarf by vowing never to forsake him till they should learn tidings of his lady. Meanwhile Timias, his faithful squire, the loss of whom he greatly laments, has fallen into evil plight. The foul foster after whom he went in pursuit had escaped him; and had then gone and got his two brothers—

— for they were three
Ungracious children of one graceless sire—

to undertake to revenge him on his assailant, who they swore should never leave the forest alive. They had all three accordingly attacked him at a ford over which they knew he must pass: while the foster stationed on the bank kept him from landing with his long boar-spear, one of the others lurking in a neighbouring thicket let fly at him a shaft "feathered with an unlucky quill," which struck him in the left thigh, and inflicted exquisite pain; yet he fought his way up the bank, and slew one brother with his spear; another (his first enemy, the foster) by cleaving him in twain from the pannicle, or brain-pan, to the chin; and the third by smiting off his head. He himself, however, came off only with his life; the blood continuing to pour from his wound, he fell from his steed in a swoon, and lay without sense or motion:—

Now God thee keep, thou gentlest squire alive !
Else shall thy loving lord thee see no more.

But he is not in this state forgotten by heaven. Belphœbe, the beautiful huntress, by whose bright apparition Braggadoccio was thrown into such a fright in the third Canto of the preceding Book, chanced at this time to be pursuing in the forest some wild beast which she had wounded, and was thus led to the spot where the squire lay drenched in blood and seemingly dead. At first when she saw him,

All suddenly abashed she changed hue,
And with stern horror backward gan to start :
But, when she better him beheld, she grew
Full of soft passion and unwonted smart :
The point of pity pierced through her tender heart.

Finding that his pulse still beat, she rubbed his temples, undight his habergeon, or cuirass, and relieved his head of his burganet, or helmet ; then, having great skill in herbs, which she had been taught by the nymph who had nursed her in her childhood, she went into the wood to gather such as might prove serviceable in the present case ; and

There, whether it divine tobacco were,
Or panachæa, or polygony,
She found, and brought it to her patient dear,
Who all this while lay bleeding out his heart-blood near.

The sovereign weed betwixt two marbles plain
She pounded small, and did in pieces bruise ;
And then atween her lilly handes twain
Into his wound the juice thereof did scruiſe ;^v
And round about, as she could well it use,
The flesh therewith she suppld and did steep,
To abate all spasm and soak the swelling bruise ;
And, after having searched the intuse^w deep,
She with her scarf did bind the wound, from cold to keep.

He was not long in opening his eyes, when, turning round and seeing “ the goodly maid, full of divinities

^v Squeeze.

^w Contusion.

and gifts of heavenly grace," sitting by him, with her bow and gilded quiver lying on the ground,

"Mercy! dear Lord," said he, "what grace is this
That thou hast shewed to me, sinful wight,
To send thine angel from her bower of bliss
To comfort me in my distressed plight!
Angel, or goddess do I call thee right?
What service may I do unto thee meet,
That hast from darkness me returned to light,
And with thy heavenly salves and medecines sweet
Hast drest my sinful wounds? I kiss thy blessed feet."

She had but time to tell him, blushing, that she was neither goddess nor angel, but a wood-nymph's daughter, when her damsels, who had been hunting along with her, came up; and now, the squire's horse being soon found, they set him upon it, and took him along with them.

Into that forest far they thence him led
Where was their dwelling; in a pleasant glade
With mountains round about environed
And mighty woods, which did the valley shade,
And like a stately theatre it made,
Spreading itself into a spacious plain;
And in the midst a little river played
Amongst the pumy stones, which seemed to plain
With gentle murmur that his course they did restrain.
Beside the same a dainty place there lay,
Planted with myrtle trees and laurels green,
In which the birds sung many a lovely lay
Of God's high praise, and of their loves' sweet teen,*
As it an earthly paradise had been:
In whose enclosed shadow there was pight,[†]
A fair pavilion, scarcely to be seen,
The which was all within most richly dight,
That greatest princes living it mote well delight.

Timias soon recovered of his wound, but lost his heart.

Ah God! what other could he do at least,
But love so fair a lady that his life releast!

* Pleasing pain.

† Pitched.

He struggles long to subdue his passion. "Fool!" he says to himself,

—————"what boots thy service base
To her, to whom the heavens do serve and sue?
Thou, a mean squire, of meek and lowly place;
She, heavenly born and of celestial hue."

But it is all in vain. Yet, while Belphebe sees him pining away, he never allows her to suspect the true cause.

She, gracious lady, yet no pains did spare
To do him ease, or do him remedy:
Many restoratives of virtues rare
And costly cordials she did apply,
To mitigate his stubborn malady:
But that sweet cordial, which can restore
A love-sick heart, she did to him envy;
To him, and all the unworthy world forlore,
She did envy that sovereign salve in secret store.

That dainty rose, the daughter of her morn,
More dear than life she tendered, whose flower
The girland of her honour did adorn:
Ne suffered she the mid-day's scorching power,
Ne the sharp northern wind, thereon to shower;
But lapped up her silken leaves most chair,*
Whenso the froward sky began to lower;
But, soon as calmed was the crystal air,
She did it fair dispread and let to flourish fair.

Eternal God, in his almighty power,
To make ensample of his heavenly grace,
In Paradise whilome did plant this flower;
Whence he it fetcht out of her native place,
And did in stock of earthly flesh enrace,
That mortal men her glory should admire.
In gentle ladies' breast and bounteous race
Of womankind it fairest flower doth spire,^a
And beareth fruit of honour and all chaste desire.

Timias is understood to stand for Sir Walter Raleigh.
Canto VI. (54 stanzas).—In this Canto the poet pro-

* Chary, careful.

^a Shoot forth.

ceeds to satisfy the curiosity which he conceives must be felt by his lady readers, by relating the story of the birth and upbringing of the "noble damosel" with whom poor Timias has been thus smitten. To this fair Belphebe, he tells us, "in her birth, the heavens so favourable were and free,"

That all the gifts of grace and chastity
On her they poured forth of plenteous horn :
Jove laughed on Venus from his sovereign see,^b
And Phœbus with fair beams did her adorn,
And all the Graces rocked her cradle being born.

He goes on to state that

Her birth was of the womb of morning dew,
And her conception of the joyous prime ;

—as it is said in the old translation of the 110th Psalm,
"The dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning ;"
—that her mother was the fair Chrysogone, the daughter
of Amphisa, a lady of high rank and fairy lineage. Besides
Belphebe, Chrysogone bore another daughter,
"fair Amoretta in the second place :"—

These two were twins, and twixt them two did share
The heritage of all celestial grace ;
That all the rest it seemed they robbed bare
Of bounty, and of beauty, and all virtues rare.

They were not "enwombed in the sacred throne of her
chaste body" as "other women's common brood ;"

But wondrously they were begot and bred
Through influence of the heaven's fruitful ray,
As it in antique books is mentioned.
It was upon a summer's shiny day,
When Titan fair his beames did display,
In a fresh fountain, far from all men's view,
She bathed her breast the boiling heat to allay ;
She bathed with roses red and violets blue,
And all the sweetest flowers that in the forest grew.

When faint through weariness, she laid herself down

upon the grassy ground and fell asleep; and her conception was the effect of the sun. Ashamed, though conscious of no guilt, she fled with her burthen, into the wilderness. There, having one day set herself down to rest after long travel, sleep again fell upon her. Now it so chanced that at this time Venus had left her heavenly house—

The house of goodly forms and fair aspects,
Whence all the world derives the glorious
Features of beauty, and all shapes select,
With which high God his workmanship hath deckt,—

to look after “her little son, the winged God of Love,” who had fled from her “for some light displeasance,” as he had often done before, wandering about in the world, and disguising himself in a thousand shapes. She sought him in the court, in cities, and then in the country, where

————— the gentle shepherd swains, which sat
Keeping their fleecy flocks as they were hired
She sweetly heard complain both how and what
Her son had to them done; yet she did smile thereat.

At last she resolved to repair to the woods,

In which full many lovely nymphs abide;
Mongst whom might be that he did closely lie,
Or that the love of some of them him tied.

There she found Diana with her companions seated around a fountain, resting themselves in the cool shade—their mistress herself, with her bow and painted quiver hung on a neighbouring bough, her silver buskins unlaced, all her dress loosened, and her golden locks hanging undight about her shoulders. Ashamed and half angry with her damsels for allowing her to be so surprised, she gathered her garments about her as well as she could, and rising up advanced to meet her sister goddess,

Whiles all her nymphs did like a girland her enclose.

When Venus informed her what had brought her to the

wilderness, she smiled in scorn "of her vain plaint;" but the other replied to her contemptuous words, that it ill became her, with her lofty crest,

To scorn the joy that Jove is glad to seek;

and then proceeded narrowly to inspect each of the nymphs, in the notion that one of them might possibly be her lost boy in disguise.

But Phœbe therewith sore was angered,
And sharply said: "Go, dame; go, seek your boy
Where you him lately left, in Mars his bed:
He comes not here; we scorn his foolish joy,
Ne lend we leisure to his idle toy:
But, if I catch him in this company,
By Stygian lake I vow, whose sad annoy
The gods do dread, he dearly shall aby:^c
I'll clip his wanton wings that he no more shall fly."

Whom whenas Venus saw so sore displeased,
She inly sorry was, and gan relent
What she had said: so her she soon appeased
With sugared words and gentle blandishment,
Which as a fountain from her sweet lips went
And welled goodly forth, that in short space
She was well pleased, and forth her damsels sent
Through all the woods, to search from place to place
If any tract of him or tidings they mote trace.

To search the god of love her nymphs she sent
Throughout the wandering forest every where:
And after them herself eke with her went
To seek the fugitive both far and near.

While thus engaged they came to the place where lay Chrysogone, and, wonderful to tell, by her side two new-born babes "as fair as springing day," which she had brought forth, without pain, and unawares, in her slumbrous trance. The goddesses agreed not to awake the mother, but to take the babes from her loving side, each appropriating one. Diana gave her's one of her own names, Belphebe, and committed her to a nymph "to be upbrought in perfect maidenhead:"

^c Suffer.

But Venus her's thence far away conveyed,
To be upbrought in goodly womanhead;
And, in her little Love's stead which was strayed,
Her Amoretta called, to comfort her dismayed.

She brought her to her joyous paradise
Where most she wons when she on earth does dwell,
So fair a place as nature can devise:
Whether in Paphos, or Cytheron hill,
Or it in Gnidus be, I wote not well;
But well I wote by trial, that this same
All other pleasant places doth excel,
And called is, by her lost lover's name,
The Garden of Adonis, far renowned by fame.

From this garden are brought all the goodly flowers
wherewith Dame Nature beautifies herself; there is the
first seminary of all things born to live and die, according
to their kinds; it were an endless work to enumerate
“all the weeds that bloom and blossom there.” It had
two walls, the one of iron, the other of gold; and two
gates always standing open, “the one fair and fresh, the
other old and dried.” Old Genius was the porter at both
—“old Genius, the which a double nature has.” All
who desire to come into the world he lets both in and
out:

A thousand thousand naked babes attend
About him day and night, which do require
That he with fleshly weeds would them attire:
Such as him list, such as eternal fate
Ordained hath, he clothes with sinful mire,
And sendeth forth to live in mortal state,
Till they again return back by the hinder gate.

After that they again returned been,
They in that garden planted be again,
And grow afresh, as they had never seen
Fleshly corruption nor mortal pain:
Some thousand years so doen they there remain,
And then of him are clad with other hue,
Or sent into the changeful world again,
Till thither they return where first they grew:
So, like a wheel, around they run from old to new.

Ne needs there gardener to set or sow,
To plant or prune; for of their own accord
All things, as they created were, do grow,
And yet remember well the mighty word
Which first was spoken by the Almighty Lord,
That bade them to *increase and multiply*:
Ne do they need, with water of the ford
Or of the clouds, to moisten their roots dry;
For in themselves eternal moisture they imply.

Infinite shapes of creatures are there bred, both human
and bestial; and although some are constantly sent away
to replenish the earth, yet is the stock never diminished,
for "in the wide womb of the world" lies a huge eternal
chaos out of which comes continually a new supply.
Besides, nothing is consumed or annihilated, but only
changed; that is to say, only the form is altered—the
substance remains:

For forms are variable, and decay
By course of kind and by occasion;
And that fair flower of beauty fades away,
As doth the lily fresh before the sunny ray.

Great enemy to it, and to all the rest
That in the Garden of Adonis springs,
Is wicked Time; who with his scythe addrest
Does mow the flowering herbs and goodly things,
And all their glory to the ground down flings,
Where they do wither and are foully marred:
He flies about, and with his flaggy wings
Beats down both leaves and buds without regard.

But, were it not that Time their troubler is,
All that in this delightful garden grows
Should happy be, and have immortal bliss:
For here all plenty and all pleasure flows;
And sweet Love gentle fits amongst them throws,
Without fell rancour or fond jealousy:
Frankly each paramour his leman knows;
Each bird his mate; ne any does envy
Their goodly merriment and gay felicity.

There is continual spring, and harvest there
Continual, both meeting at one time:

For both the boughs do laughing blossoms bear,
And with fresh colours deck the wanton prime,
And eke at once the heavy trees they climb,
Which seem to labour under their fruits' load :
The whiles the joyous birds make their pastime
Amongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,
And their true loves without suspicion tell abroad.

Right in the midst of that paradise
There stood a stately mount, on whose round top
A gloomy grove of myrtle trees did rise;
Whose shady boughs sharp steel did never lop,
Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop,
But like a garland compassed the height,
And from their fruitful sides sweet gum did drop,
That all the ground, with precious dew bedight,
Threw forth most dainty odours and most sweet delight.

And in the thickest covert of that shade
There was a pleasant arbour, not by art
But of the trees' own inclination made,
Which knitting their rank branches part to part,
With wanton ivy-twine entrailed athwart,
And eglantine and caprifole among,
Fashioned above within their inmost part,
That neither Phœbus' beams could through them throng
Nor Æolus' sharp blast could work them any wrong.

And all about grew every sort of flower,
To which sad lovers were transformed of yore ;
Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus' paramour
And dearest love ;
Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watery shore ;
Sad Amaranthus, made a flower but late,
Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore
Me seems I see Aminta's wretched fate,
To whom sweet poets' verse hath given endless date.

There Venus was often wont to enjoy the company of
her dear Adonis ; and

There yet, some say, in secret he does lie,
Lapped in flowers and precious spicery,
By her hid from the world, and from the skill
Of Stygian gods, which do her love envy :

but she herself, whenever she wills, still has him all her own. "And sooth it seems they say;" for he, although he be subject to mortality, may not

For ever die, and ever buried be
In baleful night, where all things are forgot;

he is eternal in mutability; often transformed, but never destroyed;

For him the father of all forms they call;
Therefore needs mote he live, that living gives to all.

This is the doctrine of the ancient philosophical mythology, according to which Venus is ever-fluctuating *form*, Adonis everlasting *matter*. There he lives in eternal bliss and never-ending joy, the boar that wounded him imprisoned by Venus for aye in a strong rocky cave hewn underneath that mount:—

There now he lives in everlasting joy,
With many of the gods in company
Which thither haunt, and with the winged boy,
Sporting himself in safe felicity:
Who when he hath with spoils and cruelty
Ransacked the world, and in the woeful hearts
Of many wretches set his triumphs high,
Thither resorts, and, laying his sad darts
Aside, with fair Adonis plays his wanton parts.

And his true love fair Psyche with him plays,
Fair Psyche to him lately reconciled,
After long troubles and unmeet upbrays,^d
With which his mother Venus her reviled,
And eke himself her cruelly exiled:
But now in stedfast love and happy state
She with him lives, and hath him born a child,
Pleasure, that doth both gods and men aggrate,^e
Pleasure, the daughter of Cupid and Psyche late.

Hither, then, Venus brought Amoretta, and gave her in charge to Psyche to be by her "trained up in true femi-

^d Upbraidings

^e Gratify, please.

nity;" and Psyche "tendered" her no less carefully than her own daughter Pleasure, to whom she

Made her companion, and her lessoned
In all the lore of love and goodly womanhead;

in which when she had grown to perfect ripeness, she brought her forth into the world's view to be the example of true love,

And loadstar of all chaste affection
To all fair ladies that do live on ground.

Coming to Fairy Court, she there wounded many hearts;

But she to none of them her love did cast,
Save to the noble knight Sir Scudamore;

the story of her faithful enduring attachment to whom, however, is deferred for the present, till we have heard what happened to Florimel in her further search for "her lover dear, her dearest Marinel."

We have Spenser's own testimony, in his letter to Raleigh, that by Belphebe he, partly or occasionally at least, designs to picture Elizabeth; and it is a notion of some of the commentators that Amoretta in this Canto may be intended to shadow forth Mary Stuart. But scarcely any one of these interpretations will be found to hold good throughout.

✓ Canto VII. (61 stanzas).—Florimel, continuing to fly even when no one pursued, rode hard all the night, and then, when her white palfrey could carry her no longer, proceeded on foot till she found herself on the declivity of a hill overlooking a little woody valley, where a thin smoke rising among the trees directed her wearied steps to a little cottage built of sods and thatched with reeds. This proves to be the miserable abode of a malignant witch, who is, however, moved to compassion by the maid's tears and desolate condition; and the latter, invited to enter, seats herself beside the hag on the dusty ground, "as glad of that small rest as bird of tempest gone." When she has put in such order as she can her

torn garments and dishevelled hair, she so astonishes her rude hostess by her magnificent beauty, that, doubting whether she were not a goddess, or, at the least, one of Diana's nymphs, she is almost ready to fall down and adore her; and, in truth, enthusiastically exclaims the poet,

To adore thing so divine as beauty were but right.

She awakens the same wonder and awe in the witch's son, a lazy good-for-nothing fellow, who lives with his mother, when she first flashes upon his sight on his return home at undertime (or the decline of the day); and, even for a considerable while that she remains with them, although he soon begins to look upon her with other thoughts, and she on her part by her meek and mild demeanour and her gentle speech encourages their familiarity, yet something divine about her still restrains him from uttering his feelings and wishes. "His caitiff thought durst not so high aspire." At length, however, finding both herself and her palfrey completely restored, she quietly withdraws herself from the "desert mansion" one morning before the dawn of day. The hag and her son, on awaking and finding their guest gone, both fall to moaning as if they had been undone; the son in particular is frantic with grief and rage. The witch now sets to work to endeavour either to bring her back again, or to work her destruction, by her devilish arts and incantations.

Eftsoons out of her hidden cave she called
An hideous beast of horrible aspect,
That could the stoutest courage have appalled;
Monstrous, mishaped, and all his back was spect
With thousand spots of colours quaint elect;¹
Thereto so swift that it all beasts did pass:
Like never yet did living eye detect;
But likest it to an hyena was
That feeds on women's flesh, as others feed on grass.

This beast she charges to pursue Florimel, and either

¹ Quaintly chosen.

capture or devour her. "The monster, swift as word that from her went," soon comes within sight of the flying damsel; and, spite first of the efforts of her nimble steed and then of her own fleet limbs, she would have become his prey, had she not, as she reached the sea-shore, leapt into a little boat that chanced to lie floating close to the spot, with the old fisherman asleep in it while his nets are drying on the sand, and instantly pushed it off with the oar. The monster is obliged to satisfy himself with wreaking his spite on the palfrey; but, while he is tearing the poor milk-white beast to pieces, suddenly there comes riding up to the place the good knight Sir Satyrane, whom the reader will remember as Una's protector in the Sixth Canto of the First Book, and who, we may here notice, is supposed to be intended to represent Sir John Perrot, generally believed to be a natural son of Henry VIII., who had been Lord Deputy of Ireland from 1583 to 1588; but, in 1590, when these first three Books of the *Fairy Queen* were published, was lying a prisoner in the Tower, where, after having been brought to trial and by an iniquitous verdict found guilty of high treason, he died in September, 1592. Satyrane, it seems, is a lover of Florimel, and, knowing her palfrey, he greatly fears that some evil has happened "to that fair maid, the flower of woman's pride." He finds, too, her golden girdle, which she had dropt in her flight, and that confirms his apprehensions. But this riband, "which that virgin wore about her slender waist," proves immediately of great service in binding the monster, whom Satyrane only subdues by the most Herculean exertions, and neither with strength nor sword can destroy—"his maker with her charms had framed him so well:" as soon as he felt the touch of the girdle, he roared aloud, we are told,

For great despite of that unwonted band,
Yet dared not his victor to withstand,
But trembled like a lamb fled from the prey;
And all the way him followed on the strand
As he had long been learned to obey;
Yet never learned he such service till that day.

But a new adventure is at hand for the stout Sir Satyrane. As he is thus leading the beast along he perceives at a distance a giantess flying on a dapple grey courser from a knight who pursues her with all his might, while before her, lying athwart her horse, she bears a doleful squire bound hand and foot. Satyrane lets go his captive beast, and, when he couches his spear and runs at the giantess, she also instantly addresses herself to fight and throws aside her load :

Like as a goshawk, that in foot doth bear
A trembling culver,^s having spied on height
An eagle that with plummy wings doth shear
The subtile air, stooping with all his might,
The quarry throws to ground with fell despite,
And to the battle doth herself prepare :
So ran the giantess unto the fight ;
Her fiery eyes with furious sparks did stare,
And with blasphemous banns High God in pieces tear.

She proves more than a match for Satyrane, whom, after having stunned him with a blow of her huge iron mace, she plucks out of his saddle, and is carrying off with her, laid athwart her horse, much as she had had the squire, when the other knight comes up and attacks her, and she is again compelled to drop her prey. With this new assailant, however, she has no inclination to fight, but tries to escape from him by flight as before. Meanwhile Satyrane comes up to the squire, whom he finds to be a singularly handsome youth, and who, as soon as he has been set at liberty from his fetters, proceeds to explain what they have seen. The giantess, he tells Satyrane, is the terrible Argante, of the race of the Titans ; she and her twin brother, the mighty Oliphant, were the children of Earth, by her own son Typhœus. She is a very monster and miracle of licentiousness ; he himself, the squire states, is only one of innumerable youths whom she had carried off. " As for my name," says he, " it mistreth not (it signifies not) to tell :

" Call me the Squire of Dames ; that me beseemeth well."

The knight, he goes on to relate, whom Sir Satyrane had seen pursuing the giantess, is no knight, but a "fair virgin," called Palladine, famous for deeds of arms, above all dames and even many knights: "Ne any," says he,

———"may that monster match in fight,
But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a wight."

The Squire of Dames then relates his own story, which is imitated from the Host's Tale in the Twenty-eighth Canto of the Orlando Furioso. Fair Columbel, the gentle lady whom he loves and serves, having charged him to go forth and try how many other ladies he could win, he had found such favour with the sex, that ere the end of the year he had returned to her, bringing with him the pledges of no fewer than three hundred conquests. His reward was that he should forthwith resume his travels, and not again present himself before her till he should have found as many other dames who should "abide for ever chaste and sound," for all the suit he could make to them. "Ah gentle squire," quoth Satyrane,

———"tell at one word,
How many foundst thou such to put in thy record?"
"Indeed, Sir Knight," said he, "one word may tell
All that I ever found so wisely stayed,
For only three they were disposed so well;
And yet three years I now abroad have strayed
To find them out."

And of the three the only one who refused the love of the comely squire on principle was a damsel of low degree, the inmate of a country cottage; yet he admits that this one was as fair as she was good.

"Perdy," said Satyrane, "thou Squire of Dames,
Great labour fondly hast thou hent^h in hand,
To get small thanks, and therewith many blames;
That may amongst Alcides' labours stand."
Thence back returning to the former land,

^h Taken.

Where late he left the beast he overcame,
He found him not; for he had broke his band,
And was returned again unto his dame,
To tell what tidings of fair Florimel became.

Canto VIII. (52 stanzas).—The sight of Florimel's girdle, which he takes as evidence of her death, drives the witch's son to distraction; upon which his mother boldly sets to work to fabricate by her art a lady of snow so like that it will be next to impossible to find out that she is not the one that has been lost. The snow, gathered by herself in a shady glade of the Riphæan hills, she tempers "with fine mercury, and virgin wax that never yet was sealed," and with the whole mingles an infusion of vermilion so as to produce a lively sanguine. Then,

Instead of eyes two burning lamps she set
In silver sockets, shining like the skies,
And a quick moving spirit did arret¹
To stir and roll them like to women's eyes:
Instead of yellow locks she did devise
With golden wire to weave her curled head:
Yet golden wire was not so yellow thrice
As Florimel's fair hair: and, in the stead
Of life, she put a sprite to rule the carcass dead.

The spirit is one that long ago had fallen from heaven with the Prince of Darkness, one that was fraught above all others with fawning guile,

And all the wiles of women's wit knew passing well.

The witch's son has no doubt that it is Florimel, and makes himself very happy, though the spirit continues to maintain a coy demeanour. At length one day, while they are walking in the woods together, they are seen by the vaunting Braggadoccio, who boldly seizing the lady sets her on Trompart's steed, and rides off with her. But he is soon forced to resign her to "an armed knight upon a courser strong," whom they meet, and out of whose hands Braggadoccio is glad to escape by a cha-

¹ Appoint.

racteristic stratagem with his person safe, though with the loss of his love. The knight supposes that it is Florimel he has found; but that lady is far away, undergoing great distresses and fortunes strange. Her first danger has been from the passion kindled in the old fisherman, when, on awakening from his sleep, he beheld that marvellous beauty of hers,

Which with rare light his boat did beautify.

“O!” exclaims the poet,

O! ye brave knights, that boast this lady’s love,
Where be ye now!

— If that thou, Sir Satyrane, didst weet,
Or thou, Sir Peridure, her sorry state,
How soon would ye assemble many a fleet,
To fetch from sea that ye at land lost late!
Towers, cities, kingdoms, ye would ruinate
In your avengement and despiteous rage,
Ne ought your burning fury mote abate
But, if Sir Calidore could it presage,
No living creature could his cruelty assuage.

But, in the absence of all these her old adorers, heaven does not leave her without succour. It chances in her extremity that Proteus, shepherd of the seas, passes near,

Along the foamy waves driving his finny drove;
and he, at her cries, steering to the place his swift chariot,—

Which, with a team of scaly phocas bound,
Was drawn upon the waves that foamed him around—
soon rescues her from the brutal fisherman. When she first looked up and beheld her deliverer,

For shame, but more for fear of his grim sight,
Down in her lap she hid her face, and loudly shrift:
but Proteus did his best to recomfort her:

j Shrieked.

Her up betwixt his rugged hands he reared,
 And with his frory ^k lips full softly kist,
 Whiles the cold icicles from his rough beard
 Dropped adown upon her ivory breast:
 Yet he himself so busily addrest,
 That her out of astonishment he wrought;
 And, out of that same fisher's filthy nest
 Removing her, into his chariot brought,
 And there with many gentle terms her fair besought.

The fisherman, after dragging him for some time behind his chariot through the waves, he at last casts ashore; but Florimel he takes with him to his bower, a cave hollowed out under a mighty rock at the bottom of the sea:

There was his won;^l ne living wight was seen,
 Save one old nymph, hight Panope, to keep it clean.

Florimel steadily resists all the sea-god's allurements, and is proof against all the various disguises he assumes to win her love:

Sometimes he boasted that a god he hight;
 But she a mortal creature loved best:
 Then he would make himself a mortal wight;
 But then she said she loved none but a Fairy knight.

Then like a Fairy knight himself he drest;
 For every shape on him he could endue:
 Then like a king he was to her exprest,
 And offered kingdoms unto her in view
 To be his leman and his lady true:
 But, when all this he nothing saw prevail,
 With harder means he cast her to subdue,
 And with sharp threats he often did assail;
 So thinking for to make her stubborn courage quail.

To dreadful shapes he did himself transform:
 Now like a giant; now like to a fiend;
 Then like a centaur; then like to a storm
 Raging within the waves: thereby he weened
 Her will to win unto his wished end:^m
 But when with fear, nor favour, nor with all
 He else could do, he saw himself esteemed,

^k Frozen.^l Dwelling.^m End.

Down in a dungeon deep he let her fall,
And threatened there to make her his eternal thrall.

And here for the present the poet leaves her, with this
laudatory tribute :—

Most virtuous virgin ! glory be thy meed,
And crown of heavenly praise with saints above,
Where most sweet hymns of this thy famous deed
Are still amongst them sung, that far my rhymes exceed.

Meanwhile Satyrane,—

—— having ended with that Squire of Dames
A long discourse of his adventures vain,
The which himself than ladies more defames,—

has returned with his new companion to the road in
which he was proceeding when he encountered the
giantess. They have not gone far when they perceive

———— a knight fair pricking on the plain,
As if he were on some adventure bent,

whom,

Both by the burning heart which on his breast
He bare, and by the colours in his crest,

Satyrane soon discovers to be his friend Sir Paridel.
When they have saluted, Paridel tells him that mirth
has been turned to mourning at Fairy Court by the news
of the destruction of Marinel and the departure of Flori-
mel to find him ; “ and after her,” he adds,

————— “ are gone
All the brave knights, that doen in arms excel,
To saveguard her ywandered all alone :
Amongst the rest my lot (unworthy) is to be one.”

“ Ah ! gentle knight,” said then Sir Satyrane,
“ Thy labour all is lost ; I greatly dread,
That hast a thankless service on thee ta'en,
And offerest sacrifice unto the dead :
For dead, I surely doubt, thou mayest aread
Henceforth for ever Florimel to be :
That all the noble Knights of Maidenhead,

Which her adored, may sore repent with me,
And all fair ladies may for ever sorry be."

He then relates what he had seen, the monster devouring her palfrey, adding that he had besides found her golden girdle cast away. Paridel, however, though he admits, with deepest sorrow, that "the lady's safety is sore to be drad," like a true-hearted knight, will not give up his quest; and Satyrane then also declares that he will not be long behind him. For the present they both agree, on the proposal of the Squire of Dames, to seek shelter for the night in a castle which they see a little way off. But when they come up to the gate, very much to their surprise, and contrary to all the usages of chivalry, they are refused admission:

Wondrous sore
Thereat displeased they were, till that young squire
Gan them inform the cause why that same door
Was shut to all which lodging did desire:
The which to let you weet will further time require.

Canto IX. (53 stanzas).—In this castle, it seems, there dwells "a cankered crabbed carle," or sour ill-conditioned old man, Malbecco, very wealthy, and with his whole heart set upon gathering and keeping, but who is nevertheless sorely put to it by his wife, a beautiful lady much younger than himself, named Helenore, of whom he both is and has good reason to be exceedingly jealous, and whom accordingly he does his best to seclude in close bower, or chamber, from all men's sight. Our two knights, however, are quite agreed that an attempt must be made to get, some way or other, into the churl's stronghold. But, although they get speech of Malbecco, they can make no impression upon him either by soft words or threats; and after a while, a storm having come on, they have nothing for it but to take refuge in a little shed beside the gate, which has been erected for the accommodation of swine. Soon after the tempest drives to the same shelter another knight, who at first demands admittance in so lordly a strain that Paridel, whose hot spirit cannot bear

To hear him threaten so spitefully,
 As if he did a dog in kennel rate
 That durst not bark ;—and rather had he die
 Than, when he was defied, in coward corner lie,—

reluctant as he is to fight in the dark, betakes him to his steed, and they have a tilt at one another ; the result, however, of which is that both he and his horse are thrown to the ground at the first shock, nor can the Knight get upon his legs again till the Squire of Dames has helped him up. He is, notwithstanding, eager to renew the fight with his sword, but Satyrane now steps forth, and by his persuasion they are induced to make peace. The three now agree to join in an attack upon the castle, which they begin by taking measures to set fire to the inhospitable gates. On this Malbecco consents to admit them, and they are brought into a comely bower, or room, where they throw off their armour and dry their wet clothes at the fire.

And eke that stranger knight amongst the rest
 Was for like need enforced to disarray ;
 Though, whenas veiled was her lofty crest,
 Her golden locks, that were in trammels gay
 Upbouden, did themselves adown display
 And raught ⁿ unto her heels ; like sunny beams,
 That in a cloud their light did long time stay,
 Their vapour vaded,^o show their golden gleams,
 And through the persant air shoot forth their azure
 streams.

Having also doffed her habergeon, and let fall “ her well-plight frock,” which she was wont “ to tuck about her short when she did ride,” she stands before them a woman at all points—

‘The fairest woman-wight that ever eye did see.

It is no other, in fact, than Britomart herself, as the effect of the touch of her spear, sure and instantaneous as the lightning, may have prepared the reader to expect.

ⁿ Reached.

^o Being dispersed.

"Every one," we are told, "her liked, and every one her loved;"—

And Paridel, though partly discontent
With his late fall and foul indignity,
Yet was soon won his malice to relent,
Through gracious regard of her fair eye,
And knightly worth which he too late did try,
Yet tried did adore.

Paridel, we may now mention, is understood to be the brave but unfortunate Charles Nevil, sixth and last of the Nevils, Earls of Westmoreland, who, having joined what is called the Earl of Northumberland's rebellion in 1569, for the restoration of popery and the liberation of Mary Stuart, had on the failure of that attempt escaped to the Continent, where he was still living in obscurity and poverty when this first portion of the *Fairy Queen* was published. He was notorious for his devotion to the sex and his innumerable amours.

When they are about to sit down to supper, Malbecco, on their request to have a sight of his lady, tries to put them off with all sorts of excuses—

Her crazed health, her late recourse to rest,
And humid evening, ill for sick folk's case ;

but they compel him to produce her :—

She came in presence with right comely grace,
And fairly them saluted, as became,
And showed herself in all a gentle courteous dame.

At table Satyrane is seated over against her, and Paridel by her side ; and the latter and she soon come to a good understanding, the luckless husband having his suspicious eye (he seems to have had but one) all the while chiefly directed upon the other much less dangerous knight. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the stratagems by which they are stated to have communicated their secret thoughts. After supper Helenore proposes that each knight should tell his kindred and his name.

Then Paridel, in whom a kindly pride
Of gracious speech, and skill his words to frame,
Abounded, being glad of so fit tide,
Him to commend to her, thus spake, of all well eyed :

“ Troy, that art now nought but an idle name,
And in thine ashes buried low dost lie,
Though whilome far much greater than thy fame,
Before that angry gods and cruel sky
Upon thee heaped a direful destiny ;
What boots it boast thy glorious descent,
And fetch from heaven thy great genealogy,
Sith all thy worthy praises being blent
Their offspring hath embased, and later glory shent ! ”

After this exordium he proceeds to deduce his own descent from Paris, whose son Parius, by CEnone, carried with him the remnant of the Trojans to the Isle of Paros, previously called Nausa, and there reigned many years, and left his kingdom to his son Paridas ; “ from whom,” he concludes,—

—————“ I Paridel by kin descend :
But, for fair lady’s love and glorious gain,
My native soil have left, my days to spend
In sueing^p deeds of arms, my live’s^q and labour’s end.”

This rueful story, “ of Trojan wars and Priam’s city sacked,” strongly excites the feelings of Britomart, herself of Trojan extraction ;

For noble Britons sprung from Trojans bold,
And Troynovant was built of old Troy’s ashes cold.

“ O lamentable fall of famous town ! ” she sighing exclaims ; and then she describes it as only an illustration of the general fate of all things human—an ensample of man’s wretched state,

That flowers so fresh at morn, and fades at evening late.

At her request Paridel relates the fortunes of Æneas and of the other remnant of the Trojans who followed that chief to Latium, and there founded Alba Longa and

^p Pursuing. ^q Life’s.

Rome. But a third kingdom, says Britomart when he has finished, is yet to arise out of the scattered offspring of the Trojans, and a third town that in its glory shall far surpass both the first and second Troy :

“ It Troynovant is hight, that with the waves
Of wealthy Thames washed is along,
Upon whose stubborn neck (whereat he raves
With roaring rage, and sore himself does throng,
That all men fear to tempt his billows strong)
She fastened hath her foot ; which stands so high,
That it a wonder of the world is song
In foreign lands ; and all which passen by,
Beholding it from far, do think it threatens the sky.”

That city, she adds, was founded by the Trojan Brute, who “ Highgate made the mean (or boundary) thereof by west, and Overt-gate by north.” Paridel prays the lady to pardon his heedlessness in forgetting the story which he had heard from aged Mnemon, who said,

“ That of the antique Trojan stock there grew
Another plant, that raught to wondrous height,
And far abroad his mighty branches threw
Into the utmost angle of the world he knew.”

The Brute, or Brutus, of whom Britomart had spoken, he proceeds to say, was the son of Sylvius, son of Ascanius (or Iulus), and, having by mischance killed his father, left his native Italy with a band of youthful followers, who after long wandering came at last to the island of Britain, then inhabited by

— an huge nation of the giants’ brood,
That fed on living flesh, and drunk men’s vital blood.

These Brutus subdued “ through weary wars and labours long ”—

A famous history to be enrolled
In everlasting monuments of brass,
That all the antique worthies’ merits far did pass ;—
and founded both great Troynovant (or London) and fair Lincoln—than which no cities are to be found fairer, except only Cleopolis. “ So ended Paridel :

But all the while, that he these speeches spent,
 Upon his lips hung fair Dame Helenore
 With vigilant regard and due attent,
 Fashioning worlds of fancies evermore
 In her frail wit, that now her quite forlore :^r
 The whiles, unwares, away her wondering eye
 And greedy ears her weak heart from her bore
 Which he perceiving, ever privily,
 In speaking, many false belgardes^s at her let fly.

Much to Malbecco's relief, however, it is now time to retire to rest. "So all unto their bowers were brought."

Canto X. (60 stanzas).—The next morning Britomart and Satyrane proceed on their journey ; but Paridel complains that the hurts he had received in his last encounter with Britomart will not yet let him ride, and remains in his quarters, in spite of his sore grudging host. Malbecco thinks to prevent all mischief by carefully watching his slippery concern of a wife ;

Ne doth he suffer her, nor night nor day,
 Out of his sight herself once to absent.

But Paridel kept better watch than he,
 A fit occasion for his turn to find.
 False Love ! why do men say thou canst not see,
 And in their foolish fancy feign thee blind,
 That with thy charms the sharpest sight dost bind,
 And to thy will abuse ? Thou walkest free,
 And seest every secret of the mind ;
 Thou seest all, yet none at all sees thee :
 All that is by the working of thy deity.

So perfect in that art was Paridel,
 That he Malbecco's halfen eye did wile ;
 His halfen eye he wiled wondrous well,
 And Helenore's both eyes did eke beguile,
 Both eyes and heart at once, during the while
 That he there sojourned his wounds to heal ;
 That Cupid self, it seeing, close did smile

^r Forsook.

^s Kind glances.

To weet how he her love away did steal,
And bade that none their joyous treason should reveal.

“The learned lover,” omits no opportunity, nor the least advantage, in his double task of both deceiving the husband and completing his conquest of the lady ;—

Now singing sweetly to surprise her sprites,
Now making lays of love and lover's pain,
Bransles,^t ballads, virelays, and verses vain ;
Oft purposes, oft riddles, he devised,
And thousands like which flowed in his brain,
With which he fed her fancy, and enticed
To take to his new love, and leave her old despised.

And every where he might and every while
He did her service dutiful, and sued
At hand with humble pride and pleasing guile ;
So closely yet, that none but she it viewed,
Who well perceived all, and all indued.^u
Thus finely did he his false nets dispread,
With which he many weak hearts had subdued
Of yore, and many had alike misled :
What wonder then if she were likewise carried ?

The end is, that “fair Dame Helenore,” according to a device proposed by herself, is openly carried off one night by Paridel, after she has set fire to the closet in which her husband keeps his treasure, in the confusion and distraction into which the old miser is thrown between his desire to rescue his wife and his counter-desire to save his money.

The wretched man hearing her call for aid,
And ready seeing him with her to fly,
In his disquiet mind was much dismayed :
But when again he backward cast his eye,
And saw the wicked fire so furiously
Consume his heart, and seorch his idol's face,
He was therewith distressed diversely,
Ne wist he how to turn, nor to what place :
Was never wretched man in such a woeful case.

^t Brawls, the dance so called, or the tune, as here.

^u Digested, a term of falconry.

Aye, when to him she cried, to her he turned
 And left the fire ; love money overcame :
 But, when he marked how his money burned,
 He left his wife ; money did love disclaim :
 Both was he loth to lose his loved dame,
 And loth to leave his liefest^v pelf behind ;
 Yet, sith he no'te^w save both, he saved that same
 Which was the dearest to his dunghill mind,
 The god of his desire, the joy of misers blind.

He is frantic with rage, however, when, after the fire has been extinguished, he finds the lady to be fairly gone and out of his reach ; and, when he somewhat regains self-command, all his thoughts are set to work to contrive how he may recover possession of her. At last, taking part of his treasure with him (his wife had helped herself with a liberal hand before she went off), and burying the rest in the ground, he sets out dressed like a poor pilgrim, and seeks her everywhere by sea and land ; but all in vain. In course of time, however, he falls in with Braggadoccio, attended, as usual, by Trompart ; and, after some parley, that mock knight agrees to accompany him in his search, and the three travel together for a long time "through many a wood, and many an uncouth way." Meanwhile, Paridel and Helenore have parted company after a very brief association ; he has turned her off, and let her fly alone ;

He n'ould be clogged ; so had he served many one.
 The gentle lady, loose at random left,
 The green-wood long did walk, and wander wide
 At wild adventure, like a forlorn weft ;
 Till on a day the satyrs her espied
 Straying alone withouten groom or guide :
 Her up they took, and with them home her led,
 With them as housewife ever to abide,
 To milk their goats, and make them cheese and bread.

Among her new friends she soon forgets both Malbecco,
 "and eke Sir Paridel, all were he dear."

Now it so chances that, as Paridel is riding about the

^v Dearest, most loved.

^w May not.

world in search of another adventure, he suddenly comes upon his old acquaintance Malbecco, journeying, as has just been told, with Braggadoccio and Trompart. As soon as the old man sees who it is he almost drops down dead with fear ; but, recovering his senses though not his courage, he ventures with a lowly greeting to ask in a whisper after Helenore.

“ I take no keep of her,” said Paridel,
“ She wonneth in the forest there before.”

And so he rides off. The three now agree to proceed to the forest ; Malbecco, before they enter it, retiring by himself and hiding his treasure for fear of being fallen upon by some of the many “ wild woodmen ” who, Trompart tells them, haunt the place, and are wont to rob and rend travellers.

Now when amid the thickest woods they were,
They heard a noise of many bagpipes shrill,
And shrieking hubbubs them approaching near,
Which all the forest did with horror fill :
That dreadful sound the boaster's heart did thrill
With such amazement, that in haste he fled,
Ne ever looked back for good or ill ;
And after him eke fearful Trompart sped :
The old man could not fly, but fell to ground half dead ;

Yet afterwards, close creeping as he might,
He in a bush did hide his fearful head.
The jolly satyrs full of fresh delight
Came dancing forth, and with them nimbly led
Fair Helenore with girlands all bespread,
Whom their May-lady they had newly made :
She, proud of that new honour which they read,
And of their lovely fellowship full glade,
Danced lively, and her face did with a laurel shade.

The silly man that in the thicket lay
Saw all this goodly sport, and grieved sore ;
Yet durst he not against it do or say,
But did his heart with bitter thoughts engore,
To see the unkindness of his Helenore.
All day they danced with great lustihead,
And with their horned feet the green grass wore ;

The whiles their goats upon the browses fed,
Till drooping Phœbus gan to hide his golden head.

Tho up they gan their merry pipes to truss,
And all their goodly herds did gather round ;
But every satyr first did give a buss
To Helenore ; so busses did abound.

Poor Malbecco's power of endurance is after this still more intolerably tormented ; nor, although he obtains an opportunity of speaking to his wife, can he persuade her to return with him : she

— by no means would to his will be won,
But chose amongst the jolly satyrs still to won.

He has found it necessary, in order to conceal himself, to assume the appearance of a goat—which, we are told, he managed to do

— through the help of his fair horns on height,
And misty damp of misconceiving night,
And eke through likeness of his goatish beard ;

but now when it is morning, and he has rejoined the rest of the herd, they all fall upon him, butting him on every side, and treading him down in the dirt. As soon as he can make his escape he runs off as fast as his feet will carry him ; and first he makes for the place where he had buried his treasure ; but the crafty Trompart has been there before him, and all is gone. On this,

With extreme fury he became quite mad,
And ran away ; ran with himself away :
That who so strangely had him seen bestad,^x
With upstart hair and staring eyes' dismay,
From Limbo lake him late escaped sure would say.

High over hills and over dales he fled,
As if the wind him on his wings had borne ;
Ne bank nor bush could stay him, when he sped
His nimble feet, as treading still on thorn :
Grief, and Despite, and Jealousy, and Scorn,
Did all the way him follow hard behind ;
And he himself himself loathed so forlorn,^y

^x Bested, distressed.

^y Forsaken.

So shamefully forlorn of womankind :
That, as a snake, still lurked in his wounded mind.

He never stops till he comes to a rocky hill overhanging
the sea, over which he throws himself in desperation :

But, through long anguish and self murdering thought,
He was so wasted and forpined ² quite,
That all his substance was consumed to nought,
And nothing left but like an airy sprite ;
That on the rocks he fell so flit and light
That he thereby received no hurt at all,
But chanced on a craggy cliff to light ;
Whence he with crooked claws so long did crawl,
That at the last he found a cave with entrance small.

Into the same he creeps, and thenceforth there
Resolved to build his baleful mansion
In dreary darkness and continual fear
Of that rock's fall, which ever and anon
Threats with huge ruin him to fall upon,
That he dare never sleep, but that one eye
Still ope he keeps for that occasion ;
Ne ever rests he in tranquillity,
The roaring billows beat his bower so boisterously.

Ne ever is he wont on aught to feed
But toads and frogs, his pasture poisonous,
Which in his cold complexion do breed
A filthy blood, or humour rancorous,
Matter of doubt and dread suspicious,
That doth with cureless care consume the heart,
Corrupts the stomach with gall vicious,
Cross-cuts the liver with internal smart,
And doth transfix the soul with death's eternal dart.

Yet can he never die, but dying lives,
And doth himself with sorrow new sustain,
That death and life at once unto him gives,
And painful pleasure turns to pleasing pain.
There dwells he ever, miserable swain,
Hateful both to himself and every wight ;
Where he, through privy grief and horror vain,

² Pined away.

Is woxen so deformed, that he has quite
Forgot he was a man, and Jealousy is hight.

Canto XI. (55 stanzas).—The poet now winds his way back to Sir Satyrane and Britomart, who, as will be remembered, had left the castle of Malbecco together, through a brief but passionate anathema of Jealousy, concluding—

And ye, fair ladies, that your kingdoms make
In the hearts of men, them govern wisely well,
And of fair Britomart ensample take,
That was as true in love as turtle to her make.

As the two ride along they see at a distance a young man flying from a huge giant, who proves to be Oliphant, the brother of the vile Argante, and as great a monster of the one sex as she is of the other. Britomart immediately dashes forward to attack him, and is quickly followed by Satyrane, on which, abandoning the chase of the youth, he takes to flight, and, being “long and swift as any roe,” outruns them both.

It was not Satyrane, whom he did fear,
But Britomart, the flower of chastity;
For he the power of chaste hands might not bear,
But always did their dread encounter fly.

At last he takes refuge in a forest where the Knight and the lady part company in seeking for him. Proceeding along by herself, Britomart after some time comes to a fountain, beside which lies on the grass a knight,

————— and by him near
His habergeon, his helmet, and his spear:
A little off, his shield was rudely thrown,
On which the winged boy in colours clear
Depainted was, full easy to be known,
And he thereby, wherever it in field was shown.

He lies with his face grovelling upon the ground, and, after many sobs and groans, is heard to break forth into a torrent of fervid words, in which he calls impatiently upon the justice of heaven, exclaiming,

" If good find grace, and righteousness reward,
Why then is Amoret in caitiff band,
Sith that more bounteous creature never fared
On foot upon the face of living land !
Or, if that heavenly justice may withstand
The wrongful outrage of unrighteous men,
Why then is Busirane with wicked hand
Suffered, these seven months' day, in secret den
My lady and my love so cruelly to pen !"

This, in fact, is Sir Scudamore, of whom we have heard as the lover and the beloved of Amoret at the close of the Sixth Canto. She is kept, it appears, in durance and torment by Busirane, "all for she Scudamore will not deny." Britomart accosts him, and, after his grief has been somewhat composed by her words of sympathy, he explains further that the tyrant in whose hands Amoret is is a great enchanter, and that he keeps her guarded in her dungeon by many dreadful fiends. Desperate as the case looks, Britomart does not hesitate to devote herself to the enterprise of the lady's rescue :—

" I will, with proof of last extremity,
Deliver her fro thence, or with her for you die."

" Ah ! gentlest knight alive," said Scudamore,
" What huge heroic magnanimity
Dwells in thy bounteous breast ? what couldst thou more,
If she were thine, and thou as now am I ?
O spare thy happy days, and them apply
To better boot ; but let me die that ought :
More is more loss ; one is enough to die !"
" Life is not lost," said she, " for which is bought
Endless renown ; that, more than death, is to be sought."

The castle of Busirane is within a bow-shot of where they are. Riding up to it they dismount from their horses, when they find neither a warder nor even a gate to bar their entry, but within the porch a blazing fire mixed with smoke and sulphur, which so overpowers their senses with horror that they are forced instantly to retire. Even Britomart is dismayed by this reception, and, turning back to Scudamore, exclaims,

“What monstrous enmity provoke we here?
 Foolhardy as the earth’s children, the which made
 Battle against the gods, so we a god invade.”

In reply to her, Scudamore can only repeat his old cry of despair; the fire, he assures her, can neither be removed nor extinguished; wherefore, says he,

“What is there else but cease these fruitless pains,
 And leave me to my former languishing!
 Fair Amoret must dwell in wicked chains,
 And Scudamore here die with sorrowing!”

Britomart, however, will not so abandon the heroic adventure; throwing her shield before her face, and pointing her sword forward, she boldly marches up to and assails the flame,

————— the which eftsoons gave place,
 And did itself divide with equal space,
 That through she passed; as a thunder-bolt
 Pierceth the yielding air, and doth displace
 The soaring clouds into sad showers ymolt.^a

When Scudamore, however, attempts to follow her, he finds that he cannot pass, and is driven back all scorched and miserably burnt; so that the brave championess remains within the castle alone. She has now entered

The utmost room, and passed the foremost door;
 The utmost room abounding with all precious store:
 For, round about the walls yclothed were
 With goodly arras of great majesty,
 Woven with gold and silk so close and near
 That the rich metal lurked privily,
 As feigning to be hid from envious eye;
 Yet here, and there, and every where, unwares,
 It showed itself and shone unwillingly;
 Like to a discoloured snake, whose hidden snares
 Through the green grass his long bright burnished back
 declares.

Great numbers of fair pictures still further adorn the tapestry, “all of love and all of lustihead;”

^a Molten, melted.

And eke all Cupid's wars they did repeat,
And cruel battles, which he whilome fought
Gainst all the gods to make his empire great;
Besides the huge massacres, which he wrought
On mighty kings and kesars into thraldom brought.

There are all the love adventures of thundering Jove,
with Helle, with Europa, with Danae :

Then was he turned into a snowy swan,
To win fair Leda to his lovely trade :
O wondrous skill, and sweet wit of the man,
That her in daffodillies sleeping made
From scorching heat her dainty limbs to shade !
Whiles the proud bird, ruffling his feathers wide
And brushing his fair breast, did her invade,
She slept ; yet twixt her eyelids closely spied
How towards her he rushed, and smiled at his pride.

Then he was shown with Semele and with Alcmena.
And after that

Twice was he seen in soaring eagle's shape,
And with wide wings to beat the buxom air :
Once, when he with Asterie did scape
Again, whenas the Trojan boy so fair
He snatched from Ida hill, and with him bare :
Wondrous delight it was there to behold
How the rude shepherds after him did stare,
Trembling through fear lest down he fallen should
And often to him calling to take surer hold.

In satyr's shape Antiopa he snatched ;
And like a fire, when he Ægin' assayed :
A shepherd, when Mnemosyne he caught ;
And like a serpent to the Thracian maid.
Whiles thus on earth great Jove these pageants played,
The winged boy did thrust into his throne,
And, scoffing, thus unto his mother said ;
" Lo ! now the heavens obey to me alone,
And take me for their Jove, whiles Jove to earth is
gone."

Nor were the loves of the other gods forgotten :

And thou, fair Phœbus, in thy colours bright
Wast there enwoven,

with the stories of Daphne, of Hyacinthus, of Coronis, of Clymene, and her son Phaethon—

Who, bold to guide the chariot of the sun,
Himself in thousand pieces fondly rent,
And all the world with flashing fier brent;
So like, that all the walls did seem to flame—

of Isse, the daughter of Admetus, and many more.

Next unto him was Neptune pictured,
In his divine resemblance wondrous like:
His face was rugged, and his hoary head
Dropped with brackish dew: his three-forked pike
He sternly shook, and therewith fierce did strike
The raging billows, that on every side
They trembling stood, and made a long broad dyke,
That his swift chariot might have passage wide,
Which four great hippodames did draw in team-wise tied.

His sea-horses did seem to snort amain,
And from their nostrils blow the briny stream,
That made the sparkling waves to smoke again
And flame with gold; but the white foamy cream
Did shine with silver, and shoot forth his beam:
The god himself did pensive seem and sad,
And hung adown his head as he did dream;
For privy love his breast impierced had,
Ne ought but dear Bisaltis aye could make him glad.

He loved eke Iphimedia dear,
And Æolus' fair daughter, Arne hight,
For whom he turned himself into a steer,
And fed on fodder to beguile her sight.
Also, to win Deucalion's daughter bright,
He turned himself into a dolphin fair;
And, like a winged horse, he took his flight
To snaky-lock Medusa to repair,
On whom he got fair Pegasus that flitteth in the air.

Who would ween that sullen Saturn ever thought of love? Yet love is sometimes sullen and Saturnlike, as this God himself proved when he transformed himself into a centaur for Erigone:

So proved it ~~eke~~ that gracious god of wine,
 When, for to compass Philyra's hard love,
 He turned himself into a fruitful vine,
 And into her fair bosom made his grapes decline.

[The fact, however, is that it was Bacchus who loved Erigone, and Saturn Philyra; nor did the latter turn himself into a centaur, but into a horse.] It were long to tell the amours of Mars with Venus, and with many other nymphs; or how the little God of Love did not spare his own dear mother, nor sometimes even himself,

That he might taste the sweet consuming woe,
 Which he had wrought to many others moe.

Kings, queens, lords, ladies, knights, and damsels gent,
 Were heaped together with the vulgar sort,
 And mingled with the rascal rabblement,
 Without respect of person or of port,
 To show Dan Cupid's power and great effort:
 And round about a border was entrailed
 Of broken bows and arrows shivered short;
 And a long bloody river through them railed,
 So lively, and so like, that living sense it failed.^b

So much for the paintings on the tapestry. Then,

—— at the upper end of that fair room
 There was an altar built of precious stone
 Of passing value and of great renown,
 On which there stood an image all alone
 Of massy gold, which with his own light shone;
 And wings it had with sundry colours dight,
 More sundry colours than the proud pavone^c
 Bears in his boasted fan, or Iris bright
 When her discoloured bow she spreads through heaven
 bright.*

Blindfold he was; and in his cruel fist
 A mortal bow and arrows keen did hold,
 With which he shot at random when him list,
 Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold;

^b Deceived.

^c Peacock.

* It probably should be "heaven's height."

(Ah! man, beware how thou those darts behold!)
A wounded dragon under him did lie,
Whose hideous tail his left foot did enfold,
And with a shaft was shot through either eye,
That no man forth might draw, ne no man remedy.

And underneath his feet was written thus,
"Unto the Victor of the gods this be:"
And all the people in that ample house
Did to that image bow their humble knee.

Transfixed with astonishment, Britomart gazes long upon the splendid scene around her; then, looking back, she perceives written over the door the words *Be Bold*; she cannot make out what the inscription may mean; but, "no whit thereby discouraged," she advances boldly into the next room.

Much fairer than the former was that room,
And richlier, by many parts, arrayed;
For not with arras made in painful loom,
But with pure gold it all was overlaid,
Wrought with wild anticks^d which their follies played
In the rich metal, as they living were:
A thousand monstrous forms therein were made,
Such as false Love doth oft upon him wear;
For love in thousand monstrous forms doth oft appear.

And, all about, the glistening walls were hong
With warlike spoils and with victorious preys
Of mighty conquerors and captains strong,
Which were whilome captived in their days
To cruel love, and wrought their own decays:
Their swords and spears were broke, and hauberques rent,
And their proud girlands of triumphant bays
Trodden in dust with fury insolent,
To show the victor's might and merciless intent.

✓ Britomart marvels greatly that all this while no living thing has appeared—that there should be nothing but emptiness and solemn silence over all the place. Then,
✓ as she looks around, she sees again the words *Be bold*,
Be bold, written over every door; till at last, at the

^d Images.

upper end of the room in which she is, she discovers one iron door on which is written *Be not too bold*. This perplexes her still more ; but chance of penetrating the mystery for the present there seems none ; night, too, now begins to wrap everything in darkness ; so all she can do is to remain where she is, without either laying aside her armour or resigning herself to sleep.

Canto XII. (45 stanzas).—At last, when it is quite dark, a trumpet sounds, and then, after a storm of thunder and lightning and earthquake, and a stench of smoke and sulphur, lasting “from the fourth hour of the night until the sixth,”—

All suddenly a stormy whirlwind blew
Throughout the house, that clapped every door,
With which that iron wicket open flew,
As it with mighty levers had been tore ;
And forth issued, as on the ready floor
Of some theatre, a grave personage
That in his hand a branch of laurel bore,
With comely haviour and countenance sage,
Yelad in costly garments fit for tragic stage.

Proceeding to the midst he still did stand,
As if in mind he somewhat had to say ;
And to the vulgar beckoning with his hand,
In sign of silence, as to hear a play,
By lively actions he gan bewray
Some argument of matter passioned ;
Which done, he back retired soft away,
And passing by, his name discovered,
Ease, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

The noble maid still standing all this viewed,
And marvelled at his strange intendment :
With that a joyous fellowship issued
Of minstrels making goodly merriment,
With wanton bards, and rhymers impudent ;
All which together sung most cheerfully
A lay of love's delight with sweet concert :^e
After whom marched a jolly company.
In manner of a mask, enranked orderly.

^e Harmony.

The whiles a most delicious harmony
 In full strange notes was sweetly heard to sound,
 That the rare sweetness of the melody
 The feeble senses wholly did confound,
 And the frail soul in deep delight nigh drowned :
 And, when it ceased, shrill trumpets loud did bray,
 That their report did far away rebound ;
 And, when they ceased, it gan again to play,
 The whiles the maskers marched forth in trim array.

✓ The first was Fancy, like a lovely boy
 Of rare aspect and beauty without peer,
 Matchable either to that imp of Troy,
 Whom Jove did love and chose his cup to bear ;
 Or that same dainty lad, which was so dear
 To great Alcides, that, whenas he died,
 He wailed womanlike with many a tear,
 And every wood and every valley wide
 He filled with Hylas' name ; the nymphs eke Hylas cried.

His garment neither was of silk nor say
 But painted plumes in goodly order dight,
 Like as the sunburnt Indians do array
 Their tawny bodies in their proudest plight :
 As those same plumes, so seemed he vain and light,
 That by his gait might easily appear ;
 For still he fared as dancing in delight,
 And in his hand a windy fan did bear,
 That in the idle air he moved still here and there.

And him beside marched amorous Desire,
 Who seemed of riper years than the other swain,
 Yet was that other swain this elder's sire,
 And gave him being, common to them twain :
 His garment was disguised very vain,
 And his embroidered bonnet sat awry :
 Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did strain,
 Which still he blew and kindled busily,
 That soon they life conceived, and forth in flames did fly.

✓ Next after him went Doubt, who was yclad
 In a discoloured coat of strange disguise,
 That at his back a broad capuccio¹ had,
 And sleeves dependent Albanese-wise ;

He looked askew with his mistrustful eyes ;
And nicely trod, as thorns lay in his way,
Or that the floor to shrink he did avise ;
And on a broken reed he still did stay
His feeble steps, which shrunk when hard thereon he
lay.

With him went Danger, clothed in ragged weed
Made of bear's skin, that him more dreadful made ;
Yet his own face was dreadful, ne did need
Strange horror to deform his grisly shade :
A net in the one had, and a rusty blade
In the other was ; this Mischief, that Mishap ;
With the one his foes he threatened to invade,
With the other he his friends meant to enwrap :
For whom he could not kill he practised to entrap.

Next him was Fear, all armed from top to toe,
Yet thought himself not safe enough thereby,
But feared each shadow moving to or fro ;
And, his own arms when glittering he did spy
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
As ashes pale of hue, and winged heeled ;
And evermore on Danger fixed his eye,
Gainst whom he always bent a brazen shield,
Which his right hand unarmed fearfully did wield.

With him went Hope in rank, a handsome maid,
Of cheerful look and lovely to behold ;
In silken samite [§] she was light arrayed,
And her fair locks were woven up in gold :
She always smiled, and in her hand did hold
An holy-water-sprinkle, dipped in dew,
With which she sprinkled favours manifold
On whom she list, and did great liking shew,
Great liking unto many, but true love to few.

And after them Dissemblance and Suspect
Marched in one rank, yet an unequal pair ;
For she was gentle and of mild aspect,
Courteous to all and seeming debonaire,
Goodly adorned and exceeding fair ;
Yet was that all but painted and purloined,
And her bright brows were decked with borrowed hair ;

[§] A stuff partly of silk.

Her deeds were forged, and her words false coined,
 And always in her hand two clues of silk she twined :
 But he was foul, ill-favoured, and grim,
 Under his eyebrows looking still askance ;
 And ever, as Dissemblance laughed on him,
 He lowered on her with dangerous eye-glance,
 Shewing his nature in his countenance ;
 His rolling eyes did never rest in place,
 But walked each where for fear of hid mischance,
 Holding a lattice still before his face,
 Through which he still did peep as forward he did pace.

Next him went Grief and Fury matched yfere ;^h
 Grief all in sable sorrowfully clad,
 Down hanging his dull head with heavy cheer,
 Yet inly being more than seeming sad :
 A pair of pincers in his hand he had,
 With which he pinched people to the heart,
 That from thenceforth a wretched life they lad,
 In wilful languor and consuming smart,
 Dying each day with inward wounds of dolour's dart.
 But Fury was full ill apparelled
 In rags, that naked nigh she did appear,
 With ghastly looks and dreadful drearihead ;
 And from her back her garments she did tear,
 And from her head oft rent her snarledⁱ hair :
 In her right hand a firebrand she did toss
 About her head, still roaming here and there ;
 As a dismayed deer in chase embost,^j
 Forgetful of his safety, hath his right way lost.

After them went Displeasure and Pleasance,
 He looking lumpish and full sullen sad,
 And hanging down his heavy countenance ;
 She cheerful, fresh, and full of joyance glad,
 As if no sorrow she ne felt ne drad ;^k
 That evil matched pair they seemed to be :
 An angry wasp the one in a vial had,
 The other in her's an honey lady-bee.
 Thus marched these six couples forth in fair degree.
 After all these there marched a most fair dame,
 Led of two grisly villains, the one Despite,

^h Together. ⁱ Entangled. ^j Wearied out. ^k Dreaded.

The other cleped¹ Cruelty by name :
She doleful lady, like a dreary sprite
Called by strong charms out of eternal night,
Had Death's own image figured in her face,
Full of sad signs, fearful to living sight ;
Yet in that horror showed a seemly grace,
And with her feeble feet did move a comely pace.

Her breast all naked, as net^m ivory,
Without adorn of gold or silver bright,
Wherewith the craftsman wents it beautify,
Of her due honour was dispoiled quite ;
And a wide wound therein (O rueful sight !)
Entrenched deep with knife accursed keen,
Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting sprite,
(The work of cruel hand) was to be seen,
That dyed in sanguine red her skin all snowy clean :

At that wide orifice her trembling heart
Was drawn forth, and in silver basin laid,
Quite through transfix'd with a deadly dart,
And in her blood yet steaming fresh embayed.ⁿ
And those two villains (which her steps upstayed,
When her weak feet could scarcely her sustain,
And fading vital powers gan to fade),
Her forward still with torture did constrain,
And evermore increased her consuming pain.

Next after her, the Winged God himself
Came riding on a lion ravenous,
Taught to obey the menage of that elf
That man and beast with power imperious
Subdueth to his kingdom tyrannous :
His blindfold eyes he bade awhile unbind,
That his proud spoil of that same dolorous
Fair dame he might behold in perfect kind ;
Which seen, he much rejoiced in his cruel mind.

Of which full proud, himself uprearing high,
He looked round about with stern disdain,
And did survey his goodly company ;
And, marshalling the evil-ordered train,
With that the darts which his right hand did strain

¹ Called.^m Pure.ⁿ Bathed.

Full dreadfully he shook, that all did quake,
And clapped on high his coloured winges twain,
That all his many^o it afraid did make:
Tho, blinding him again, his way he forth did take.

✓ Behind him was Reproach, Repentance, Shame:
Reproach the first, Shame next, Repent behind:
Repentance feeble, sorrowful, and lame;
Reproach spiteful, careless, and unkind;
Shame most ill-favoured, bestial, and blind:
Shame lowered, Repentance sighed, Reproach did scold;
Reproach sharp stings, Repentance whips entwined,
Shame burning brand-irons in her hand did hold:
All three to each unlike, yet all made in one mould.

And after them a rude confused rout
Of persons flocked, whose names is hard to read:
Amongst them was stern Strife; and Anger stout;
Unquiet Care; and fond Unthrifthead;
Lewd Loss of Time; and Sorrow seeming dead;
Inconstand Change; and False Disloyalty;
Consuming Riotise; and guilty Dread
Of heavenly vengeance; faint Infirmitie;
Vile Poverty: and, lastly, Death with infamy.

There were full many moe like maladies,
Whose names and natures I note readen well;
So many moe, as there be phantasies
✓ In wavering women's wit, that none can tell,
Or pains in love, or punishments in hell:
All which disguised marched in masking-wise ✓
About the chamber by the damosel:
And then returned, having marched thrice,
Into the inner room from whence they first did rise.

In the argument at the head of the Canto this splendid show, so wonderful for the profusion of allegoric invention displayed in it, is called the Masque of Cupid; and, as already noticed, it has been supposed to be perhaps an adaptation of the author's early composition, *The Court of Cupid*, mentioned by E. K. in his Epistle to Harvey prefixed to the Shepherd's Calendar.*

As soon as they have retired, the door is again fast

^o Meiny, or retinue.

* See Vol. I., p. 27.

locked, driven to by a blast of wind even as it had been driven open. Britomart courageously advances to it, but tries in vain to open it, first by force then by art. She resolves to remain in the room where she is till the following morning, when she concludes the mask will probably again come forth. Accordingly, after another night, towards the close of the second watch, open flies the brazen door as before, and in walks bold Britomart:—

So soon as she was entered, round about
She cast her eyes to see what was become
Of all those persons which she saw without.
But lo! they straight were vanished all and some;
Ne living wight she saw in all that room,
Save that same woeful lady; both whose hands
Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
And her small waist girt round with iron bands
Unto a brazen pillar, by the which she stands.

The lady is Amoret; and before her sits the vile enchanter Busirane himself, writing strange magic characters with the living blood dropping from her dying breast, in which the dart still seems planted—"and all perforce to make her him to love." As soon as he sees Britomart, starting up, and overthrowing in his haste his wicked books, he draws a knife from his pocket, and runs fiercely up to Amoret to plunge it into her; but Britomart, "to him leaping light," prevents the blow and overpowers him. Turning, however, upon her, he wounds her slightly in the breast; on which, "exceeding wroth," the virgin draws her sword "to give him the reward for such vile outrage due,"

So mightily she smote him, that to ground
He fell half dead; next stroke him should have slain,
Had not the lady, which by him stood bound,
Dernly^p unto her called to abstain
From doing him to die; for else her pain
Should be remediless; sith none but he
Which wrought it could the same recure again.

Therewith she stayed her hand, loth stayed to be ;
For life she him envied, and longed revenge to see :

And to him said, "Thou wicked man, whose meed
For so huge mischief and vile villainy
Is death, or if that ought do death exceed ;
Be sure that nought may save thee from to die
But if that thou this dame do presently
Restore unto her health and former state :
This do, and live ; else die undoubtedly."
He, glad of life, that looked for death but late,
Did yield himself right willing to prolong his date :

And rising up gan straight to overlook
Those cursed leaves, his charms back to reverse :
Full dreadful things out of that baleful book
He read, and measured many a sad verse,
That horror gan the virgin's heart to pierce,
And her fair locks up stared stiff on end,
Hearing him those same bloody lines rehearse ;
And, all the while he read, she did extend
Her sword high over him, if ought he did offend.

Anon she gan perceive the house to quake,
And all the doors to rattle round about ;
Yet all that did not her dismayed make,
Nor slack her threatful hand for dangers' doubt,
But still with steadfast eye and courage stout
Abode, to weet what end would come of all :
At last that mighty chain, which round about
Her tender waist was wound, adown gan fall,
And that great brazen pillar bröke in pieces small.

The cruel steel, which thrilled her dying heart,
Fell softly forth, as of his own accord ;
And the wide wound, which lately did dispart
Her bleeding breast and riven bowels gored,
Was closed up as it had not been sored ;
And every part to safety full sound,
As she were never hurt, was soon restored :
Tho' when she felt herself to be unbound
And perfect whole, prostrate she fell unto the ground ;
Before fair Britomart she fell prostrate,
Saying, "Ah ! noble knight, what worthy meed

Can wretched lady, quit from woeful state,
Yield you in lieu of this your gracious deed?
Your virtue self her own reward shall breed,
Even immortal praise and glory wide,
Which I your vassal, by your prowess freed,
Shall through the world make to be notified,
And goodly well advance that goodly well was tried."

Britomart, raising her from the ground, tells her to put away all sorrow—all "remembrance of late teen,"—adding,

"Instead thereof, know that your loving make
Hath no less grief endured for your gentle sake."

The championess then, laying her strong hand upon the enchanter, binds him with the same chain with which Amoret had been lately bound, and leads him away captive. Returning now by the way she had come, she finds all those goodly rooms, "which erst she saw so rich and royally arrayed," utterly vanished; and, when she descends to "that perilous porch" the dreadful fire likewise quenched and gone. But when she comes to where she had left Scudamore and her old squire, neither of them is to be seen. After having waited long for Britomart's re-appearance, they had concluded that she must have perished, and had set out to seek for further aid—"where," says the poet, bringing to a close the Canto and the Book—

— let them wend at will, whilst here I do respire.

As the poem, however, was originally written and published, in the place of the three last stanzas, which relate the coming forth of Britomart and Amoret, and state what had induced Scudamore and Glauce to take their departure, were other seven stanzas giving a different turn to the story. Scudamore was found where he had been left; the delighted lovers threw themselves into one another's arms—

No word they spake, nor earthly thing they felt,
But like two senseless stocks in long embracements
dwelt;—

and this first portion of the work, all probably that was then composed, was finished off in the following lines:—

Thus do those lovers with sweet countervail,^q
Each other of love's bitter fruit despoil.
But now my team begins to faint and fail,
All woxen weary of their journal^r toil;
Therefore I will their sweaty yokes assoil
At this same furrow's end till a new day:
And ye, fair swains, after your long turmoil,
Now cease your work, and at your pleasure play;
Now cease your work; to-morrow is an holiday.

In the alteration which he made when he reprinted the poem with its continuation, Spenser judiciously availed himself of the opportunity of keeping up the excitement of suspense with regard to Scudamore and Amoret, as well as with regard to Britomart and Arthegal, Florimel, and other personages that figure in this third Book. The second portion of the *Fairy Queen*, consisting of Books Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth, was published (along with a reprint of the three former Books) in 1596.

^q Mutual requital.

^r Diurnal.

BOOK FOURTH.

The Fourth Book of the Fairy Queen is entitled *The Legend of Cambel and Triamond* (misprinted in the old editions *Telamond*), or of Friendship. It is preceded by five introductory stanzas, setting out, as follows, with what is no doubt an allusion to Burleigh, and the little favour, or rather avowed contempt, with which the former portion of the work had been regarded, both for its form and its subject, by the wise but not poetical Lord Treasurer :—

The rugged forehead, that with grave foresight
Welds ^a kingdoms' causes, and affairs of state,
My looser rhymes, I wote, doth sharply wite,^t
For praising love as I have done of late,
And magnifying lovers' dear debate,
By which frail youth is oft to folly led
Through false allurement of that pleasing bait,
That better were in virtues discipl'd,^u
Than with vain poems' weeds to have their fancies fed.

Such ones ill judge of love that cannot love,
Ne in their frozen hearts feel kindly flame;
Forthy * they ought not thing unknown reprove,
Ne natural affection faultless blame
For faults of few that have abused the same;
For it of honour and all virtue is
The root, and brings forth glorious flowers of fame,
That crown true lovers with immortal bliss,
The meed of them that love, and do not live amiss.

All great works, he proceeds to affirm, of former

• Wiends. () t Blame.

^u Disciplined.

Therefore, on that account.

ages will be found to have either begun or ended in love; and even the father of philosophy, Socrates, was wont often to make this passion the subject of discourse with "his Critias" (that name being apparently used by mistake for Crito, from a forgetfulness similar to what we had occasion to notice in regard to the same name in the seventh Canto of the second Book). To such therefore as so wrongfully deem of love he does not sing at all, but "to that sacred saint" his sovereign queen, in whose chaste breast all treasures of true love are unlocked,

Bove all her sex that ever yet was seen.

"To her," he exclaims,

————— I sing of love, that loveth best,
And best is loved of all alive, I ween;
To her this song most fitly is addressed,
The Queen of Love and Prince of Peace from heaven
blest.

Canto I. (54 stanzas). — This Canto carries on the adventures of Amoret, the story of whose previous sufferings, and of the trials she has still to encounter, is declared to be so sad a one, "that I," says Spenser,

————— with tears full oft do pity it,
And oftentimes do wish it never had been writ.

For never had she any enjoyment of life since the time when Scudamore won her from twenty knights, all of whom he had to fight and conquer before she became his; the vile enchanter Busirane having contrived on her wedding-day, in the midst of the bridal feast, to carry her off, as if in sport, by means of that Masque of Love of his, and having since detained her for seven long months in durance and torment, till she was delivered by Britomart, as related in the last Canto of the preceding Book. But her misfortunes are not yet at an end. Scudamore, as we have seen, is still lost to her and she is left alone with the Briton maid, whose sex of course she does not suspect. It would be a pleasant tale, says the poet, to tell "the diverse usage and demeanour daint" of the one to the other, as they rode along:

For Amoret right fearful was and faint
Lest she with blame her honour should attain,
That every word did tremble as she spake,
And every look was coy and wondrous quaint,
And every limb that touched her did quake;
Yet could she not but courteous countenance to her
make.

At last one evening they come to a castle, where many knights and ladies are assembled to witness and take part in deeds of arms:—

Amongst all which was none more fair than she,
That many of them moved to eye her sore.
The custom of that place was such, that he
Which had no love nor leman there in store
Should either win him one, or lie without the door.

A jolly knight, who lays claim to Amoret, is easily and speedily disposed of by “the warlike virgin;” yet, although he had been overthrown by her in fight, as he seems to be a youth of valour, she, who is as courteous as stout, is loth that he should be either forced to pass the night in the open air, or that the custom of the place should be broken. Having first, therefore, obtained an assurance that in any circumstances Amoret should remain under her protection, she then surprises them all by claiming the admission of the knight into the castle as due to her, his conqueror, in her quality of a lady:

With that, her glistering helmet she unlaced;
Which doft, her golden locks, that were upbound
Still in a knot, unto her heels down traced,*
And like a silken veil in compass round
About her back and all her body wound:
Like as the shining sky in summer’s night,
What time the days with scorching heat abound,
Is crested all with lines of fiery light,
That it prodigious seems in common people’s sight.

Some think that the transformation is the work of enchantment; some that she is Bellona, the Goddess of War, visibly revealed to them “with shield and armour fit.” But to Amoret especially the discovery is a great

* Passed.

relief. The two spend the night in conversing of their loves, and then on the morrow at sunrise resume their journey. At length they spy two armed knights pacing towards them, each with a lady, as seems, riding by his side ; but ladies they are none, although fair enough in face and outward show : the one is the false Duessa, in yet another of her endless disguises—

For she could don so many shapes in sight
As ever could chamelion colours new ;
So could she forge all colours, save the true :

the other was no whit better than she, but rather, if possible, much worse : “ her name was Ate, mother of debate and all dissension,” raised by Duessa

————— from below
Out of the dwellings of the damned sprites,
Where she in darkness wastes her cursed days and nights.

Her dwelling is “ in a darksome delve, far under ground,” “ hard by the gates of hell ;” environed with thorns and brakes, yet with many ways to enter, although with none whereby to issue forth :—

And all within the riven walls were hung
With ragged monuments of times forepast,
All which the sad effects of discord sung :
There were rent robes and broken sceptres placed ;
Altars defiled, and holy things defaced ;
Disshivered spears, and shields yntorn in twain ;
Great cities ransacked, and strong castles rased :
Nations captived, and huge armies slain :
Of all which ruins there some relics did remain.

There was the sign of antique Babylon ;
Of fatal Thebes ; of Rome that reigned long ;
Of sacred Salem ; and sad Ilion,
For memory of which on high there hong
The golden apple, cause of all their wrong,
For which the three fair goddesses did strive :
There also was the name of Nimrod strong .
Of Alexander, and his princes five ;
Which shared to them the spoils that he had got alive :

And there the relics of the drunken fray
The which amongst the Lapithees befell :
And of the bloody feast, which sent away
So many centaurs' drunken souls to hell,
That under great Alcides' fury fell :
And of the dreadful discord, which did drive
The noble Argonauts to outrage fell,
That each of life sought others to deprive,
All mindless of the golden fleece, which made them
 .strive.

And eke of private persons many moe,
That were too long a work to count them all :
Some, of sworn friends that did their faith forego :
Some, of born brethren proved unnatural :
Some, of dear lovers foes perpetual :
Witness their broken bands there to be seen,
Their girlands rent, their bowers despoiled all ;
The monuments whereof there biding been,
As plain as at the first when they were fresh and green.

Such was her house within : but all without,
The barren ground was full of wicked weeds,
Which she herself had sowed all about,
Now grown great, at first of little seeds,
The seeds of evil words and factious deeds ;
Which, when to ripeness due they grown are,
Bring forth an infinite increase, that breeds
Tumultuous trouble, and contentious jar,
The which most often end in bloodshed and in war.

And those same cursed seeds do also serve
To her for bread, and yield her living food :
For life it is to her, when others sterve
Through mischievous debate and deadly feud,
That she may suck their life and drink their blood,
With which she from her childhood had been fed :
For she at first was born of hellish brood,
And by infernal furies nourished ;
That by her monstrous shape might easily be read.

Her face most foul and filthy was to see,
With squinted eyes contrary ways intended,
And loathly mouth, unmeet a mouth to be,
That nought but gall and venom comprehended,

And wicked words that God and man offended :
 Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
 And both the parts did speak, and both contended ;
 And as her tongue so was her heart discided,^x
 That never thought one thing, but doubly still was
 guided.

Als, as she double spake, so heard she double,
 With matchless ears deformed and distort,
 Filled with false rumours and seditious trouble,
 Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
 That still are led with every light report :
 And, as her ears, so eke her feet were odd,
 And much unlike ; the one long, the other short,
 And both misplaced ; that, when the one forward yode,^y
 The other back retired and contrary trode.

Likewise unequal were her handes twain ;
 That one did reach, the other pushed away ;
 That one did make, the other marred again,
 And sought to bring all things unto decay ;
 Whereby great riches, gathered many a day,
 She in short space did often bring to nought,
 And their possessors often did dismay :
 For all her study was and all her thought
 How she might overthrow the things that Concord
 wrought.

So much her malice did her might surpass,
 That even the Almighty self she did malign,
 Because to man so merciful he was,
 And unto all his creatures so benign,
 Sith she herself was of his grace indign :^z
 For all this world's fair workmanship she tried
 Unto his last confusion to bring,
 And that great golden chain quite to divide,
 With which it blessed Concord hath together tied.

The two knights are our former acquaintance, Paridel,
 who accompanies Ate, and a new personage, Sir Bland-
 amour, " a man of mickle might," and " that bore great
 sway in arms and chivalry," who has attached himself to
 Duessa ;

^x Cut in two.

^y Went.

^z Unworthy.

For, though, like withered tree that wanteth juice,
 She old and crooked were, yet now of late
 As fresh and fragrant as the flower-de-luce
 She was become, by change of her estate,
 And made full goodly joyance to her new-found mate.

When they perceive Britomart and Amoret, Blandamour proposes to Paridel that he should attack the former, who must be supposed to have resumed her knightly attire; but Paridel remembers his late mischance, as related in the Ninth Canto of the last Book, and willingly leaves the enterprize to his friend, who thereupon makes his onset gallantly enough, but meets with the same sudden discomfiture as all those who encounter the warlike Britoness and her enchanted spear. However, when Britomart and Amoret have passed on, he is again set on his horse by his companions, and the four proceed on their way as before, till they meet two other knights, one of whom Blandamour immediately perceives to be Sir Scudamore,

————— by that he bore
 The God of Love with wings displayed wide;
 Whom mortally he hated evermore,
 Both for his worth, that all men did adore,
 And eke because his love he won by right.

Unable, from his bruised condition, to “wreak his old despite,” he applies to Paridel to do as he had just been done by :—

“Ah! Sir,” said Paridel, “do not dismay
 Yourself for this; myself will for you fight,
 As ye have done for me : The left hand rubs the right.”

Paridel and Scudamore meet like too opposing “billows in the Irish Sounds;” but the former is soon overthrown. Blandamour upon this, though he can do no more, attacks the victor with words of reproach and insult. Duessa sarcastically beseeches him not to distress himself or be wroth that his love “list love another knight;”—

“For love is free, and led with self-delight,
 Ne will enforced be with maisterdom or might :”—

but Ate, striking in, exclaims that she can but laugh both at Scudamore and Blandamour for striving and storming about one who cares for neither, but loves another, with whom she both lovingly journeys and sleeps. When Scudamore interrupts her with a passionate asseveration that she lies, she repeats her statement with a more precise detail of circumstances :—

Which whenas Scudamore did hear, his heart
Was thrilled with inward grief: as, when in chase
The Parthian strikes a stag with shivering dart,
The beast astonished stands in midst of his smart ;

So stood Sir Scudamore when this he heard ;
Ne word he had to speak for great dismay,
But looked on Glauce grim.

Glauce, it may be recollected, had accompanied Scudamore when he set out from the house of Busirane, as related in the concluding stanza of the preceding Book. Blandamour and Duessa now taunt and triumph over the unhappy knight; he on the other hand is too much distressed to answer, and after they have left him and Glauce by themselves he is hardly prevented by the sober and soothing words with which the old woman endeavours to assuage his fury from sacrificing her to his rage and thirst of revenge as an abettor of the disloyalty which he imputes to Britomart. Glauce of course knows that there is and can be no ground for what he believes; but we are to suppose that the fear and perturbation in which she is, or her fidelity to her mistress and reluctance to betray her secret, withhold her from relieving Scudamore and also averting all danger from herself by the requisite easy and conclusive explanation. There are, however, it may be remarked, several things in this Canto which are somewhat perplexing, but about which the commentators give themselves no trouble; especially the whole of the part played by Ate—the contradiction between her first introduction as having the appearance of a beautiful lady and the subsequent description of her foul and filthy face, and her position in relation to Paridel, who is at first represented as having her riding by his side in the

same manner as Blandamour has Duessa, but is notwithstanding soon after expressly stated to be unprovided with any particular lady-love for the present. The figure seems to have taken successively two distinct shapes under the poet's forming fancy, or to have been originally designed for something different from what she eventually turns out.

Canto II. (54 stanzas).—"Firebrand of hell, first tined (or kindled) in Phlegethon by a thousand furies," exclaims the poet in commencing this stanza, "is wicked Discord"—

————— whose small sparks once blown
None but a god or godlike man can slake:
Such as was Orpheus, that, when strife was grown
Amongst those famous imps of Greece, did take
His silver harp in hand and shortly friends them make.

When the story is resumed we find ourselves in company of Blandamour and Paridel, and their two female fellow-travellers—"the one a fiend, the other an incarnate devil." It may be remembered that in the Eighth Canto of the last Book the snowy lady formed after the likeness of Florimel, after falling into the hands of Braggadoccio, was carried off from that vaunting dastard by a knight who is there left unnamed. This knight, who, we are now informed, is called the bold Sir Ferraugh, is the next person whom the four encounter, riding along in high delight with his fair-seeming prize. He is attacked and overthrown by Blandamour, and the false Florimel passes to a new proprietor. She is more expert than Blandamour himself in every subtile sleight, and, although he

————— by his false allurements' wily draft^a
Had thousand women of their love beraft,^b

yet he is now completely deceived and taken in, and every day becomes more enamoured and enslaved. At length, however, after a time stirs up Paridel to demand his share of the lady, according to a covenant which he says

^a Strategem.

^b Bereft.

they had made to divide between them whatever spoil or prey should be taken by either. A long and desperate fight ensues, which the poet supposes might have gone on till this day, if there had not come up by chance another notable personage of the last Book, the Squire of Dames, who, well knowing them both of old, prevails upon the two combatants, though not without difficulty, to suspend their animosity. The Squire is greatly delighted to see the snowy lady—"for none alive but joyed in Florimel," and he, as well as all others, had thought her dead or lost. He tells them that Satyrane having found her girdle, which he had ever since worn for her sake, had on that account excited the envy and displeasure of many other knights; to put an end to which he had lately proclaimed a solemn feast and tournament, "to which," he adds, "all knights with them their ladies are to bring:"

"And of them all she that is fairest found
Shall have that golden girdle for reward;
And of those knights who is most stout on ground
Shall to that fairest lady be prefard.^c
Since therefore she herself is now your ward,
To you that ornament of her's pertains,
Against all those that challenge it, to guard,
And save her honour with your venturous pains;
That shall you win more glory than ye here find gains."

This prospect reunites the two, for the present at least, so that they ride along in outward harmony as before, though their friendship, as indeed it always had been, is but hollow and precarious. Thus proceeding, they overtake two knights riding close beside each other as if in intimate converse, with their two ladies similarly associated not far behind them; and the Squire being sent forward to ascertain who they are, comes back with the intelligence that they are "two of the prowrest knights in Fairy Land," Cambel and Triamond, and that the ladies are Canace and Cambin "their two lovers dear." The poet now prepares himself for what he is about to

^c Preferred.

relate by invocation of his greatest English predecessor:—

Whilome, as antique stories tellen us,
Those two were foes the felonest^d on ground,
And battle made the dreadest dangerous
That ever shrilling trumpet did resound;
Though now their acts be nowhere to be found,
As that renowned poet them compiled
With warlike numbers and heroic sound,
Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled,
On fame's eternal beadroll worthy to be filed.

But wicked Time, that all good thoughts doth waste,
And works of noblest wits to nought outwear,
That famous monument hath quite defaced,
And robbed the world of treasure endless dear,
The which mote have enriched all us here.
O cursed eld, the canker-worm of writs!
How may these rhymes, so rude as doth appear,
Hope to endure, sith works of heavenly wits
Are quite devoured, and brought to nought by little
bits!

Then pardon, O most sacred happy spirit,
That I thy labours lost may thus revive,
And steal from thee the meed of thy due merit,
That none durst ever whilst thou wast alive,
And, being dead, in vain yet many strive:
Ne dare I like; but, through infusion sweet
Of thine own spirit which doth in me survive,
I follow here the footing of thy feet.
That with thy meaning so I may the rather meet.

The allusion is to the unfinished Tale of the Squire in the Canterbury Tales, the last lines of which are,

“ And after wol I speak of Cambalo,
That fought in listes with the brethren two
For Canace, ere that he might her win,
And there I left I wol again begin.”

Cambalo, Camballo, Camballus, Cambello, or Cambel,—
for all these transformations the name is made to undergo

^d Fiercest.

according to the exigences of the measure and the rhyme—was the brother of Canace; and she

————— was the learnedst lady in her days,
Well seen in every science that mote be,
And every secret work of nature's ways;
In witty riddles; and in wise soothsays;
In power of herbs; and tunes of beasts and birds;
And, that augmented all her other praise,
She modest was in all her deeds and words,
And wondrous chaste of life, yet loved of knights and lords.

Many lords and knights loved her, and the more she refused to return the affection of any one of them, "so much the more she loved was and sought." At last, their contention having produced many bloody fights, one day, having assembled all the troop of warlike wooers, Cambel, who was both stout and wise, proposed to them that they should each in succession fight for her with himself, and that whoever should conquer him should carry off his sister. "Bold was the challenge, as himself was bold;" but what chiefly gave him confidence was not so much his own strength and hardihood as a ring provided for him by his sister, one of many virtues of which was that it "had power to staunch all wounds that mortally did bleed." Now,

Amongst those knights there were three brethren bold,
Three bolder brethren never were yborn,
Born of one mother in one happy mould,
Born at one burden in one happy morn;
Thrice happy mother, and thrice happy morn,
That bore three such, three such not to be fond!^e
Her name was Agape, whose children wern^f
All three as one; the first hight Priamond,
The second Diamond, the youngest Triamond.

Stout Priamond, but not so strong to strike;
Strong Diamond, but not so stout a knight;
But Triamond was stout and strong alike:
On horseback used Triamond to fight,

^e Found.

^f Were.

And Priamond on foot had more delight;
But horse and foot knew Diamond to wield:
With curtaxe used Diamond to smite,
And Triamond to handle spear and shield,
But spear and curtaxe both used Priamond in field.

These three did love each other dearly well,
And with so firm affection were allied
As if but one soul in them all did dwell,
Which did her power into three parts divide;
Like three fair branches budding far and wide,
That from one root derived their vital sap:
And like that root, that doth her life divide,
Their mother was; and had full blessed hap
These three so noble babes to bring forth at one clap.

Their mother was a fairy, their father a young and noble knight, into whose hands she had one day fallen in a forest,

As she sate careless by a crystal flood,
Combing her golden locks.

As they grew up their love of arms and adventures so alarmed their mother that to relieve her anxiety she had betaken her, in order to learn their destiny, to the house of the Three Fatal Sisters:—

Down in the bottom of the deep abyss,
Where Demogorgon, in dull darkness pent,
Far from the view of gods and heaven's bliss
The hideous Chaos keeps, their dreadful dwelling is.

There she them found all sitting round about
The direful distaff standing in the mid,
And with unwearied fingers drawing out
The lines of life, from living knowledge hid.
Sad Clotho held the rock, the whiles the thread
By grisly Lachesis was spun with pain,
That cruel Atropos eftsoons undid,
With cursed knife cutting the twist in twain;
Most wretched men, whose days depend on threads so
vain!

After having saluted them she sate by them for a while in

silence, "beholding how the threads of life they span;" then, trembling and pale, she told them her object:—

To whom fierce Atropos; "Bold fay, that durst
Come see the secret of the life of man,
Well worthy thou to be of Jove accurst
And eke thy children's threads to be asunder burst!"

Clotho, however, consented to show her her children's threads, and much distressed she was to see them as thin as those spun by spiders, and also so short that they seemed already almost at an end. She besought them "to draw them longer out, and better twine;" but the inexorable Lachesis answered that that was impossible—

———— "Fond dame! that deem'st of things divine
As of humane, that they may altered be,
And changed at pleasure for those imps of thine:
Not so; for what the Fates do once decree,
Not all the gods can change, nor Jove himself can
free!"

She then made a last request:

"Grant this; that when ye shred with fatal knife
His line which is the eldest of the three,
Which is of them the shortest, as I see,
Eftsoons his life may pass into the next;
And, when the next shall likewise ended be,
That both their lives may likewise be annex
Unto the third, that his may be so trebly wext."

This they granted; upon which she departed in content. When she came home she concealed from her sons what she had learned;

But evermore, when she fit time could find,
She warned them to tend their safeties well,
And love each other dear, whatever them befell.

This counsel they duly followed, no discord ever dividing them; and now, to add to their mutual affection, they were all three united in love of Canace. Out of this state of things arose the great battle to be related in the next Canto.

Canto III. (52 stanzas).—"O why," asks the poet, in commencing the continuation of the story of the three sons of Agape,

O! why do wretched men so much desire
To draw their days unto the utmost date,
And do not rather wish them soon expire;
Knowing the misery of their estate,
And thousand perils which them still await,
Tossing them like a boat amid the main,
That every hour they knock at Deaths gate!
And he that happy seems and least in pain,
Yet is as nigh his end as he that most doth plain.

He holds this fairy mother, therefore, but fond and vain,
The which, in seeking for her children three
Long life, thereby did more prolong their pain.

Yet while they lived, he adds, more happy creatures than they seemed to be none ever saw, nor any of nobler courtesy, nor more dearly loved, nor more renowned. All the other suitors, not unreasonably, declined the encounter with Cambel and his miraculous ring; the three brothers alone accepted his challenge to fight with him for Canace. And now the appointed morning was come; "the field with lists was all about inclosed;"—on the one side sate six judges to watch and declare the issue of the fight—on the other

————— in fresh array
Fair Canace upon a stately stage
Was set, to see the fortune of that fray,
And to be seen.

First Cambel entered the lists; soon after, the three brothers,

With scutcheons gilt and banners broad displayed;
And, marching thrice in warlike ordinance,
Thrice lowted lowly to the noble Maid;
The whiles shrill trumpets and loud clarions sweetly played.

The first that comes forth to answer the challenger's call is Priamond, the eldest; after a fierce combat, in which Cambel, although, protected by the ring, he loses no blood, yet receives some severe bruises and wounds, he

is slain by his weasand-pipe being cleft through his gorget, and in a gush of purple blood his weary ghost is let forth :

His weary ghost, assoiled from fleshly band,
Did not, as others wont, directly fly
Unto her rest in Pluto's grisly land ;
Ne into air did vanish presently ;
Ne changed was into a star in sky ;
But through traduction was eftsoons derived,
Like as his mother prayed the Destiny,
Into his other brethren that survived,
In whom he lived anew, of former life deprived.

Instantly the next brother, Diamond, sad and sorry enough, yet giving no time to grief, started forward to offer himself to the like chance : " his foe was soon addressed ; the trumpets freshly blew."

With that they both together fiercely met,
As if that each meant other to devour ;
And with their axes both so sorely bet,
That neither plate nor mail, whereas their power
They felt, could once sustain the hideous stour,
But rived were, like rotten wood, asunder ;
Whilst through their rifts the ruddy blood did shower,
And fire did flash, like lightning after thunder,
That filled the lookers on at once with ruth and wonder.

As when two tigers pricked with hunger's rage
Have by good fortune found some beast's fresh spoil,
On which they ween their famine to assuage,
And gain a feastful guerdon of their toil ;
Both falling out do stir up strife-ful broil,
And cruel battle twixt themselves do make,
Whiles neither lets the other touch the soil,^g
But either sdains^h with other to partake :
So cruelly those knights strove for that lady's sake.

The fight is long, but ends like the former ; Diamond's head is severed from his shoulders by Cambel's axe. Yet the decapitated man continues on the perpendicular :—

^g The prey (properly, the mire in which an animal of chase wallows).

^h Disdains.

The headless trunk, as heedless of that stour,
Stood still awhile, and his fast footing kept;
Till, feeling life to fail, it fell, and deadly slept.¹

They which that piteous spectacle beheld
Were much amazed the headless trunk to see
Stand up so long and weapon vain to weld,¹
Unweeing of the Fates' divine decree
For life's succession in those brethren three.
For notwithstanding that one soul was reft,
Yet, had the body not dismembered be,
It would have lived, and revived eft;²
But, finding no fit seat, the lifeless corse it left.

It left; but that same soul which therein dwelt,
Straight entering into Triamond him filled
With double life and grief.

Lightly leaping forward, the third and last brother loses
not a moment in confronting the victor—who on his part
meets his new foe with equal alacrity.

Well mote ye wonder how that noble knight,
After he had so often wounded been,
Could stand on foot now to renew the fight:
But, had ye then him forth advancing seen,
Some newborn wight ye would him surely ween;
So fresh he seemed and so fierce in sight;
Like as a snake, whom weary winter's teen¹
Hath worn to nought, now feeling summer's might
Casts off his ragged skin and freshly doth him dight.

All was through virtue of the ring he wore;
The which not only did not from him let
One drop of blood to fall, but did restore
His weakened powers, and dulled spirits whet,
Through working of the stone therein yset.
Else how could one of equal might with most,
Against so many no less mighty met,
Once think to match three such on equal cost,
Three such as able were to match a puissant host?

¹ Slept in death.

² And Cambel's weapon wielded in vain?

² Again.

¹ Injury.

Yet nought thereof was Triamond adread,
 Ne desperateⁿ of glorious victory;
 But sharply him assailed, and sore bested
 With heaps of strokes, which he at him let fly
 As thick as hail forth poured from the sky:
 He strook, he souced,^o he foined,^p he hewed, he lashed,
 And did his iron brand so fast apply,
 That from the same the fiery sparkles flashed,
 As fast as water-sprinkles gainst a rock are dashed.

Cambel is forced for a time to give ground; but in his turn he forces Triamond to retreat:—

Like as the tide, that comes fro the ocean main,
 Flows up the Shenan^q with contrary force,
 And, over-ruling him in his own reign,
 Drives back the current of his kindly^r course,
 And makes it seem to have some other source;
 But, when the flood is spent, then, back again
 His borrowed waters forced to re-disburse,
 He sends the sea his own with double gain,
 And tribute eke withall, as to his sovereign.

In this way the battle for a long time continues varying to and fro, Triamond, however, gradually growing fainter from loss of blood:

But Cambel still more strong and greater grew,
 Ne felt his blood to waste, ne powers emperished,
 Through that ring's virtue, that with vigour new,
 Still, whenas he enfeebled was, him cherished.
 And all his wounds and all his bruises guerished:[•]
 Like as a withered tree, through husband's^t toil,
 Is often seen full freshly to have flourisht,
 And fruitful apples to have borne awhile,
 As fresh as when it first was planted in the soil.

Through which advantage, in his strength he rose
 And smote the other with so wondrous might,
 That through the seam which did his hauberk close
 Into his throat and life it pierced quite,

^m Terrified. ⁿ Hopeless. ^o Came plunging down.
 ^p Pushed. ^q The Shannon.
^r Natural. [•] Cured. ^t Husbandman's.

That down he fell as dead in all men's sight :
 Yet dead he was not ; yet he sure did die,
 As all men do that lose the living sprite :
 So did one soul out of his body fly
 Unto her native home from mortal misery.

But natheless whilst all the lookers-on
 Him dead behight,^u as he to all appeared,
 All unawares he started up anon,
 As one that had out of a dream been reared,
 And fresh assailed his foe ; who half afear'd
 Of the uncouth sight, as he some ghost had seen,
 Stood still amazed, holding his idle sward ;^v
 Till, having often by him stricken been,
 He forced was to strike and save himself from teen.

Cambel, however, after this fights less furiously, " as one in fear the Stygian gods to offend." At last, each receiving a tremendous stroke from the other at the same moment, they both at once fall to all appearance dead upon the field. But lo, when the judges have risen, the marshals broken up the lists, and Canace given herself up to weeping and wailing, up start again both combatants, the one out of his swoon, the other breathing a new life, and instantly fall to fighting afresh. They strike and hew away at one another for a further length of time ; and the case still hangs in doubt, when

All suddenly they heard a troublous noise,
 That seemed some perilous tumult to design,
 Confused with women's cries and shouts of boys,
 Such as the troubled theatres oft-times annoys.

Thereat the champions both stood still a space,
 To weeten what that sudden clamour meant :
 Lo ! where they spied with speedy whirling pace
 One in a chariot of strange furniment^w
 Towards them driving like a storm out sent.
 The chariot decked was in wondrous wise
 With gold and many a gorgeous ornament,
 After the Persian monarchs' antique guise,
 Such as the maker self could best by art devise.

^u Affirmed.^v Sword.^w Furniture.

The chariot is drawn by two lions, and in it sits a most beautiful lady, seeming "born of angels' brood," and with a look of bounty, or goodness, equal to her beauty. This is Cambina, a daughter of the Fairy Agape, who, having been trained in magic by her mother, and having by her mighty art learned the evil plight in which her brother Triamond now is, has come to aid him, and to put an end to the deadly strife between him and Cambel.

And, as she passed through the unruly preace *
Of people thronging thick her to behold,
Her angry team, breaking their bonds of peace,
Great heaps of them, like sheep in narrow fold,
For haste did over-run in dust enrolled;
That, thorough rude confusion of the rout,
Some fearing shrieked, some being harmed howled,
Some laughed for sport, some did for wonder shout,
And some, that would seem wise, their wonder turned to
doubt.

In her right hand a rod of peace she bore,
About the which two serpents weren wound,
Entrailed † mutually in lovely lore,
And by the tails together firmly bound,
And both were with one olive girland crowned;
(Like to the rod which Maia's son doth wield,
Wherewith the hellish fiends he doth confound;)
And in her other hand a cup she hild, ‡
The which was with Nepenthe to the brim upfilled.

Nepenthe is a drink of sovereign grace,
Devised by the gods for to assuage
Heart's grief, and bitter gall away to chase
Which stirs up anguish and contentious rage:
Instead thereof sweet peace and quietage
It doth establish in the troubled mind.
Few men, but such as sober are and sage,
Are by the gods to drink thereof assigned;
But such as drink, eternal happiness do find.

Such famous men, such worthies of the earth,
As Jove will have advanced to the sky,
And there made gods, though born of mortal birth,

* Press.

† Interwoven.

‡ Held.

For their high merits and great dignity,
 Are wont, before they may to heaven fly,
 To drink hereof; whereby all cares forepast
 Are washed away quite from their memory:
 So did those old heroes hereof taste,
 Before that they in bliss amongst the gods were placed.

Much more of price and of more gracious power
 Is this, than that same water of Ardenne,
 The which Rinaldo drunk in happy hour,
 Described by that famous Tuscan pen:
 For that had might to change the hearts of men
 Fro love to hate, a change of evil choice:
 But this doth hatred make in love to bren,^a
 And heavy heart with comfort doth rejoice.
 Who would not to this virtue rather yield his voice?

[The fountain here alluded to was made by Merlin to cure Sir Tristram (who, however, never drank of it) of his love for Isotta, or Isolde, and is mentioned by Boyardo in the First Book of the Orlando Innamorato.]

When she has reached the lists, Cambina softly smites the rail with her rod, and forthwith it flies open and gives her passage. Then descending from her coach she salutes first her brother and next Cambel, for whom, it is intimated, she entertains a secret love. As they continue to fight she throws herself down on the bloody ground, and, mixing prayers with her tears, and reasons with her prayers, entreats them to desist.

But, whenas all might nought with them prevail,
 She smote them lightly with her powerful wand:
 Then suddenly, as if their hearts did fail,
 Their wrathful blades down fell out of their hand,
 And they, like men astonished, still did stand.
 Thus, whilst their minds were doubtfully distraught,
 And mighty spirits bound with mightier band,
 Her golden cup to them for drink she raught,^b
 Whereof, full glad for thirst, each drunk an hearty
 draught:

Of which so soon as they once tasted had,
 Wonder it is that sudden change to see:

^a Burn.^b Reached.

Instead of strokes, each other kissed glad,
 And lovely halst,^c from fear of treason free,
 And plighted hands, for ever friends to be.
 When all men saw this sudden change of things,
 So mortal foes so friendly to agree,
 For passing joy, which so great marvel brings,
 They all gan shout aloud, that all the heaven rings.

Canace now comes down from her seat to know what it is that has happened; she and Cambina become friends on the spot; the trumpets sound, and all the people arising depart in glee and gladness;

And wise Cambina, taking by her side
 Fair Canace as fresh as morning rose,
 Unto her coach remounting, home did ride,
 Admired of all the people and much glorified.

Where making joyous feast their days they spent
 In perfect love, devoid of hateful strife,
 Allied with bands of mutual complement;
 For Triamond had Canace to wife,
 With whom he led a long and happy life;
 And Cambel took Cambina to his fere,^d
 The which as life were each to other lief.^e
 So all alike did love, and loved were,
 That since their days such lovers were not found elsewhere.

Canto IV. (48 stanzas).—The main story of the poem is now resumed from the point where Cambel, Triamond, Cambina, and Canace are overtaken by Blandamour, Paridel, the Squire of Dames, Duessa, Ate, and the false Florimel, in the second Canto. Blandamour, vain-glorious and insolent, notwithstanding the entreaty of the courteous squire that he would let them and their ladies pass on in quiet, assails the two stranger knights, as was his wont, with his foul tongue—so that, stung by his unprovoked abuse—"for evil deeds may better than bad words be borne"—they begin to adjust their shields and to lay hold on their spears, when Cambina interposes, and by her mild persuasions prevents the quarrel from

^c Embraced.^d Companion, wife.^e Dear.

going farther. They all now ride on together, discoursing of the tourney, till after a while they perceive advancing towards them "one in bright arms, with ready spear in rest," who, however, upon observing Paridel ready to take him in hand, quickly assumes a gay and good-humoured demeanour, and joins their company. But, as soon as he looks about him and sees the snowy Florimel, he lays claim to her as his own lost property. It is, in fact, Braggadoccio, from whom, it may be remembered, the false lady had been carried off by Ferraugh. Blandamour hears his demand with infinite scorn, and proposes that they shall immediately decide the controversy in the usual way by a passage of arms, and that, while the victor shall have the bright Florimel for his prize, the other shall be obliged to console himself with the old hag Ate—"and with her always ride till he another get."

That offer pleased all the company :
So Florimel with Ate forth was brought,
At which they all gan laugh full merrily :
But Braggadoccio said, he never thought
For such an hag, that seemed worse than nought,
His person to emperil so in fight :
But if to match that lady they had sought
Another like, that were like fair and bright,
His life he then would spend to justify his right.

At which his vain excuse they all gan smile,
As scorning his unmanly cowardice :
And Florimel him foully gan revile,
That for her sake refused to enterprize
The battle, offered in so knightly wise ;
And Ate eke provoked him privily
With love of her,^d and shame of much misprize.*
But nought he cared for friend or enemy ;
For in base mind nor friendship dwells nor enmity.

But Cambel thus did shut up all in jest ;
" Brave knights and ladies, certes ye do wrong

^d That is, of Florimel.

* Contempt, to which he exposed himself.

To stir up strife, when most us needeth rest,
That we may us reserve both fresh and strong
Against the tournament which is not long,^f
When whoso list to fight may fight his fill :
Till then your challenges ye may prolong ;
And then it shall be tried, if ye will,
Whether shall have the hag, or hold the lady still."

So they all ride on in merry mood, " that masked mock-knight " affording them good sport all the while ; till on the appointed day they come to the place of tournament, where they find already assembled " many a brave knight, and many a dainty dame." All take their places, knights and ladies marching in couples linked together :—

Then first of all forth came Sir Satyrane,
Bearing that precious relic in an ark
Of gold, that bad eyes might it not profane ;
Which drawing softly forth out of the dark,
He open shewed, that all men it mote mark ;
A gorgeous girdle, curiously embost
With pearl and precious stone, worth many a mark ;
Yet did the workmanship far pass the cost :
It was the same which lately Florimel had lost.

The same aloft he hung in open view,
To be the prize of beauty and of might ;
The which, eftsoons discovered, to it drew
The eyes of all, allured with close delight,
And hearts quite robbed with so glorious sight,
That all men threw out vows and wishes vain.
Thrice happy lady, and thrice happy knight,
Them seemed that could so goodly riches gain,
So worthy of the peril, worthy of the pain.

But how the girdle has come into the hands of Satyrane is not explained. It was indeed found by him when he came up to the spot where Florimel had dropped it in her flight from the beast sent in pursuit of her by the witch (B. iii. C. 7, s. 31) ; but he afterwards employed it to bind that monster (s. 36), which, we are expressly told (C. 8, s. 2), returned so bound to the

^f Not far off.

witch, who immediately (s. 3) took the girdle and ran with it to show to her son as an evidence that Florimel was destroyed.

Satyrane then takes his spear and "maiden-headed shield," and presents himself ready for the fight. The first who comes forth against him is a paynim knight, called Bruncheval the Bold. They are thrown to the ground together at the first encounter. On this another knight, the noble Ferramont, rides up to the aid of Satyrane, and against him Blandamour advances. Blandamour and his horse are both thrown down, and then Paridel rides forth to the rescue of his friend; but he meets the same fate. It is Braggadoccio's turn to strike in next, but of course he does not stir; and so Triamond sternly steps forth, and at last bears down the hitherto invincible Ferramont. Neither can Sir Devon, nor Sir Douglas, nor Sir Palimord, who all come up in succession, better stand his fury and force. Satyrane, however, now recovers out of his swoon,—

And looking round about, like one dismayed,
Whenas he saw the merciless affray
Which doughty Triamond had wrought that day
Unto the noble knights of Maidenhead,
His mighty heart did almost rend in tway
For very gall, that rather wholly dead
Himself he wished have been than in so bad a stead.

Mounting his steed he dashes fiercely forward,

Like spark of fire that from the anvil glode, &

and, aiming "his beam-like spear" with all his strength, wounds Triamond so severely in the side, that the utmost the latter can do is to manage to withdraw himself without being observed.

Then gan the part of challengers anew
To range the field, and victor-like to reign,
That none against them battle durst maintain.
By that the gloomy evening on them fell,
That forced them from fighting to refrain,

And trumpets' sound to cease did them compel :
So Satyrane that day was judged to bear the bell.

The next morning Triamond is still unable to appear ; but Cambel, without informing him, arrays himself in his friend's shield and arms, and so presents himself before the triumphing Satyrane. Having encountered, they are at the first onset thrown to the ground together, but, quickly springing up and betaking themselves to their swords, they continue the fight, till, Satyrane's horse stumbling, Cambel by a blow on his helmet unseats him, and throws him down among the animal's feet. He himself instantly dismounts and is about to disarm his prostrate adversary, when a hundred knights rush up to the rescue of Satyrane, and all fall to pounding him with their swords at once. Stoutly as he resists they succeed in taking him captive. When news of this is brought to Triamond, he soon forgets his wound, and, starting up, seeks for his arms ; which when he cannot find, he hastily takes those of Cambel, and issuing forth rushes into the thick of the knights who hold his friend a prisoner, and soon compels them to let him go. The two knights, joining together, carry everything before them—till at last the trumpets sound, and the prize is unanimously declared to be theirs. Neither, however, will accept it from the other ; so that the doom, or final adjudication, is deferred to a third day. On that Satyrane again finds none who can withstand him, and victory seems to rest with him and his party :—

Ne was there knight that ever thought of arms,
But that his utmost prowess there made knownen :
That, by their many wounds and careless harms,
By shivered spears and swords all under strown,
By scattered shields, was easy to be shown.
There might ye see loose steeds at random run,
Whose luckless riders late were overthrown ;
And squires make haste to help their lords fordone :
But still the knights of Maidenhead the better won.

At last, however, there enters from the opposite side a stranger knight, whose quaint disguise perplexes every body :—

For all his armour was like salvage weed
 With woody moss bedight, and all his steed
 With oaken leaves attrapt, that seemed fit
 For salvage wight, and thereto well agreed
 His word, which on his ragged shield was writ,
Salvagesse sans finesse, shewing secret wit.

He instantly charges the first knight that catches his eye, who happens to be the stout Sir Sanglier; and, after jerking him out of his saddle at the first encounter, treats a second, Sir Brianor, in the same fashion:—

Then, ere his hand he reared, he overthrew
 Seven knights one after other as they came:
 And, when his spear was burst,^h his sword he drew,
 The instrument of wrath, and with the same
 Fared like a lion in his bloody game,
 Hewing and slashing shields and helmets bright,
 And beating down whatever nigh him came,
 That every one gan shun his dreadful sight,
 No less than death itself, in dangerous affright.

The wondering crowd name him the Salvage Knight; but his true name, though few know it, is Arthegal—

The doughtiest knight that lived that day, and most of might.

By evening, however, another stranger knight appears, and eclipses the glory of this victorious champion; first attacking him, and sending him over his horse's tail, and then disposing of Cambel, Triamond, Blandamour, and many others, who successively encounter him, in the same summary way. For this is no other than Britomart, with her enchanted spear, whose force no man can bide. And the Canto concludes thus:—

Like as in summer's day when raging heat
 Doth burn the earth and boiled rivers dry,
 That all brute beasts, forced to refrain fro meat,
 Do hunt for shade where shrouded they may lie,
 And, missing it, fainⁱ from themselves to fly;
 All travellers tormented are with pain:
 A watery cloud doth overcast the sky,

^h Burst.

ⁱ Desire, long.

And poureth forth a sudden shower of rain,
That all the wretched world recomforteth again :

So did the warlike Britomart restore
The prize to knights of Maidenhead that day,
Which else was like to have been lost, and bore
The praise of prowess from them all away.
Then shrilling trumpets loudly gan to bray,
And bade them leave their labours and long toil
To joyous feast and other gentle play,
Where beauty's prize should win that precious spoil :
Where I with sound of trump will also rest awhile.

Canto V. (46 stanzas).—The contest of the ladies for Florimel's girdle, which forms the main incident in the first part of this Canto, is founded on the same favourite fiction with the story of King Arthur's drinking horn in the *Lai du Corn*, and the *Morte d'Arthur*, or that of the drinking horn in the romances of Tristan and of Percival, the fabliau called *Le Court Mantel* (translated by Way under the title of the *Mantle Made Amiss*), the ballad of *The Boy and the Mantle* in 'Percy's Reliques,' the tale of the enchanted cup in the second Canto of the Orlando Furioso, and Fontaine's *La Coupe Enchantée*. The Canto opens with these lines ;—

It hath been through all ages ever seen,
That with the praise of arms and chivalry
The prize of beauty still hath joined been ;
And that for reason's special privy ;
For either doth on other much rely :
For he me seems most fit the fair to serve,
That can her best defend from villainy ;
And she most fit his service doth deserve,
That fairest is, and from her faith will never swerve.

The girdle of fair Florimel, the poet proceeds to state, which many of the ladies were eager to win not so much for virtuous use, as for glory vain—

———— gave the virtue of chaste love
And wivehood true to all that it did bear ;
But whosoever contrary doth prove,
Might not the same about her middle wear
But it would loose or else asunder tear.

It is said to have been formerly the girdle of Venus, and to have been greatly valued by her as long as "she used to live in wively sort :"—

Her husband Vulcan whilome for her sake,
When first he loved her with heart entire,
This precious ornament, they say, did make,
And wrought in Lemnos with unquenched fire :
And afterwards did for her love's first hire
Give it to her.

.
The same one day, when she herself disposed
To visit her beloved paramour,
The God of War, she from her middle loosed,
And left behind her in her secret bower
On Acidalian mount, where many an hour
She with the pleasant Graces went to play.
There Florimel in her first age's flower
Was fostered by those Graces as they say,
And brought with her from thence that goodly belt
away.

By Florimel this belt, the name of which is the Cestus, was held dear as her life ; no wonder, then, that many ladies are now anxious to win it ;

For peerless she was thought that did it bear.

As soon as the feast is ended the selected judges descend "into the Martian field" (meaning, apparently, the Campus Martius). And, first, it is declared, that Satyrane, Triamond, and the Knight of the Ebon Spear, as Britomart is called, have been the victors in the three days' fighting ; and Britomart, as the last, the chief :—

————— to her, therefore,
The fairest lady was adjudged for paramour.

It is now, then, to be determined which best deserves to be accounted that paragon of beauty. First, Cambel brings forward his Cambina ; next, Triamond, his Canace ; after her, Paridel, his false Duessa (Blandamour must have made over Duessa to Paridel, we suppose, upon coming into possession of the snowy lady) ; then

Sir Ferramont, his Lucida; and after these a hundred other ladies appear; "all which," says the poet,

———— whoso dare think for to enchase,^j
 Him needeth sure a golden pen I ween
 To tell the feature of each goodly face.
 For, since the day that they created been,
 So many heavenly faces were not seen
 Assembled in one place: ne he that thought
 For Chian folk to portrait Beauty's Queen,
 By view of all the fairest to him brought,
 So many fair did see, as here he might have sought.

At last Britomart exhibits her Amoret, and all think that she shall "surely bear the bell away," till Blandamour who imagines he has "the true and very Florimel," produces his snowy lady,

The sight of whom once seen did all the rest dismay.

For all afore that seemed fair and bright
 Now base and contemptible did appear,
 Compared to her, that shone as Phœbus' light
 Amongst the lesser stars in evening clear.
 All that her saw with wonder ravished were,
 And weened no mortal creature she should be,
 But some celestial shape that flesh did bear:
 Yet all were glad there Florimel to see;
 Yet thought that Florimel was not so fair as she.

As guileful goldsmith that by secret skill
 With golden foil doth finely overspread
 Some baser metal, which commend he will
 Unto the vulgar for good gold instead,
 He much more goodly gloss thereon doth shed
 To hide his falsehood, that if it were true:
 So hard this idol was to be aread,^k
 That Florimel herself in all men's view
 She seemed to pass: So forged things do fairest shew.

But, when by universal assent it is agreed that she shall have the girdle, and it is brought to be put about her waist, by no management can it be made to fit her: as soon as it is fastened it loosens itself and drops off, "as feeling secret blame." Of the very much astonished

^j Set out.

^k Understood, seen through.

spectators each has his own thoughts on the subject; she herself thinks it is done in spite:—

Then many other ladies likewise tried
About their tender loins to knit the same;
But it would not on none of them abide,
But, when they thought it fast, eftsoons it was untied.
Which when that scornful Squire of Dames did view,
He loudly gan to laugh, and thus to jest;
“Alas for pity that so fair a crew,
As like cannot be seen from east to west,
Cannot find one this girdle to invest!
Fie on the man that did it first invent,
To shame us all with this *ungirt unblest*!
Let never lady to his love assent,
That hath this day so many so unmanly shent.”¹

At this “all knights gan laugh, and ladies lour;” till at last the gentle Amoret comes forward to prove the power of the girdle, and having put it round her finds it fit “withouten breach or let.” Florimel, however, still urges her claim, and, although on a further trial the belt proves in her hands as unmanageable as before, it is nevertheless adjudged to her, and she herself is assigned to the Knight of the Ebon Spear. But Britomart will not so lightly forego her Amoret for this strange dame. Upon this it is decided by the judges that the Salvage Knight (or Arthegal), as having been the second best of the combatants, shall have her; but he is found to have already gone away “in great displeasure that he could not get her.” She is then offered to Triamond; but he loves Canace, “and other none.” So at last she is adjudged to Satyrane. But Blandamour, Paridel, and a crowd of other knights, stirred up by Ate, will by no means submit to this arrangement; among the rest Braggadoccio puts in his claim, calling upon the lady herself to testify to his right; and she on being questioned confesses that all he affirms is true.

Thereat exceeding wroth was Satyrane;
And wroth with Satyrane was Blandamour;

¹ Disgraced.

And wroth with Blandamour was Eriwane;
And at them both Sir Paridel did lour.

Satyrane, considerably perplexed, and feeling that "sweet is alone the love that comes with willingness," proposes that the fair lady shall be set in the midst of them, and allowed to choose for herself. They all accordingly encircle her, gazing, wishing, vowing, praying, and calling upon the Queen of Beauty, or Venus, for her aid; when, after looking long at each, as if she wished she could please them all, she at last walks up to Braggadoccio. Frantic with mortification and rage, the others are some of them for taking her from him by main force, some for making him maintain his right in fair fight to the fair lady. He little minds their angry words, but yet deems it prudent to make off with his prize during the night. The rest then set out after him—and in that pursuit the story for the present leaves them.

Britomart, however, taking with her the lovely Amoret, proceeds upon her own proper adventure, the quest of her Arthegal—

Unlucky maid, to seek her enemy!
Unlucky maid, to seek him far and wide,
Whom, when he was unto herself most nigh,
She through his late disguisement could him not de-
sery!

Meanwhile Amoret's lover, Scudamore, has been travelling on, enduring all the pangs of jealousy and unsatisfied thirst of revenge—feelings which will not be allayed by all that his companion, old Glauce, can say or do. It is now nightfall, and the aspect of the heavens portends the coming on of a fearful storm, when not far off they spy a little cottage, "like some poor man's nest."

Under a steep hill's side it placed was,
There where the mouldered earth had caved^m the bank;
And fast beside a little brook did pass
Of muddy water, that like puddle stank,
By which few crooked sallows grew in rank:

^m Hollowed out.

Whereto approaching nigh, they heard the sound
Of many iron hammers beating rank,^a
And answering their weary turns around,
That seemed some blacksmith dwelt in that desert
ground.^o

There entering in, they found the goodman self
Full busily unto his work ybent;
Who was to weet^p a wretched wearish^q elf,
With hollow eyes and rawbone cheeks forspent,^r
As if he had in prison long been pent:
Full black and grisly did his face appear,
Besmeared with smoke that nigh his eye-sight blent;^s
With rugged beard, and hoary shagged hair,
The which he never wont to comb or comely shear.

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent;
Ne better had he, ne for better cared:
With blistered bands amongst the cinders brent,
And fingers filthy with long nails unpaired,
Right fit to rend the food on which he fared.
His name was Care; a blacksmith by his trade,
That neither day nor night from working spared,
But to small purpose iron wedges made;
Those be unquiet thoughts that careful minds invade.

In which his work he had six servants prest,^t
About the anvil standing evermore
With huge great hammers, that did never rest
From heaping strokes which thereon soused^u sore:
All six strong grooms, but one than other more;
For by degrees they all were disagreed;
So likewise did the hammers which they bore
Like bells in greatness orderly succeed,
That he, which was the last, the first did far exceed.

He like a monstrous giant seemed in sight,
Far passing Bronteus or Pyracmon great,

^a Fiercely.

^o "Seem-ed" in two syllables; and "blacksmith," with the accent on the last.

^p Was visibly—manifestly (to wit).

^q Worn out.

^r Completely spent.

^s Confounded.

^t Ready at hand.

^u Fell down with force.

The which in Lipari do day and night
Frame thunderbolts for Jove's avengeful threat.
So dreadfully he did the anvil beat,
That seemed to dust he shortly would it drive :
So huge his hammer, and so fierce his heat,
That seemed a rock of diamond it could rive
And rend asunder quite, if he thereto list strive.

Sir Scudamore there entering much admired
The manner of their work and weary pain :
And, having long beheld, at last inquired
The cause and end thereof; but all in vain ;
For they for nought would from their work refrain,
Ne let his speeches come unto their ear.
And eke the breathful bellows blew amain,
Like to the northern wind, that none could hear :
Those Pensiveness did move; and Sighs the bellows
were.

Seeing all this, the warrior attempts no more speech, but
lays him down to rest in his armour on the floor ; and so
does " that old aged dame, his faithful squire." Gentle
sleep, however, will not come to close his heavy eyes ;
he tosses from side to side, and often, in his mental fever,
rises and lies down again ;

And evermore, when he to sleep did think,
The hammers' sound his senses did molest ;
And evermore, when he began to wink,
The bellows' noise disturbed his quiet rest,
Ne suffered sleep to settle in his breast.
And all the night the dogs did bark and howl
About the house, at scent of stranger guest :
And now the crowing cock, and now the owl
Loud shrieking, him afflicted to the very soul.

And, if he at any time chances to drop asleep for a mo-
ment, presently one of the villains raps him upon his
headpiece with his iron mall. At last, however, com-
pletely worn out he sinks into a repose, from which even
all this commotion and torment cannot awaken him. But
then the one master-thought that fills his heart—the
thought of the disloyalty of Amoret and Britomart—
assails his idle brain in the form of a dream.

With that the wicked carle, the maister smith,
 A pair of red-hot iron tongs did take
 Out of the burning cinders, and therewith
 Under his side him nipt; that, forced to wake,
 He felt his heart for very pain to quake,
 And started up avenged for to be
 On him the which his quiet slumber brake:
 Yet, looking round about him, none could see;
 Yet did the smart remain, though he himself did flee.

In this disquiet and wretchedness he passes all the night
 —“that too long night”—till morning comes, when he
 rises “like heavy lump of lead,” and, climbing his lofty
 steed, pursues his journey, accompanied by Glauce, as
 before.

Canto VI. (47 stanzas).—The story is thus resumed:

What equal torment to the grief of mind
 And pining anguish hid in gentle heart,
 That inly feeds itself with thoughts unkind,
 And nourisheth her own consuming smart!
 What medicine can any leech's art
 Yield such a sore, that doth her grievance hide,
 And will to none her malady impart!
 Such was the wound that Scudamore did gride;^v
 For which Dan Phœbus self cannot a salve provide.

Riding on with Glauce in great dejection of mind, Sir
 Scudamore suddenly perceives close by a forest an armed
 knight “sitting in shade beside his grazing steed,” who
 at their approach eagerly advances towards them with a
 threatening demeanour, to which Scudamore is not slow
 to respond; but, as soon as the stranger observes the arms
 of his opponent, he lowers his spear, much to the surprise
 of the other addresses him by name, and entreats his par-
 don, which Scudamore readily accords, at the same time
 requesting to know the name of a stranger who has shown
 himself so well acquainted with his. This information
 his new acquaintance begs to be excused from giving him
 for the present, but desires that he may be called, as he
 is by others, the Salvage Knight. It is, in fact, Sir
 Arthegal, or Artegal, as, for some unapparent reason,

the name is henceforward spelled. Sir Scudamore then asks him if he dwells in the forest; to which the other replies that he is waiting to take vengeance, whenever he shall pass that way, on a stranger knight from whom he has suffered shame and dishonour:—

“Shame be his meed,” quoth he, “that meaneth shame!
But what is he by whom ye shamed were?”
“A stranger knight,” said he, “unknown by name,
But known by fame, and by an ebon spear
With which he all that met him down did bear.
He, in an open tourney lately held,
Fro me the honour of that game did rear;
And, having me, all weary erst, down felled,
The fairest lady reft, and ever since withheld.”

When Scudamore hears of the ebon spear, he knows right well who it is, and his anger and jealousy are immediately roused by the recollection of the supposed wrongs that he has received at the hands of Britomart, whose apparently treacherous conduct he recounts to the Salvage Knight, and offers to join him in chastising their common enemy when an opportunity shall offer.

So both to wreak their wraths on Britomart agree.

While they are thus talking, the subject of their discourse appears, “soft riding towards them,”

Attired in foreign arms and strange array.

Scudamore entreats that he may be the first to take his revenge, as his injury is of earlier date than that of his companion. His request is granted, and he proceeds with great fierceness to attack “the noble maid,” who on her part readily addresses herself to welcome him;

But entertained him in so rude a wise,
That to the ground she smote both horse and man;
Whence neither greatly hasted to arise,
But on their common harms together did devise.

At this mischance of Scudamore, Artegal, with his former rage still farther inflamed, “eft adventuring,” that is, quickly advancing, his steel-headed lance, rides against the victor, but, to his no small amazement, is

also himself unhorsed in an instant. Lightly starting up, however, he attacks his adversary with his sword so furiously that, mounted as she is, she is compelled to give ground; and presently, as she is wheeling round to avoid his blows, one of them, after glancing down her back, falls on her horse, and quite chining, or dividing, the unfortunate beast behind the saddle, compels her to alight:—

Like as the lightning brond from riven sky,
Thrown out by angry Jove in his vengeance,
With dreadful force falls on some steeple high;
Which battering down, it on the church doth glance,
And tears it all with terrible mischance.
Yet, she no whit dismayed, her steed forsook;
And, casting from her that enchanted lance,
Unto her sword and shield her soon betook;
And therewithal at him right furiously she strook.

The vehemence of her first attack is irresistible, and Artegal is forced to fall back, while his blood flows forth through his rent and riven armour; but, as soon as he perceives her heat to be a little abated, he rises in his strength and assails her afresh;

Heaping huge strokes as thick as shower of hail,
And lashing dreadfully at every part,
As if he thought her soul to disentrail.*
Ah! cruel hand, and thrice more cruel heart,
That work'st such wreck on her to whom thou dearest
art!

As they continue the fight, Artegal recovers the strength he has lost from his wounds, while that of Britomart rather decreases:—

At last his luckless hand he heaved on high,
Having his forces all in one accrewed,^x
And therewith strook at her so hideously,
That seemed nought but death mote be her destiny.
The wicked stroke upon her helmet chanced,
And with the force which in itself it bore

* Draw or drive out.

x United.

Her ventail ^y shared away, and thenceforth glanced
 Adown in vain, ne harmed her any more.
 With that her angel's face, unseen afore,
 Like to the ruddy morn appeared in sight,
 Dewed with silver drops through sweating sore;
 But somewhat redder than beseemed aright,
 Through toilsome heat and labour of her weary fight:

And round about the same her yellow hair,
 Having through stirring loosed their wonted band,
 Like to a golden border did appear,
 Framed in goldsmith's forge with cunning hand:
 Yet goldsmith's cunning could not understand
 To frame such subtile wire, so shiny clear;
 For it did glister like the golden sand
 The which Pactolus with his waters sheer ^z
 Throws forth upon the rivage ^a round about him near.

The hand of Artegal is again upraised, but down falls
 the sword to ground "out of his fingers slack,"—

——— as if the steel had sense,
 And felt some ruth, or sense his hand did lack,—

at the view of that overpowering beauty;

And he himself, long gazing thereupon,
 At last fell humbly down upon his knee,
 And of his wonder made religion,
 Weening some heavenly goddess he did see,
 Or else unweeting what it else might be.

All subdued he beseeches her pardon for the outrage he
 had done her; but the bold Britoness, not in the least
 softened by his adoration, the remembrance of that last
 stroke rankling in her mind, still stands over him, and,
 sternly looking down on him, bids him rise and resume
 the fight or receive instant death at her hand. She
 speaks in vain; he continues on his knee, and entreats
 her to pardon him or punish him as she pleases. By
 this time Scudamore has recovered his senses; and he
 too, looking on "that peerless pattern of Dame Nature's
 pride," is at first struck with terror, and then, his fear

^y Fore part of the helmet.

^z Clear.

^a Shore.

converted to faint devotion, thinks it is a divinity that he sees. Glauce now, seeing how matters stand, entreats her mistress to grant the two warriors "truce awhile;" Britomart consents; and then the knights raise their beavers, and she for the first time sees their countenances. As soon as she beholds "the lovely face of Artegal, tempered with sternness and stout majesty," she is startled and appalled by perceiving it to be the same that she had seen long since in the enchanted glass. Her uplifted hand drops down, and, ever as she attempts to raise it anew, all strength to hold the sword leaves it as soon as her eye again meets that manly visage; nor will even her tongue obey her as she strives still to appear enraged, but brings forth speeches mild instead of angry words. Meanwhile Scudamore, inwardly rejoicing at having found how false and groundless was all his jealous fear, addresses the submissive knight:—

———— " Certes, Sir Artegal,
I joy to see you lout^b so low on ground,
And now become to live a lady's thrall,
That whilome in your mind wont to despise them all."

Poor Britomart does not hear that name, giving her full assurance that she has found him she has so long sought, without various violent and conflicting emotions, though she still continues to feign her former angry mood,—

Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood.

Glauce now addresses the three. First, she reminds both Artegal and Scudamore, that they may now lay aside all the fears that had troubled them so much, lest Britomart should "woo away" their loves. Then she exhorts Artegal not henceforth to make it matter of regret or self-reproach that he has a second time been conquered by a woman's hand;—"for," says she,

—"whilome they have conquered sea and land,
And heaven itself, that nought may them withstand:"

"Ne," she adds,

^b Stoop, bow.

—— “henceforth be rebellious unto love,
That is the crown of knighthood, and the band
Of noble minds derived from above,
Which, being knit with virtue, never will remove.”

Britomart she recommends to repress somewhat of her wrathful spirit, the fire of which, she tells her, “were better turned to other flame,” and to lend a favourable ear to her lover, only, however, on condition that he fulfil the penance she shall lay upon him—

“For lovers’ heaven must pass by sorrow’s hell.”

“Thereat,” we are told,

—— full inly blushed Britomart;
But Artegal, close-smiling, joyed in secret heart.

During all this while Scudamore is longing to hear news of his Amoret; and he now begs Britomart (whom, however, somewhat oddly, he still addresses by the title Sir) to give him the desired information. It would appear that, after releasing her from the hands of the enchanter, Britomart had taken every care of her, preserving her “from peril and from fear” with all possible tenderness and affection; till one day as they were travelling through a desert, being both weary, they alighted and sate down to rest, when Britomart, having fallen asleep, found on awaking her companion gone; nor were all her subsequent efforts to obtain tidings of her of any avail. Scudamore is overwhelmed with grief and deadly fear at this account; but after a while is somewhat re-assured by Britomart kindly vowing “by heaven’s light” never to leave him till they shall have found his lady love, and avenged themselves on her reaver. Every thing being thus arranged, they take their steeds, and set forward to a resting place to which Artegal undertakes to conduct them;

Where goodly solace was unto them made,
And daily feasting both in bower and hall,
Until that they their wounds well healed had,
And weary limbs recured after late usage bad.

In all this time Sir Artegal, too, we are told, was making way "unto the love of noble Britomart;" and that, notwithstanding the pains she took "with womanish art" to conceal the impression he had made on her heart,

So well he wooed her, and so well he wrought her,
With fair entreaty and sweet blandishment,
That at the length unto a bay^c he brought her,
So as she to his speeches was content
To lend an ear, and softly to relent.
At last, through many vows which forth he poured
And many oaths, she yielded her consent
To be his love, and take him for her lord,
Till they with marriage meet might finish that accord.

But at last, after they have rested here for a long while, Artegal, to the great grief of Britomart, finds it necessary to depart in order to proceed upon an adventure in which he had been engaged when they met. It is with much difficulty that he obtains her permission to go; but on his pledging his faith to her by a "thousand vows from bottom of his heart," and promising to return to her as soon as he shall have achieved his object, for which he only demands three months, she yields her consent.

So, early on the morrow next, he went
Forth on his way to which he was ybent;
Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,
As whilome was the custom ancient
Mongst knights when on adventures they did ride;
Save that she algates^d him a while accompanied.

And by the way she sundry purpose found
Of this or that, the time for to delay,
And of the perils whereto he was bound,
The fear whereof seemed much her to affray:
But all she did was but to wear out day.
Full oftentimes she leave of him did take;
And eft again devised somewhat to say,
Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make:
So loth she was his company for to forsake.

^c Stand.

^d Nevertheless.

However, at last, when all her speeches are spent, she leaves him to himself; and, returning to Scudamore, sets out with him in quest of Amoret—"her second care, though in another kind." They go back to the forest where she had disappeared, and seek her there and every where, without success. But, concludes the Canto,

————— by what hapless fate
Or hard misfortune she was thence conveyed,
And stolen away from her beloved mate,
Were long to tell: therefore I here will stay
Until another tide, that I it finish may.

Canto VII. (47 stanzas).—"Great God of Love," exclaims the poet in now proceeding with the story of Amoret,

Great God of Love, that with thy cruel darts
Dost conquer greatest conquerors on ground,
And set'st thy kingdom in the captive hearts
Of kings and kesars to thy service bound;
What glory or what guerdon hast thou found
In feeble ladies tyranning so sore,
And adding anguish to the bitter wound
With which their lives thou lanced'st^e long afore,
By heaping storms of trouble on them daily more?

It seems that, when Britomart fell asleep, Amoret had amused herself by taking a walk through the wood, and in the course of her ramble had been suddenly fallen upon and snatched up by a personage who is thus engagingly painted:—

It was to weet a wild and salvage man;
Yet was no man, but only like in shape,
And eke in stature higher by a span;
All overgrown with hair, that could awhape^r
An hardy heart; and his wide mouth did gape
With huge great teeth, like to a tusked boar:
For he lived all on ravin and on rape
Of men and beasts; and fed on fleshly gore,
The sign whereof yet stained his bloody lips afore.

* Pierced'st.

^r Terrify.

His nether lip was not like man nor beast,
But like a wide deep poke down hanging low,
In which he wont the relics of his feast
And cruel spoil, which he had spared, to stow :
And over it his huge great nose did grow,
Full dreadfully empurpled all with blood ;
And down both sides two wide long ears did glow,
And raught^s down to his waste when up he stood,
More great than the ears of elephants by Indus' flood.

His waist was with a wreath of ivy green
Engirt about, ne other garment wore ;
For all his hair was like a garment seen ;
And in his hand a tall young oak he bore,
Whose knotty snags were sharpened all afore,
And beathed^h in fire for steel to be in stead.
But whence he was, or of what womb y bore,
Of beasts, or of the earth, I have not read ;
But certes was with milk of wolves and tigers fed.

The hideous monster rushed away with her through the briars and bushes to his cave, and there throwing her in left her more dead than alive. When she came to herself she heard in the darkness some one sighing and sobbing near her ; this was one of her own sex, another of the wretch's victims, who had been already twenty days in the cavern, and in that time had seen "seven women by him slain and eaten clean," that being his regular mode of finishing his atrocities as soon as his amorous fit was over. Only she and an old woman, besides Amoret, remained ; "and of us three," said she, "to-morrow he will sure eat one." She then told her own story. The daughter of a great lord, she had loved a squire of low degree—who yet was fit, if her eyes did not deceive her, "by any lady's side for leman to have lain." Having resolved for his sake to abandon sire, and friends, and all for ever, she one day left her home to meet him at a place they had agreed upon between them, and was caught by this "shame of men and plaguo of woman-kind," who, said she,

^s Reached.

^h Heated.

—— “trussing me, as eagle doth his prey,
 Me hither brought with him as swift as wind;
 Where yet untouched till this present day,
 I rest his wretched thrall, the sad *Æmilia*.”

While they are discoursing the villain himself returns to the cave. Horrified at his proceedings, Amoret soon breaks away in desperation, and (taking advantage, apparently, of his having neglected to replace the stone which closed the entrance) rushes forth screaming, while he runs after her.

Full fast she flies, and far afore him goes
 Ne feels the thorns and thickets prick her tender toes.

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale she stays,ⁱ
 But over-leaps them all, like roebuck light,
 And through the thickest makes her nighest ways;
 And evermore, when with regardful sight
 She looking back espies the grisly wight
 Approaching nigh, she gins to mend her pace,
 And makes her fear a spur to haste her flight;
 More swift than Myrrh^j or Daphne in her race,
 Or any of the Thracian Nymphs in salvage chase.

It must be supposed that this is the same forest in which Florimel was seen flying from the foster in the First Canto of the preceding Book, and in which Timias, the prince's gentle squire, was found in the Fifth Canto of that Book by Belpheobe and conveyed by her to her pavilion. It chances that that lady is at this very time, as is her wont, hunting here the leopards and the bears with her sister wood-nymphs and “that lovely boy;” and it is the fortune of Timias to come up just as the cursed caitiff has again caught Amoret, and, grinning in self-gratulation, is bearing her off under his arm. For some time he wards off the squire's blows by using the captive lady as a buckler;

And if it chanced (as needs it must in fight),
 Whilst he on him was greedy to be wroke,^j

ⁱ Stops for.

^j While Timias was eager to be avenged on him.

That any little blow on her did light,
Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great delight.

At last, however, Timias succeeds in thrusting his spear
through the villain's hand ; on which

A stream of coal-black blood thence gushed amain,
That all her silken garments did with blood bestain ;

and, throwing his burthen on the earth, he falls upon
the squire with such a storm of blows that the latter is
compelled to give ground. Luckily the noise attracts
Belphoebe,

Whom when that thief approaching nigh espied
With bow in hand and arrows ready bent,
He by his former combat would not bide,
But fled away with ghastly dreariment,
Well knowing her to be his death's sole instrument.

She, however, pursues, " with winged feet, as nimble as
the wind," and with such success that, just as he is enter-
ing his hellish den,

She sent an arrow forth with mighty draught,
That in the very door him overcaught,
And, in his nape arriving, through it thrilled :
His greedy throat therewith in two distraught,
That all his vital spirits thereby spilled,
And all his hairy breast with gory blood was filled.

Whom when on ground she grovelling saw to roll,
She ran in haste his life to have bereft ;
But, ere she could him reach, the sinful soul,
Having his carrion corpse quite senseless left,
Was fled to hell, surcharged with spoil and theft :
Yet over him she there long gazing stood,
And oft admired his monstrous shape, and oft
His mighty limbs, whilst all with filthy blood
The place there over-flown seemed like a sudden flood.

Thenceforth she passed into his dreadful den,
Where nought but darksome dreariness she found,
No creature saw, but harkened now and then
Some little whispering, and soft-groaning sound.
With that she asked, what ghosts there under ground

Lay hid in horror of eternal night;
And bade them, if so be they were not bound,
To come and show themselves before the light,
Now freed from fear and danger of that dismal wight.

On this Æmilia comes forth, all trembling, and after her
the hag, her fellow prisoner, a foul and loathsome wretch
—"leman fit for such a lover dear." They all three
then return together to the place where she had left
Timias with Amoret:—

There she him found by that new lovely mate,
Who lay the whiles in swoon, full sadly set,
From her fair eyes wiping the dewy wet
Which softly stilled, and kissing them atween,
And handling soft the hurts which she did get:
For of that carle she sorely bruised had been;
Als^k of his own rash hand one wound was to be seen.

Which when she saw with sudden glancing eye,
Her noble heart, with sight thereof, was filled
With deep disdain and great indignity,
That in her wrath she thought them both have thrilled
With that self arrow which the carle had killed:
Yet held her wrathful hand from vengeance sore:
But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld,
"Is this the faith?" she said—and said no more,
But turned her face, and fled away for evermore.

He, seeing her depart, arose up light,
Right sore aggrieved at her sharp reproof,
And followed fast: but, when he came in sight,
He durst not nigh approach, but kept aloof,
For dread of her displeasure's utmost proof:
And evermore, when he did grace entreat,
And framed speeches fit for his behoof,
Her mortal arrows she at him did threat,
And forced him back with foul dishonour to retreat.

At last, when long he followed had in vain,
Yet found no ease of grief nor hope of grace,
Unto those woods he turned back again,
Full of sad anguish and in heavy case:

^k Also.

And, finding there fit solitary place
For woful wight, chose out a gloomy glade,
Where hardly eye mote see bright heaven's face
For mossy trees, which covered all with shade
And sad melancholy; there he his cabin made.

His wonted warlike weapons all he broke
And threw away, with vow to use no more,
Ne thenceforth ever strike in battle stroke,
Ne ever word to speak to woman more;
But in that wilderness, of men forlore¹
And of the wicked world forgotten quite,
His hard mishap in dolour to deplore,
And waste his wretched days in woful plight:
So on himself to wreak his folly's own despite.

And eke his garment, to be thereto meet,
He wilfully did cut and shape anew;
And his fair locks, that wont with ointment sweet
To be embalmed, and sweat out dainty dew,
He let to grow and grisly to concrew,^m
Uncombed, uncurled, and carelessly unshed;
That in short time his face they overgrew,
And over all his shoulders did dispread,
That who he whilome was uneathⁿ was to be read.

There he continued in his careful plight,
Wretchedly wearing out his youthly years,
Through wilful penury consumed quite,
That like a pined ghost he soon appears:
For other food than that wild forest bears,
Ne other drink there did he ever taste
Than running water tempered with his tears,
The more his weakened body so to waste:
That out of all men's knowledge he was worn at last.

In this very remarkable passage there can be no doubt that the real incident alluded to is Raleigh's amour with Elizabeth Throgmorton, one of Elizabeth's maids of honour, by which he is understood to have drawn down upon himself for a time the passionate displeasure of his royal mistress. The circumstance appears to have happened in the year 1592, and Raleigh afterwards made all

¹ Forsaken.

^m Grow together.

ⁿ Scarcely

the reparation in his power by marrying the lady. The reader will admire not only the ingenuity of the allegory, but the singular combination which it presents of boldness in the conception and the highest delicacy in the execution.

The story goes on to relate, that one day Prince Arthur, seeking adventures, chanced to come to the cabin in which Timias thus abode, "spending his days in dolour and despair," and never suspected who he was. When the prince addressed him, and expressed pity for his miserable state,

— to his speech he answered no whit,
But stood still mute, as if he had been dumb,
Ne sign of sense did show, ne common wit,
As one with grief and anguish overcome;
And unto everything did answer mum:
And ever, when the prince unto him spake,
He louted lowly, as did him become,
And humble homage did unto him make;
Midst sorrow showing joyous semblance for his sake.

Greatly wondering, the prince yet was led to think he had in former days been conversant with arms and knightliness, both by secret signs of a gentler nature which were discernible even through all that rudeness of demeanour, and by observing him handle his naked sword and try its edge;

And eke by that he saw on every tree
How he the name of one engraven had
Which likely was his liefest love to be,
From whom he now so sorely was bestad;^o
Which was by him Belpheobe rightly rad:^p
Yet who was that Belpheobe he ne wist;
Yet saw he often how he wexed glad
When he it heard, and how the ground he kist
Wherein it written was, and how himself he blist.

Nothing that Arthur can do, however, is of any avail to soothe his dejection and wretchedness; and he at last leaves him, for time, which alone can, to work his restoration.

^o Distressingly removed?

^p Read.

Canto VIII. (64 stanzas).—It is well said by the wise man that the displeasure of the mighty is more dread and desperate than death itself;

Like as it fell to this unhappy boy,
Whose tender heart the fair Belpheobe had
With one stern look so daunted, that no joy
In all his life, which afterwards he lad,^a
He ever tasted; but with penance sad
And pensive sorrow pined and wore away,
Ne ever laughed, ne once showed countenance glad,
But always wept and wailed night and day,
As blasted bloosm through heat doth languish and decay.

The first thing that awakens him from his settled melancholy is the song of a turtle dove, who, having herself lately lost her love, takes pity on him, and tunes her notes to a lamentable lay,

So sensibly ^r compiled that in the same
Him seemed oft he heard his own right name.

The gentle bird daily repairs without fear to his dwelling, to comfort him with her sympathizing melody;

And every day, for guerdon of her song,
He part of his small feast to her would share;
That, at the last, of all his woe and wrong
Companion she became, and so continued long.

One day as she is sitting by his side he brings forth some memorials, or relics, he still retains of Belpheobe's former kindness—among the rest a ruby shaped like a bleeding heart, with a gold chain attached to it; and this he takes, and with a riband, in which are his lady's colours, hangs it about the turtle's neck; when lo!

All unawares the bird, when she did find
Herself so decked, her nimble wings displayed,
And flew away as lightly as the wind.

Timias grieves that he should so lightly have lost both his jewel and "the dear companion of his care;" but "that sweet bird" has only gone off to carry the token

^a Led.

^r Feelingly.

to where wons his fair Belphoebe. She finds the lady resting herself after the fatigues of the chase in a shady arbour, and, alighting on the ground before her, begins to sing her customary mournful song. At length Belphoebe perceives the well-known jewel, and instantly puts forward her hand to seize it;—

But the swift bird obeyed not her behest,
But swerved aside, and there again did stay;
She followed her, and thought again it to essay.

And ever, when she nigh approached, the dove
Would flit a little forward, and then stay
Till she drew near, and then again remove:
So tempting her still to pursue the prey,
And still from her escaping soft away;
Till that at length into that forest wide
She drew her far, and led with slow delay:
In the end she her unto that place did guide
Whereas that woful man in languor did abide.

The dove flies to the hand of Timias; Belphoebe does not recognize him; but he, as soon as he beholds her, falls down at her feet and kisses the ground on which she treads, and washes it with his gushing tears. Wondering at his behaviour, she addresses him, exhorting him to rouse himself from the grief and lethargy that seem to oppress him. Then for the first time he breaks his long silence, and tells her that it is she herself that has reduced him to the state in which he is, and that she alone can restore him to the light. His words of sorrow move her mighty heart to pity and mild regard; and the end is that he is restored to his former favour, and long leads a happy life as before, fearless of chance or change, and mindless even of his own dear lord the noble prince, who hears nothing of what has become of him, but wanders through the endless world seeking him evermore in vain. At last one day, riding through that wood, the prince there finds Æmilia and Amoret, who are represented as being still both “in full sad and sorrowful estate,” the one from the effects of her ill-treatment in the cave, the other from the wound she

had received at the hand of Timias while effecting her rescue. Arthur, however, soon restores the latter by a few drops of the precious medicinal liquor he always carries about with him; and Æmilia also recovers her health. They then tell him their story; upon hearing which a strong desire seizes him to discover the warlike virgin by whom they had been delivered. He can, however, learn nothing more of her from the ladies; and therefore he lifts them from the ground ("no service loathsome to a gentle kind"), and, placing them both together on his horse, sets out with them, walking himself on foot by their side. It will be observed that nothing has been said of how Æmilia and Amoret have disposed of themselves since Belpheobe and Timias left them, which must have been a goodly while since, seeing how much had happened to Timias in the interval; and the expression used here—"he them from ground did rear"—might almost seem to imply that they had remained ever since sitting on the ground. This must be admitted to be carrying the shadowy and mysterious, or the complexity and perplexity which with Spenser seems to be part and parcel of his poetical system, sufficiently far. The matter, however, does not give any trouble to his dozing editors. The prince and the two ladies, after getting out of the forest, come at nightfall to a little cottage; entering which, they find only an old woman, raggedly attired, sitting upon the ground; her hair is all in disorder, and she gnaws her nails "for fellness and for ire," sucking venom thence for her heart and mind:—

A foul and loathly creature sure in sight,
And in conditions to be loathed no less:
For she was stuffed with rancour and despite
Up to the throat, that oft with bitterness
It forth would break and gush in great excess,
Pouring out streams of poison and of gall
Gainst all that truth or virtue do profess;
Whom she with leasings* lewdly did miscall
And wickedly backbite; her name men Slander call.

* Lies.

Her nature is, all goodness to abuse,
 And causeless crimes continually to frame,
 With which she guiltless persons may accuse,
 And steal away the crown of their good name:
 Ne ever knight so bold, ne ever dame
 So chaste and loyal lived, but she would strive
 With forged cause them falsely to defame;
 Ne ever thing so well was done alive,
 But she with blame would blot, and of due praise deprive.

Her words were not, as common words are meant,
 To express the meaning of the inward mind,
 But noisome breath, and poisonous spirit sent
 From inward parts, with cankered malice lined,
 And breathed forth with blast of bitter wind;
 Which, passing through the ears, would pierce the heart,
 And wound the soul itself with grief unkind:
 For, like the sting of asps that kill with smart,
 Her spiteful words did prick and wound the inner part.

Little meet to host such guests is a hag like this—albeit one “whom,” says the poet, as if with a bitterness inspired by some personal injury, “greatest princes’ courts would welcome fain;”—but necessity leaves no choice; and, besides, that age despised vain luxury, and was enured to hardness and to homely fare. They therefore do not complain of having to spend the evening in cold and hunger, but only that the hag scolds and rails at them for so taking up their lodging without her consent. Nor do the two ladies take any harm or run any danger in thus spending the hours with this noble knight; that antique age, yet in the infancy of time, lived in simplicity and in blameless innocence;

The lion there did with the lamb consort,
 And eke the dove sate by the falcon’s side;
 Ne each of other feared fraud or tort,^t
 But did in safe security abide:

but when the world grew old, it grew worse—whence, says our poet (adopting or proposing a very whimsical etymology), it has its name, *quasi* war-old (or worse-old). Then fair grew foul, and foul grew fair; then

^t Wrong.

beauty, originally designed to represent a bright resemblance of the great Creator, became only the bait or provocative of passion :—

And that, which wont to vanquish God and man,
Was made the vassal of the victor's might ;
Then did her glorious flower wax dead and wan,
Despised and trodden down of all that overran :

And now it is so utterly decayed,
That any bud thereof doth scarce remain,
But if few plants, preserved through heavenly aid,
In prince's court do hap to sprout again,
Dewed with her drops of bounty sovereign,
Which from that goodly glorious flower proceed,
Sprung of the ancient stock of prince's strain,
Now the only remnant of that royal breed,
Whose noble kind at first was sure of heavenly seed.

As soon as it is day the "gentle crew"—that is the prince and the two ladies—set out again as before, he on foot, they mounted together on his horse ; but when they leave the hag follows them, reviling them with the worst names and imputations, so that his noble heart is stung with vexation, and the two ladies are covered with shame. Even when they are out of sight, and when there are none to hear her hateful words, she continues to send her barkings and backbitings after them :—

Like as a cur doth felly bite and tear
The stone, which passed stranger at him threw ;
So she, them seeing past the reach of ear,
Against the stones and trees did rail anew,
Till she had dulled the sting which in her tongue's end
grew.

They meanwhile pass on, though rather slowly, till they perceive galloping towards them a squire bearing before them on his steed a dwarf, who all the way cries aloud for help,

That seemed his shrieks would rend the brazen sky ;
while after them rides in hot pursuit on a dromedary,
venting a torrent of threats and curses, a man of huge

stature, and of the most astounding aspect; for from his eyes proceed two fiery beams, sharper than points of needles, that, like the glance of the basilisk, are deadly poison to all who incautiously look upon him, and slay his enemies before they are aware. At the loud call of the squire, the prince, lifting the ladies down, quickly mounts his steed; but their foe is upon them, and has struck both squire and dwarf to the earth, by a blow aimed at Arthur, which he wards off with his shield, almost before "the royal child" has had time to draw his sword. A dreadful battle ensues: the Pagan, swearing by Mahound that he will have his adversary's life, smites at him with his murderous mace so as "that seemed nought the souse thereof could bear;" but, with his usual activity and dexterity in such cases, the prince so manages that, notwithstanding,

ere he wist, he found
 His head before him tumbling on the ground;
 The whiles his babbling tongue did yet blaspheme
 And curse his god that did him so confound;
 The whiles his life ran forth in bloody stream,
 His soul descended down into the Stygian ream.^a

At this issue, however, although the squire rejoices, the dwarf manifests only sorrow and distress, howling aloud at seeing his lord lie slain, and rending his hair and scratching his face in his misery.

Then gan the prince at leisure to inquire
 Of all the accident there happened plain,
 And what he was whose eyes did flame with fire:
 All which was thus to him declared by that squire.

He informs him that the mighty man he has slain was the son of a giantess, and had conquered many great kingdoms and nations, not, however, in war, or by "hosts of men with banners broad displayed;"

But by the power of his infectious sight,
 With which he killed all that came within his might.

^a Realm.

Never had he found man so strong but he had thus borne him down, nor woman so fair that he did not bring her to bay ; for his chief desire was to make spoil of strength and beauty, and waste them away to nought, by casting secretly into their hearts and inward parts flakes of the fire of licentious passion from those false eyes. "Therefore," continues the squire,

————— Corflambo was he called aright,
Though nameless there his body now doth lie ;
Yet hath he left one daughter that is hight
The fair Pæana : who seems outwardly
So fair as ever yet saw living eye ;
And, were her virtue like her beauty bright,
She were as fair as any under sky :
But ah ! she given is to vain delight,
And eke too loose of life, and eke of love too light.

He then proceeds to relate that he had a friend, a gentle squire of inferior degree, named Amias, who loved and was beloved by a lady of high parentage, the fair Æmilia. They had agreed to meet (as we have already heard from Æmilia herself) at a certain spot ; but on his way (as she had fallen into the hands of the brutal savage of the cavern) the squire was caught by Corflambo, and carried away to his dungeon, where he still remains " of all unsuccoured and unsought." There, however, he was one day seen by Pæana, and no sooner seen than loved. In the hope of thereby regaining his liberty, notwithstanding his engagement and firm attachment to Æmilia, he granted a cold profession of affection to the giant's daughter ; yet she still detains him. She allows him, however, so much liberty as to walk about her gardens of delight with a keeper, who is the dwarf now present, " her darling base," and the trusted minister to whom she has consigned the whole custody and control of all her captives. Meanwhile tidings of the captivity of Amias came to the ears of his friend, whose name is Placidus ; upon which the latter contrived to find his way to him, and for some time concealed himself in the gardens, till he was one day seen by the dwarf, who, however, mistook him for Amias, to whom he bore the

closest resemblance, and thereupon informed his mistress that her captive was in the habit of stealing secretly out of his prison. The consequence was that Placidus, who, being brought before Pæana, was by her too taken for Amias, was committed to the same dungeon in which his friend lay. But Amias professed to be only made more miserable by the circumstance of his friend having lost his liberty as well as himself; "for," says Placidus,

—"all his joy, he said, in that distress
Was mine and his Æmilia's liberty.
Æmilia well he loved, as I mote guess;
Yet greater love to me than her he did profess."

At length, however, he agreed to allow Placidus to follow out his scheme. So the following day, when Amias was sent for by Pæana, Placidus went to her in his stead, and was very well received. Excusing his former rudeness, and promising a different behaviour in future, he soon induced her to let him have more liberty, and to command the dwarf to allow him a larger range in the gardens. "So," said he,

—"on a day, as by the flowery marge
Of a fresh stream I with that elf did play,
Finding no means how I might us enlarge,
But if that dwarf I could with me convey,
I lightly snatched him up and with me bore away."

And thus Placidus finishes his narrative, merely adding that the shrieks of the dwarf brought out Corflambo; but he was not for that to be disseised of his "gotten prey."

The ladies now come up, and Æmilia immediately recognizes her lover's friend. Having first ascertained from him that Amias lives, she afterwards listens with deep emotion to a repetition of all that he has just told Prince Arthur:—

Then, after many tears and sorrows spent,
She dear besought the prince of remedy:
Who thereto did with ready will consent,
And well performed; as shall appear by his event.^v

^v The fortune or issue he met with.

Canto IX. (41 stanzas).—In this Canto we are to see proved by example how much stronger is friendship than either love or natural affection, although at the same time it will appear that of those two last the former has most power over the heart:—

For, though Pæana were as fair as morn,
Yet did this trusty squire with proud disdain
For his friend's sake her offered favours scorn,
And she herself her sire of whom she was yborn.

The stratagem that Prince Arthur adopts for getting into the castle of the slain tyrant, where Amias is detained, is to take Corflambo's dead body, and, having again imprest, or fastened, the head to it, to set it on his dromedary, with Placidus laid before it, as if he had been taken captive; and then to force the dwarf to lead the beast along. When they come to the gate it is immediately opened without any suspicion by the warder, and Arthur enters. Here he finds the fair Pæana in her delicious bower, playing on a rote (by which Spenser must here be supposed to mean a kind of harp, whatever ground there may be for Ritson's assertion that the instrument, taking its name from the Latin word for a wheel, was really nothing else than what we now call a hurdy-gurdy). She is

Complaining of her cruel paramour,
And singing all her sorrow to the note;

and that so sweetly, that

The prince half wrapped began on her to dote;
Till, better him bethinking of the right,
He her unawares attached, and captive held by might.

At first she calls to her father for aid, but she soon perceives the state to which he is reduced:—

Then gan she loudly cry, and weep, and wail,
And that same squire of treason to upbraid:
But all in vain; her plaints might not prevail;
Ne none there was to rescue her, ne none to bail.

The prince then compels the dwarf to open the door of

the prison, and above a score of knights and squires are released from bondage. Among the rest Amias is brought forth; he is weak and wan, and not like himself; but, as soon as they see him, Æmilia and Placidus both run up, and, clasping him in their arms, kiss him again and again, so that Pæana not only envies them, but falls "bitterly to ban," in her jealousy and rage. It would appear from this that Æmilia, and of course Amoret also, had either been sent for by the prince after he had gotten possession of the castle, or had entered along with him, although the poet has forgotten to say so. After regarding the two squires, however, a little longer, as they stand embracing one another, Pæana begins to doubt which of them is the one she so dearly loves—

For they so like in person did appear,
That she uneth^w discerned whether whether were.

The Prince, too, and all the other knights and squires are equally amazed at their perfect resemblance.

A vast store of hoarded treasure is found in the castle :—

Upon all which the Briton prince made seizure;
And afterwards continued there awhile
To rest himself, and solace in soft pleasure
Those weaker ladies after weary toil;
To whom he did divide part of his purchased spoil.

For more joy, he even grants her liberty to "that captive lady fair, the fair Pæana," and sets her "in sumptuous chair, to feast and frolic" with the rest; but she nevertheless will show no gladsome countenance, grieving for the loss both of her sire and of her "land and fee," but most of all for loss of her love, the handsome squire (though whether she has yet made up her mind which of the two young men it is that she has been attached to, and would like to retain, we are not informed). The Prince, however, takes great pains to mollify her both by "good thewes," or courtesy of manner, and kind speeches :—

^w Scarcely.

And, for to shut up all in friendly love,
 Sith love was first the ground of all her grief,
 That trusty squire he wisely well did move
 Not to despise that dame which loved him lief,^x
 Till he had made of her some better prief;^y
 But to accept her to his wedded wife:
 Thereto he offered for to make him chief
 Of all her land and lordship during life:
 He yielded, and her took; so stinted all their strife.

From that day, it is added, they lived together long in peace and joy; and the fair Pæana, whose beauty, unsurpassed by that of any other lady of her time, had formerly been stained by such irregularities,

————— thenceforth reformed her ways,
 That all men much admired her change, and spake her praise.

It may be presumed that, Placidas being thus provided for, Amias and Æmilia were also united; but all that is said is, that the Prince “perfectly compiled (that is, brought together) these pairs of friends in peace and settled rest;” and then, turning to his proper quest,* set out again, taking only Amoret with him. Poor Amoret, who has gone through so many dangers, does not find herself left alone and helpless “in the victor’s power, like vassal bond,” without some natural feelings of shame and fear; but she has no ground for any apprehension with so honourable a protector as Arthur:—

—— all the while he by his side her bore,
 She was as safe as in a sanctuary;

and so they ride together for many miles, she hoping to find her love, he his, and not showing “their heart’s privy” to one another. At length they come upon six knights, all, as appears, in a state of great excitement, and fighting with one another, but four of them engaged with especial activity and fury. These are four of the knights

^x Dearly.

^y Proof.

* This must be the word, although it is printed “guest” in all the editions.

from whose competition, as related in the Fifth Canto, the false Florimel had been won and carried off by Braggadoccio—namely, our old acquaintances Blandamour and Paridel, and two others, the stern Druon and the lewd Claribel. The other two are Britomart and Scudamore, whom, it may be remembered, we left setting out together in quest of Amoret at the end of the Sixth Canto; they have only just come up, and are standing aside, wondering at the confused contention of the rest, who, spurred on by Ate and Duessa, were waging this wild and doubtful strife “for love of that same snowy maid.” And

— sometimes Paridel and Blandamour
 The better had, and bet^z the others back;
 Eftsoons^a the others did the field recoure,^b
 And on their foes did work full cruel wrack:
 Yet neither would their fiend-like fury slack,
 But evermore their malice did augment;
 Till that uneath^c they forced were, for lack
 Of breath, their raging rigour to relent,
 And rest themselves for to recover spirits spent.

Then* gan they change their sides, and new parts take;
 For Paridel did take to Druon's side,
 For old despite which now forth newly brake
 Gainst Blandamour whom always he envied:
 And Blandamour to Claribel relied:^d
 So all afresh gan former fight renew.
 As when two barks, this carried with the tide,
 That with the wind, contrary courses sue,^e
 If wind and tide do change, their courses change anew.

Thenceforth they much more furiously gan fare,
 As if but then the battle had begun;
 Ne helmets bright, ne hauberks strong did spare,
 That through the clefts the vermeil blood outspun,

^z Beat. ^a Presently.

^b Recover. ^c With difficulty.

^d Joined himself. ^e Pursue.

* in the original edition “their,” which the modern editors have altered into “there.”

And all adown their riven sides did run.
 Such mortal malice wonder was to see
 In friends professed, and so great outrage done :
 But sooth is said, and tried in each degree,
Faint friends when they fall out most cruel foemen be.

But soon, perceiving Scudamore and Britomart, and remembering how they had been discomfited by the latter at the recent tourney, they all turn upon these two :—

Who wondering much at that so sudden fit,
 Yet nought dismayed, them stoutly well withstood ;
 Ne yielded foot, ne once aback did flit,
 But, being doubly smitten, likewise doubly smit.

The warlike dame was on her part assaid ^f
 Of Claribel and Blandamour atone ; ^g
 And Paridel and Druon fiercely laid
 At Scudamore, both his professed fone : ^h
 Four charged two, and two surcharged one ;
 Yet did those two themselves so bravely bear,
 That the other little gained by the loan,
 But with their own repayed duly were,
 And usury withall : such gain was gotten dear.

It is in vain that Britomart again and again tries to bring them to parley ; they will no more stop for a moment to listen to her than will an eager mastiff be called off by words from the gored beast whose blood he has once tasted. Arthur, however, indignant to see the unequal match, now strikes in ; he, too, after he has compelled them somewhat to give way, endeavours to pacify them with mild speeches ; but, when this kind attempt produces no effect, he is not long in compelling them by force to crave respite and mercy. They then accuse Britomart of having both despoiled them of their public praise and beguiled them of their private loves ; she easily shows the absurdity of these charges ; and the Prince declares his judgment that they are much in the wrong. Then Britomart speaks again :—

^f Attacked (essayed, or perhaps assailed).

^g At once. ^h Foes.

“ And yet,” quoth she, “ a greater wrong remains :
For I thereby my former love have lost ;
Whom seeking ever since with endless pains
Hath me much sorrow and much travel cost ;
Aye me, to see that gentle maid so tossed ! ”
But Scudamore then sighing deep thus said ;
“ Certes her loss ought me to sorrow most,
Whose right she is, wherever she be strayed,
Through many perils won, and many fortunes weighed : ”

and so forth. This is not quite intelligible. For Britomart had not, as she here states, lost Amoret through anything that the four knights had done : she had lost her, as we have seen, after the tournament was over and she and they had parted and left the place in different directions. It is strange, too, that Amoret should remain all this while unnoticed by either Britomart or Scudamore, and that she herself should not ere now have recognized both the one and the other. If she had retired to a distance, or been left behind by Arthur (which it is not said that she did or was) when he threw himself into the fray, it would seem to be natural that she should now be brought forward when the fighting is all over. And what makes the case the more puzzling is, that, as we shall find, she is spoken of in the beginning of the next Canto as if she never had been absent. We think with Upton that something is clearly wanting, and that probably the poet intended to introduce here, after the speech of Scudamore, with some few necessary alterations, the stanzas which originally stood at the end of the Third Book describing the happy meeting between him and Amoret. As it is, no mention is made of Amoret in this place ; but, a general harmony having now been established, and the whole party having agreed to pursue their journey together, Scudamore is besought by Sir Claribel (now characterized by the epithet “ good ”) to favour them, as they ride along, with a recital of the adventure he had undertaken for his fair lady’s love ; and all the rest joining in the request, Britomart especially urging it with earnest importunity, Scudamore consents to comply, as he does in the next Canto.

On the whole, this short Canto has the air of having been hastily composed merely to carry forward the narrative and connect what precedes with what follows, and neither to have been worked up with the poet's customary elaboration, nor even to have received his last corrections. The carelessness with which it would seem to have been thrown off and dismissed appears even in the usual metrical summary with which it is headed, where we are told that

The Squire of Low Degree, released,
Pæana takes to wife;—

whereas it is, indeed, the Squire of Low Degree, Amias, who is released, but his friend Placidus, the Trusty Squire, who marries Pæana. The inferiority of this Canto may have been artfully intended as a foil, the more to set off the splendid writing upon which we are now about to enter.

Canto X. (58 stanzas).—Sir Scudamore commences his narrative as follows:—

“ True he it said, whatever man it said,
That love with gall and honey doth abound;
But, if the one be with the other weighed,
For every dram of honey therein found
A pound of gall doth over it redound:¹
That I too true by trial have approved;
For, since the day that first with deadly wound
My heart was launched,² and learned to have loved,
I never joyed hour, but still with care was moved.

“ And yet such grace is given them from above,
That all the cares and evil which they meet
May nought at all their settled minds remove,
But seem, gainst common sense, to them most sweet,
As boasting in their martyrdom unmeet:
So all that ever yet I have endured
I count as nought, and tread down under feet,
Since of my love at length I rest assured
That to disloyalty she will not be allured.”

It will be a long story, he goes on to observe, to tell the

¹ Compensate.

² Pierced.

long toil by which he had won the Shield of Love which he carries (and from which he has his name—*Scutum Amoris*, or *Scudo d'Amore*); but, since the company desire it, it shall be done. “Then, hark,” he adds,

—“ye gentle knights and ladies free,
My hard mishaps that ye may learn to shun;
For, though sweet love to conquer glorious be,
Yet is the pain thereof much greater than the fee.”

This address, it will be perceived, must include Amoret, for she is the only lady present, besides Britomart. His knowledge of her presence is still clearer from what follows, where he states that from the time when the report of this famous prize, namely the Shield, first flew abroad, he had been possessed with the thought that he was the man destined to carry it off, adding—

“And that both shield and she whom I behold
Might be my lucky lot, sith all by lot we hold.”

So forth he proceeded on the adventure, and soon made his way to “the place of peril,” an ancient, beautiful, and renowned temple of Venus—much more famous than either that in Paphos or that in Cyprus (Spenser seems to have forgotten that Paphos was merely the town in the isle of Cyprus where the principal temple of Venus stood), both built long subsequently,—

“Though all the pillars of the one were gilt,
And all the other's pavement were with ivory spilt.”^{*}

This temple of the goddess to which Scudamore repaired stood in an island so strongly fortified by nature, that there was only one passage by which access was possible.

“It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wise
With curious corbs¹ and pendants graven fair,
And, arched all with porches, did arise
On stately pillars framed after the Doric guise.”

At the farther end was built a strong and fair castle,

^{*} Inlaid.

¹ Corbels.

in which were placed twenty valiant and experienced knights. And, continues Sir Scudamore,

“ Before that castle was an open plain,
And in the midst thereof a pillar placed ;
On which this shield, of many sought in vain,
THE SHIELD OF LOVE, whose guerdon me hath graced,
Was hanged on high with golden ribands laced ;
And in the marble stone was written this,
With golden letters goodly well enchased ;
Blessed the man that well can use this bliss :
Whose ever be the shield, fair Amoret be his.

“ Which when I read, my heart did inly earn,^m
And pant with hope of that adventure's hap :
Ne stayed further news thereof to learn,
But with my spear upon the shield did rap,
That all the castle ringed with the clap.
Straight forth issued a knight all armed to proof,
And bravely mounted to his most mishap :
Who, staying nought to question from aloof,
Ran fierce at me, that fire glanced from his horse's
hoof.”

He boldly encountered this fiery champion, and soon unseated him ; then two others, who sprung out upon him together, met with the same fate ; in short, all the twenty were left groaning on the plain ; and the victor, advancing to the pillar, and reading aloud the inscription, took down the shield, and bore it away with him. All this is modestly told by Scudamore in a single stanza. He then proceeds :—

“ So forth without impediment I passed,
Till to the bridge's utter gate I came ;
The which I found sure locked and chained fast.
I knocked, but no man answered me by name ;
I called, but no man answered to my claim :
Yet I persevered still to knock and call ;
Till at the last I spied within the same
Where one stood peeping through a crevice small,
To whom I called aloud, half angry therewithall.

^m Yearn.

“ That was to weet the porter of the place,
 Unto whose trust the charge thereof was lent :
 His name was Doubt, that had a double face,
 The one forward looking, the other backward bent,
 Therein resembling Janus ancient
 Which hath in charge the ingateⁿ of the year
 And evermore his eyes about him went,
 As if some proved peril he did fear,
 Or did misdoubt some ill whose cause did not appear.

“ On the one side he, on the other sat Delay,
 Behind the gate, that none her might espy ;
 Whose manner was, all passengers to stay
 And entertain with her occasions sly ;
 Through which some lost great hope unheedily,
 Which never they recover might again ;
 And others, quite excluded forth, did lie
 Long languishing there in unpitied pain,
 And seeking often entrance afterwards in vain.”

As soon as Doubt, looking through the chink, perceived the shield, he immediately knew it, opened the gate wide, and, the knight having passed in, closed it again. Delay now caught hold of him, trying to stay him with much prating and many foolish pretences, and to steal from him time, that precious treasure, whose smallest minute lost no riches may restore. “ But,” continues Scudamore,

“ — by no means my way I would forslow^o
 For aught that ever she could do or say ;
 But from my lofty steed dismounting low
 Passed forth on foot, beholding all the way
 The goodly works, and stones of rich assay,
 Cast into sundry shapes by wondrous skill,
 That like on earth no where I reckon may ;
 And, underneath, the river rolling still
 With murmur soft, that seemed to serve the workman’s
 will.

“ Thence forth I passed to the second gate,
 The Gate of Good Desert, whose goodly pride

ⁿ Entrance, beginning.

^o Delay.

And costly frame were long here to relate :
 The same to all stood always open wide ;
 But in the porch did evermore abide
 An hideous giant, dreadful to behold,
 That stopped the entrance with his spacious stride,
 And with the terror of his countenance bold
 Full many did affray, that else fain enter wold :
 His name was Danger, dreaded over all ;
 Who day and night did watch and duly ward
 From fearful cowards entrance to forestall,
 And faint-heart-fools, whom show of peril hard
 Could terrify from fortune's fair adward :
 For oftentimes faint hearts, at first espial
 Of his grim face, were from approaching scard :
 Unworthy they of grace, whom one denial
 Excludes from fairest hope withouten further trial.
 Yet many doughty warriors, often tried
 In greater perils to be stout and bold,
 Durst not the sternness of his look abide ;
 But, soon as they his countenance did behold,
 Began to faint, and feel their courage cold.
 Again, some other, that in hard assays
 Were cowards known, and little count did hold,
 Either through gifts, or guile, or such like ways,
 Crept in by stooping low, or stealing of the kays."^p

Scudamore disdained either to stoop to him, or to creep between his legs ; but, advancing his enchanted shield, began to lay about him with all his might ; on which Danger immediately lowered his sword, and allowed him to pass freely on. Looking back, he now perceived that worse lay concealed behind the Giant than what appeared in front of him ; for there lay lurking in ambush Hatred, Murder, Treason, Despite, and many more such foes, ready to entrap whosoever did not protect himself against them with vigilant circumspection. He was now fairly within the island ; " the which," he says,

— " did seem, unto my simple doom,^a
 The only pleasant and delightful place

^p Pronounced *kays* (or as Spenser spells it, *kaies*), as indeed it commonly was down to a much later date.

^a Judgment.

That ever trodden was of footing's trace :
For all that nature by her mother-wit
Could frame in earth, and form of substance base,
Was there ; and all that nature did omit,
Art, playing second nature's part, supplied it.

No tree, that is of count, in greenwood grows,
From lowest juniper to cedar tall ;
No flower in field, that dainty odour throws,
And decks his branch with blossoms over all,
But there was planted, or grew natural :
Nor sense of man so coy and curious nice,
But there mote find to please itself withall ;
Nor heart could wish for any quaint device,
But there it present was, and did frail sense entice.

In such luxurious plenty of all pleasure,
It seemed a second paradise, I guess,
So lavishly enriched with nature's treasure,
That, if the happy souls, which do possess
The Elysian fields and live in lasting bliss,
Should happen this with living eye to see,
They soon would loath their lesser happiness,
And wish to life returned again to be,
That in this joyous place they mote have joyance free.

Fresh shadows, fit to shroud from sunny ray ;
Fair lawns, to take the sun in season due ;
Sweet springs, in which a thousand nymphs did play ;
Soft-rumbling brooks, that gentle slumber drew ;
High-reared mounts, the lands about to view ;
Low-looking dales, disloined^r from common gaze ;
Delightful bowers, to solace lovers true ;
False labyrinths, fond runners' eyes to daze ;
All which by nature made did nature self amaze.

And all without were walks and alleys dight
With divers trees enranked in even ranks ;
And here and there were pleasant arbours pight,
And shady seats, and sundry flowering banks
To sit and rest the walker's weary shanks :
And therein thousand pairs of lovers walked,
Praising their god, and yielding him great thanks,

^r Removed.

Ne ever aught but of their true loves talked,
Ne ever for rebuke or blame of any balked."

Apart, and at a distance, from these were lovers of another sort, those namely whose desires were set only on virtue—whose spirits ever aspired after noble thoughts and valiant deeds. "Such," Scudamore proceeds,

— "were great Hercules, and Hylas dear ;
True Jonathan, and David trusty tried ;
Stout Theseus, and Pirithous his fere ;
Pylades, and Orestes by his side ;
Mild Titus, and Gesippus without pride ;
Damon and Pythias, whom death could not sever :
All these, and all that ever had been tied
In bands of friendship, there did live for ever ;
Whose lives although decayed, yet loves decayed never

Which whenas I, that never tasted bliss
Nor happy hour, beheld with gazeeful eye,
I thought there was none other heaven than this ;
And gan their endless happiness envy,
That being free from fear and jealousy
Might frankly there their loves' desire possess ;
Whilst I through pains and perilous jeopardy
Was forced to seek my life's dear patroness :
Much dearer be the things which come through hard
distress.

Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw,
Might not my steps withhold but that forthright
Unto that purposed place I did me draw,
Whereas my love was lodged day and night,
The temple of great Venus, that is hight
The Queen of Beauty, and of Love the mother,
There worshipped of every living wight ;
Whose goodly workmanship far passed all other
That ever were on earth, all were they set together.

Not that same famous temple of Diane,
Whose height all Ephesus did oversee,
And which all Asia sought with vows profane,
One of the world's seven wonders said to be,

Might match with this by many a degree;
 Nor that, which that wise king of Jewry framed
 With endless cost to be the Almighty's see;
 Nor all, that else through all the world is named
 To all the heathen gods, might like to this be claimed.

I, much admiring that so goodly frame,
 Unto the porch approached, which open stood;
 But therein sat an amiable dame,
 That seemed to be of very sober mood,
 And in her semblant^t showed great womanhood:
 Strange was her tire; for on her head a crown
 She wore, much like unto a Danisk^u hood,
 Powdered with pearl and stone; and all her gown
 Enwoven was with gold, that raught^v full low adown.

On either side of her two young men stood,
 Both strongly armed, as fearing one another;
 Yet were they brethren both of half the blood,
 Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
 Though of contrary natures each to other:
 The one of them hight Love, the other Hate;
 Hate was the elder, Love the younger brother;
 Yet was the younger stronger in his state
 Than the elder, and him maistered still in all debate.

Nathless that dame so well them tempered both,
 That she them forced hand to join in hand,
 All be that Hatred was thereto full loth,
 And turned his face away, as he did stand,
 Unwilling to behold that lovely band:
 Yet she was of such grace and virtuous might,
 That her commandment he could not withstand,
 But bit his lip for felonous despite,
 And gnashed his iron tusks at that displeasing sight.

Concord she cleeped^w was in common reed,
 Mother of blessed Peace and Friendship true;
 They both her twins, both born of heavenly seed,
 And she herself likewise divinely grew;
 The which right well her works divine did shew:
 For strength and wealth and happiness she lends,
 And strife and war and anger does subdue;

^t Appearance, air.

^u Danish.

^v Reached.

^w Called.

Of little much, of foes she maketh friends.
And to afflicted minds sweet rest and quiet sends.

By her the heaven is in his course contained,
And all the world in state unmoved stands,
As their Almighty Maker first ordained,
And bound them with inviolable bands;
Else would the waters overflow the lands,
And fire devour the air, and hell them quite;
But that she holds them with her blessed hands.
She is the nurse of pleasure and delight,
And unto Venus' grace the gate doth open right.

By her I entering half dismayed was;
But she in gentle wise me entertained,
And twixt herself and Love did let me pass;
But Hatred would my entrance have restrained,
And with his club me threatened to have brained,
Had not the lady with her powerful speech
Him from his wicked will uneath refrained^x:
And the other eke his malice did impeach,^y
Till I was throughly past the peril of his reach.

Into the inmost temple thus I came,
Which fuming all with frankincense I found
And odours rising from the altar's flame.
Upon an hundred marble pillars round
The roof up high was reared from the ground,
All decked with crowns, and chains, and girlands gay,
And thousand precious gifts worth many a pound,
The which sad lovers for their vows did pay;
And all the ground was strewed with flowers as fresh
as May.

An hundred altars round about were set,
All flaming with their sacrifices' fire,
That with the steam thereof the temple sweat,
Which rolled in clouds to heaven did aspire,
And in them bore true lovers' vows entire:
And eke an hundred brazen caldrons bright
To bathe in joy and amorous desire,
Every of which was to a damsel hight;
For all the priests were damsels in soft linen dight.

^x With some difficulty kept back.

^y Hinder.

Right in the midst the goddess self did stand
Upon an altar of some costly mass,
Whose substance was uneath^z to understand :
For neither precious stone, nor dureful brass,
Nor shinning gold, nor mouldering clay it was ;
But much more rare and precious to esteem,
Pure in aspect, and like to crystal glass ;
Yet glass was not, if one did rightly deem ;
But, being fair and brickle,^a likest glass did seem.

But it in shape and beauty did excel
All other idols which the heath'n adore,
Far passing that, which by surpassing skill
Phidias did make in Paphos' isle of yore,
With which that wretched Greek, that life forlore,^b
Did fall in love : yet this much fairer shined,
But covered with a slender veil afore :
And both her feet and legs together twined
Were with a snake, whose head and tail were fast com-
bined.

The cause why she was covered with a veil
Was hard to know, for that her priests the same
From people's knowledge laboured to conceal :
But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,
Nor any blemish, which the work mote blame ;
But for (they say) she hath both kinds in one,
Both male and female, both under one name :
She sire and mother is herself alone,
Begets and eke conceives, ne needeth other none.

And all about her neck and shoulders flew
A flock of little loves, and sports, and joys,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hue ;
Whose shapes seemed not like to terrestrial boys,
But like to angels playing heavenly toys ;
The whilst their eldest brother was away,
Cupid their eldest brother : he enjoys
The wide kingdom of love with lordly sway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obey.

And all about her altar scattered lay
Great sorts^c of lovers piteously complaining,

^z Difficult.

^a Brittle.

^b Forsook.

^c Flocks.

Some of their loss, some of their love's delay,
 Some of their pride, some paragons' disdain,
 Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently feigning,
 As every one had cause of good or ill.
 Amongst the rest some one, through love's constraining
 Tormented sore, could not contain it still,
 But thus brake forth, that all the temple it did fill."

The hymn or prayer to Venus that follows is a free translation of the exquisitely beautiful invocation with which Lucretius opens his great poem:—

"Great Venus! Queen of Beauty and of Grace,
 The joy of gods and men, that under sky
 Dost fairest shine, and most adorn thy place;
 That with thy smiling look dost pacify
 The raging seas, and mak'st the storms to fly;
 Thee, goddess, thee the winds, the clouds do fear;
 And, when thou spread'st thy mantle forth on high,
 The waters play, and pleasant lands appear,
 And heavens laugh, and all the world shows joyous
 cheer.

Then doth the dædal^d earth throw forth to thee
 Out of her fruitful lap abundant flowers;
 And then all living wights, soon as they see
 The spring break forth out of his lusty bowers,
 They all do learn to play the paramours:
 First do the merry birds, thy pretty pages,
 Privily pricked with thy lustful powers,
 Chirp loud to thee out of their leafy cages,
 And thee, their mother, call to cool their kindly rages.

Then do the salvage beasts begin to play
 Their pleasant frisks, and loath their wonted food:
 The lions roar; the tigers loudly bray;
 The raging bulls rebellow through the wood,
 And breaking forth dare tempt the deepest flood
 To come where thou dost draw them with desire.

.

So all the world by thee at first was made,
 And daily yet thou dost the same repair:

^d Productive. It is the original Latin word.

Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
 Ne ought on earth that lovely is and fair,
 But thou the same for pleasure didst prepare :
 Thou art the root of all that joyous is :
 Great god of men and women, queen of the air,
 Mother of laughter, and well-spring of bliss,
 O grant that of my love at last I may not miss ! ”

Sir Scudamore goes on, in lines too bright and musical
 for one of them to be spared :—

“ So did he say : but I with murmur soft,
 That none might hear the sorrow of my heart,
 Yet inly groaning deep and sighing oft,
 Besought her to grant ease unto my smart,
 And to my wound her gracious help impart.
 Whilst thus I spake, behold ! with happy eye
 I spied where at the idol’s feet apart
 A bevy of fair damsels close did lie,
 Waiting whenas the anthem should be sung on high.

The first of them did seem of riper years
 And graver countenance than all the rest :
 Yet all the rest were eke her equal peers,
 Yet unto her obeyed all the best :
 Her name was Womanhood : that she expressed
 By her sad semblant and demeanour wise ;
 For steadfast still her eyes did fixed rest,
 Ne roved at random, after gazers’ guise,
 Whose luring baits oftimes do heedless hearts entise.

And next to her sate goodly Shamefacedness,
 Ne ever durst her eyes from ground uprear,
 Ne ever once did look up from her dess,^e
 As if some blame of evil she did fear,
 That in her cheeks made roses oft appear :
 And her against sweet Cheerfulness was placed,
 Whose eyes, like twinkling stars in evening clear,
 Were decked with smiles that all sad humours chased,
 And darted forth delights the which her goodly graced.

And next to her sate sober Modesty,
 Holding her hand upon her gentle heart ;

^e Seat.

And her against sate comely Courtesy,
 That unto every person knew her part;
 And her before was seated overthwart
 Soft Silence, and submiss Obedience,
 Both linked together never to dispart;
 Both gifts of God not gotten but from thence;
 Both girlands of his saints against their foes' offence.
 Thus sate they all around in seemly rate^f:
 And in the midst of them a goodly Maid
 (Even in the lap of Womanhood) there sate,
 The which was all in lily-white arrayed,
 With silver streams amongst the linen strayed;
 Like to the Morn, when first her shining face
 Hath to the gloomy world itself bewrayed:
 That same was fairest Amoret in place,
 Shining with beauty's light and heavenly virtue's grace.
 Whom soon as I beheld, my heart gan throb
 And weighed in doubt what best were to be done:
 For sacrilege me seemed the church to rob:
 And folly seemed to leave the thing undone,
 Which with so strong attempt I had begun.
 Tho, shaking off all doubt and shamefaced fear,
 Which lady's love I heard had never won
 Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped near,
 And by the lily hand her laboured up to rear."

Upon this, Womanhood sharply rebuked him for being overbold in presuming to lay hands upon a virgin dedicated to the service of Venus. Scudamore replied in a few honest words, and at the same time disclosed his shield, which he had kept hidden ever since he entered the temple; at the sight on which, of Cupid emblazoned with his bow and shafts, the matron, awed, said no more. Meantime the knight all the while had kept hold of the fair virgin's hand, resolved for no entreaty to "forego so glorious spoil;" having his eye also evermore fixed upon the face of the goddess, "whom," he says,

— "when I saw with amiable grace
 To laugh on me, and favour my pretence,
 I was emboldened with more confidence;

^f Manner, arrangement.

And, nought for niceness nor for envy sparing,
 In presence of them all forth led her thence,
 All looking on, and like astonished staring,
 Yet to lay hand on her not one of all them daring.

She often prayed, and often me besought,
 Sometime with tender tears, to let her go,
 Sometime with witching smiles: but yet, for nought
 That ever she to me could say or do,
 Could she her wished freedom from me woo;
 But forth I led her through the temple gate,
 By which I hardly passed with much ado:
 But that same lady^s which me friended late
 In entrance, did me also friend in my retrate.

No less did Danger threaten me with dread,
 Whenas he saw me, maugre all his power,
 That glorious spoil of Beauty with me lead,
 Than Cerberus, when Orpheus did recoure^h
 His leman from the Stygian prince's bower.
 But evermore my shield did me defend
 Against the storm of every dreadful stour:
 Thus safely with my love I thence did wend."

"And so," says the poet, "ended he his tale, where I this Canto end."

Canto XI. (53 stanzas).—We must also give nearly the whole of this Canto, one of the most conspicuous in the poem. It sets out thus:—

But ah! for pity that I have thus long
 Left a fair lady languishing in pain!
 Now well away! that I have done such wrong,
 To let fair Florimel in bands remain,
 In bands of love, and in sad thralldom's chain;
 From which unless some heavenly power her free
 By miracle, not yet appearing plain,
 She lenger yet is like captived to be;
 That even to think thereof it inly pities me.

Florimel, it may be remembered, was left, in the Eighth Canto of the preceding Book, in the hands of the sea-god Proteus, who, we were there told, after all his

^s Concord.

^h Recover.

attempts to win her favour had failed, at last threw her into a dungeon and threatened to keep her there in eternal durance.

Deep in the bottom of an huge great rock
The dungeon was, in which her bound he left,
That neither iron bars, nor brazen lock,
Did need to guard from force or secret theft
Of all her lovers which would her have reft :
For walled it was with waves, which raged and roared
As they the cliff in pieces would have cleft ;
Besides, ten thousand monsters foul abhorred
Did wait about it, gaping grisly, all begored.¹

And in the midst thereof did Horror dwell,
And Darkness dread that never viewed day,
Like to the baleful house of lowest hell,
In which old Styx her aged bones alway
(Old Styx the grandame of the gods) doth lay.
There did this luckless maid seven months abide,
Ne ever evening saw, ne morning's ray,
Ne ever from the day the night desried,
But thought it all one night, that did no hours divide.

And all this was for the love of Marinel—of Marinel, by whom she and all other women were despised. Meanwhile, however, he still lay languishing of the wound inflicted by a woman's hand, as related in the Fourth Canto of the last Book ; and nothing that the nymph his mother can do to cure him is of any avail, till at last she hies for help to Tryphon, the sea-gods' surgeon, to whom she carries a whistle, curiously wrought of a fish's shell, for fee. If, therefore, we would have the poet to be perfectly consistent throughout the whole extent of his long performance, we must suppose that the message which we were before told she sent in haste for Tryphon to come to her, as soon as her son was brought home, had not been attended to by that "sovereign leech." But we shall take a truer view if we are contented to allow that he may be chargeable with a lapse of memory in regard to so minute a matter. Now, at any rate,

¹ Besmeared with gore.

Tryphon, hearkening to the nymph's request, applied his skill with such assiduity and success that Marinel was soon restored to health. His mother's maternal fears, nevertheless, long retained him in her ocean bower, very much against his will. At length it happened that all the deities of the sea and their offspring were assembled at a solemn feast held in the house of Proteus in honour of the marriage of the Thames and the Medway, that is, of the god of the former river with the goddess or nymph of the latter, whom, after long wooing, he had at last prevailed upon to consent to share his bed. The famous episode thus introduced, the commentators assume to be the same poem which Spenser speaks of in the year 1580 as already written by him on this subject. But that poem, entitled *Epithalamion Thamesis*, was, as we have seen, a specimen of what was called "English versifying," or a composition in some of the metres then attempted to be constructed on the principles of the ancient Greek and Latin prosody;* and it must therefore have been, at least in its form, entirely different from what we have here. Nor, considering the long interval that had elapsed, does it seem very probable that there would be much resemblance between the present and the former composition in any respect. The episode, as we have it, is altogether in Spenser's most matured style; and it may be assumed not to have been written even when the first three Books of the *Fairy Queen* were published, else it would probably have been introduced in that portion of the poem.

To the house of Proteus, then, all the water deities, the poet tell us, repaired on this occasion, both the greater and the least—

As well which in the mighty ocean trade,
As that in rivers swim, or brooks do wade—

adding, in Homeric fashion, that, if he had an hundred tongues, as many mouths, a voice of brass, and a memory

* See Vol. I. pp. 28, 29.

endless, or boundless, he could not recount them all in order. And then he proceeds:—

Help therefore, O thou sacred imp of Jove,
The nursling of dame Memory his dear,
To whom those rolls, laid up in heaven above,
And records of antiquity appear,
To which no wit of man may comen near;
Help me to tell the names of all those floods
And all those nymphs, which then assembled were
To that great banquet of the watery gods,
And all their sundry kinds, and all their hid abodes.

First came great Neptune, with his three-forked mace,
That rules the seas and makes them rise or fall;
His dewy locks did drop with brine apace
Under his diadem imperial:
And by his side his queen with coronal,
Fair Amphitrite, most divinely fair,
Whose ivory shoulders weren covered all,
As with a robe, with her own silver hair,
And decked with pearls which the Indian seas for her
prepare.

These marched far afore the other crew:
And all the way before them, as they went,
Triton his trumpet shrill before them blew,
For goodly triumph and great jolliment,
That made the rocks to roar as they were rent.
And after them the royal issue came,
Which of them sprung by lineal descent:
First the sea-gods, which to themselves do claim
The power to rule the billows, and the waves to tame.

Phoreys, the father of that fatal brood,
By whom those old heroes won such fame;
And Glaucus, that wise soothsays understood;
And tragic Ino's son, the which became
A god of seas through his mad mother's blame,
Now hight Palemon, and is sailors' friend;
Great Brontes; and Astræus, that did shame
Himself with incest of his kin unkenned;
And huge Orion, that doth tempests still portend;

The rich Cteatus; and Eurytus long;
Neleus and Pelias, lovely brethren both;

Mighty Chrysaor ; and Caicus strong ;
Eurypulus, that calms the waters wroth :
And fair Euphœmus, that upon them go'th,
As on the ground, without dismay or dread ;
Fierce Eryx ; and Alebius, that know'th
The waters' depth, and doth their bottom tread ;
And sad Asopus, comely with his hoary head.

There also some most famous founders were
Of puissant nations, which the world possessed,
Yet sons of Neptune, now assembled here :
Ancient Ogyges, even the ancientest ;
And Inachus renowned above the rest ;
Phœnix ; and Aon ; and Pelasgus old ;
Great Belus ; Phœax ; and Agenor best ;
And mighty Albion, father of the bold
And warlike people which the Britain Islands hold :

For Albion was the son of Neptune, and passed dry-footed out of his own Britain, called Albion after him, into Gaul, now called France, to fight with Hercules, by whom what was mortal of him was slain ; but the immortal spirit still lives, and comes with the rest of the progeny of Neptune to this great feast. Of the remainder of the Canto there is not a stanza that can be abridged or thrown out.

Next came the aged Ocean and his dame
Old Tethys, the oldest two of all the rest ;
For all the rest of those two parents came,
Which afterward both sea and land possessed ;
Of all which Nereus, the eldest and the best,
Did first proceed ; than which none more upright,
Ne more sincere in word and deed professed ;
Most void of guile, most free from foul despite,
Doing himself and teaching others to do right :

Thereto he was expert in prophecies,
And could the ledden^j of the gods unfold ;
Through which, when Paris brought his famous prize,
The fair Tyndarid lass, he him foretold
That her all Greece with many a champion bold

Should fetch again, and finally destroy
Proud Priam's town: so wise is Nereus old,
And so well skilled; nathless he takes great joy
Oft-times amongst the wanton nymphs to sport and toy.

And after him the famous rivers came,
Which do the earth enrich and beautify:
The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth frame;
Long Rhodanus, whose source springs from the sky;
Fair Ister, flowing from the mountains high;
Divine Scamander, purpled yet with blood
Of Greeks and Trojans, which therein did die;
Pactolus glistening with his golden flood;
And Tigris fierce, whose streams of none may be with-
stood;

Great Ganges; and immortal Euphrates;
Deep Indus; and Mæander intricate;
Slow Peneus; and tempestuous Phasides;
Swift Rhene; and Alpheus still immaculate;
Oraxes, feared for great Cyrus' fate;
Tybris, renowned for the Romans' fame;
Rich Oranochy,^k though but known late;
And that huge river, which doth bear his name
Of warlike Amazons which do possess the same.

Joy on those warlike women, which so long
Can from all men so rich a kingdom hold!
And shame on you, O men, which boast your strong
And valiant hearts, in thoughts less hard and bold,
Yet quail in conquest of that land of gold!
But this to you, O Britons, most pertains,
To whom the right hereof itself hath sold;
The which, for sparing little cost or pains,
Lose so immortal glory, and so endless gains.

Then was there heard a most celestial sound
Of dainty music, which did next ensue
Before the spouse: that was Arion crowned;
Who, playing on his harp, unto him drew
The ears and hearts of all that goodly crew;
That even yet the dolphin, which him bore
Through the Ægean seas from pirates' view,

^k The Orinoco.

Stood still by him astonished at his lore,
And all the raging seas for joy forgot to roar.

So went he playing on the watery plain :
Soon after whom the lovely bridegroom came,
The noble Thames, with all his goodly train.
But him before there went, as best became,
His ancient parents, namely the ancient Thame ;
But much more aged was his wife than he,
The Ouse, whom men do Isis rightly name ;
Full weak and crooked creature seemed she,
And almost blind through eld, that scarce her way could
see.

Therefore on either side she was sustained
Of two small grooms, which by their names were hight
The Churn and Charwell, two small streams, which
pained

Themselves her footing to direct aright,
Which failed oft through faint and feeble plight :
But Thame was stronger, and of better stay ;
Yet seemed full aged by his outward sight,
With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
Dewed with silver drops that trickled down alway :

And eke he somewhat seemed to stoop afore
With bowed back, by reason of the load
And ancient heavy burden which he bore
Of that fair city, wherein make abode
So many learned imps, that shoot abroad,
And with their branches spread all Britany,
No less than do her elder sister's¹ brood.
Joy to you both, ye double nursery
Of arts ! but, Oxford, thine doth Thame most glorify.

But he their son,^m full fresh and jolly was,
All decked in a robe of watchetⁿ hue,
On which the waves, glittering like crystal glass,
So cunningly enwoven were, that few
Could weenen whether they were false or true :
And on his head like to a coronet
He wore, that seemed strange to common view,

Cambridge.

^m Thames.

ⁿ Blue.

In which were many towers and castles set,
That it encompassed round as with a golden fret.
Like as the mother of the gods, they say,
In her great iron chariot wonts to ride,
When to Jove's palace she doth take her way,
Old Cybele, arrayed with pompous pride,
Wearing a diadem embattled wide
With hundred turrets, like a turribant : °
With such an one was Thamis beautified ;
That was to weet the famous Troynovant,
In which her kingdom's throne is chiefly resiant. P
And round about him many a pretty page
Attended duly, ready to obey ;
All little rivers which owe vassalage
To him, as to their lord, and tribute pay :
The chalky Kennet ; and the Thetis grey ;
The morish Cole ; and the soft-sliding Brean ;
The wanton Lee, that oft doth lose his way ;
And the still Darent, in whose waters clean
Ten thousand fishes play and deck his pleasant stream.
Then came his neighbour floods which nigh him dwell,
And water all the English soil throughout ;
They all on him this day attended well,
And with meet service waited him about ;
Ne none disdained low to him to lout :
No, not the stately Severn grudged at all,
Ne storming Humber, though he looked stout ;
But both him honoured as their principal,
And let their swelling waters low before him fall.
There was the speedy Tamar, which divides
The Cornish and the Devonish confines ;
Through both whose borders swiftly down it glides,
And, meeting Plym, to Plymouth thence declines :
And Dart, nigh choked with sands of tinny mines :
But Avon marched in more stately path,
Proud of his adamants with which he shines
And glisters wide, as als of wondrous Bath,
And Bristow fair, which on his waves he builded hath.
And there came Stour with terrible aspect,
Bearing his six deformed heads on high,

° Turban.

P Resident.

That doth his course through Blandford plains direct,
 And washeth Wintorne meeds in season dry.
 Next him went Willyburn with passage sly,
 That of his willness his name doth take,
 And of himself doth name the shire thereby:
 And Mole, that like a mousling mole doth make
 His way still under ground till Thames he overtake.

Then came the Rother, decked all with woods
 Like a wood-god, and flowing fast to Rye;
 And Sture, that parteth with his pleasant floods
 The eastern Saxons from the southern nigh,
 And Clare and Harwich both doth beautify.
 Him followed Yar, soft washing Norwich wall,
 And with him brought a present joyfully
 Of his own fish unto their festival,
 Whose like none else could shew, the which they ruffins
 call.

Next these the plenteous Ouse came far from land,
 By many a city and by many a town,
 And many rivers taking underhand
 Into his waters, as he passeth down.
 (The Clee, the Were, the Grant,* the Sture, the Rowne,)
 Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,
 My mother Cambridge, whom as with a crown
 He doth adorn, and is adorned of it
 With many a gentle muse and many a learned wit.

And after him the fatal Welland went,
 That if old saws prove true (which God forbid!)
 Shall drown all Hottland with his excrement,
 And shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,
 Then shine in learning more than ever did
 Cambridge or Oxford. England's goodly beams
 And next to him the Nene down softly slid;
 And bounteous Trent, that in himself ensembles
 Both thirty sorts of fish and thirty sundry streams.

Next these came Tyne, along whose stony bank
 That Roman monarch built a brazen wall,
 Which mote the feebled Britons strongly flank
 Against the Picts that swarmed over all,

Which yet thereof Gualever they do call:
 And Tweed, the limit betwixt Loegris land
 And Albany: and Eden, though but small,
 Yet often stained with blood of many a band
 Of Scots and English both, that died* on his strand.

Then came those six sad brethren, like forlorn,
 That widows were, as antique fables tell.
 Six valiant knights of one fair nymph's blood,
 Which did in noble deeds of arms excel,
 And wended there where now York people dwell;
 Still Ure, swift Werd, and Oze the most of might,
 High Swale, unquiet Nide, and troublesome Sheld;
 All whom a Scythian king, that Humber knight,
 Sew cruelly, and in the river drowned quite:

But passed not long, ere Brutus' warlike son
 Lucernus them avenged, and the same date,
 Which the proud Humber unto them had done,
 By equal doom repaid on his own pate:
 For in the self same river, where he late
 Had drenched them, he drowned him again;
 And named the river of his wretched fate;
 Whose bad condition yet it doth retain,
 Oft tossed with his storms which therein still remain.

These after came the stony shallow Lune,
 That to old Lancaster his name doth lend;
 And following Dee, which Britons long yfume
 Did call divine, that doth by Chester bend;
 And Conway, which out of his stream doth send
 Plenty of pearls to deck his dames withal;
 And Lindus, that his pikes doth most commend,
 Of which the ancient Lincoln men do call;
 All these together marched toward Proteus' hall.

Ne thence the Irish rivers absent were:
 Sith no less famous than the rest they be,
 And join in neighbourhood of kingdom near,
 Why should they not likewise in love agree,
 And joy likewise this solemn day to see?
 They saw it all, and present were in place:
 Though I them all, naming their degree,

* Were killed.

Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,
Nor read the salvage countries thorough which they pace.

There was the Liffy rolling down the lea;
The Sandy Slane; the stony Aubrion;
The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea;
The pleasant Boyne; the fishy fruitful Ban;
Swift Awniduff, which of the English man
Is called Blackwater; and the Liffar deep;
Sad Trowis, that once his people overran;
Strong Allo tumbling from Slewlogher steep;
And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilome taught to weep.

And there the three renowned brethren were,
Which that great giant Blomius begot
Of the fair nymph Rheüsa wandering there:
One day, as she to shun the season hot
Under Slewboome in shady grove was got,
This giant found her and by force deflowered;
Whereof conceiving, she in time forth brought
These three fair sons, which being thenceforth poured
In three great rivers ran, and many countries scoured.

The first the gentle Shure that, making way
By sweet Clonmell, adorns rich Waterford;
The next, the stubborn Newre whose waters grey
By fair Kilkenny and Rossponte board;
The third, the goodly Barrow which doth hoard
Great heaps of salmon in his deep bosom:
All which, long sundered, do at last accord
To join in one, ere to the sea they come;
So, flowing all from one, all one at last become.

There also was the wide embayed Mayre;
The pleasant Bandon crowned with many a wood;
The spreading Lee that, like an island fair,
Encloseth Cork with his divided flood;
And baleful Oure late stained with English blood:
With many more whose names no tongue can tell.
All which that day in order seemly good
Did on the Thames attend, and waited well
To do their dueful service, as to them befell.

Then came the bride, the lovely Medua came,
Clad in a vesture of unknown gear

And uncouth fashion, yet her well became,
That seemed like silver sprinkled here and there
With glittering spangs that did like stars appear,
And waved upon, like water chamelot,*
To hide the metal, which yet everywhere
Bewrayed itself, to let men plainly wot
It was no mortal work, that seemed and yet was not.

Her goodly locks adown her back did flow
Unto her waist, with flowers bescattered,
The which ambrosial odours forth did throw
To all about, and all her shoulders spread
As a new spring; and likewise on her head
A chapelet of sundry flowers she wore,
From under which the dewy humour shed
Did trickle down her hair, like to the hoar
Congealed little drops which do the morn adore.

On her two pretty handmaids did attend,
One called the Theise, the other called the Crane:
Which on her waited things amiss to mend,
And both behind upheld her spreading train;
Under the which her feet appeared plain,
Her silver feet, fair washed against this day;
And her before there paced pages twain,
Both clad in colours like and like array,
The Doune and eke the Frith, both which prepared her
way.

And after these the sea-nymphs marched all,
All goodly damsels, decked with long green hair,
Whom of their sire Nereïdes men call,
All which the Ocean's daughter to him bare,
The grey-eyed Doris; all which fifty are;
All which she there on her attending had:
Swift Proto; mild Eucrate; Thetis fair;
Soft Spio; sweet Endore; Sao sad;
Light Doto; wanton Glauce; and Galene glad;

White-hand Eunica; proud Dynamene;
Joyous Thalia; goodly Amphitrite;
Lovely Pasithee; kind Eulimene;
Light-foot Cymothoë; and sweet Melite;

* Camlet.

Fairest Pherusa; Phao lily white;
 Wondered Agave; Poris; and Nesæa;
 With Erato that doth in love delight;
 And Panopæ; and wise Protomedæa;
 And snowy-necked Doris; and Milk-white Galathæa;

Speedy Hippothoë; and chaste Actea;
 Large Lisianassa; and Pronæa sage;
 Euagore; and light Pontoporea;
 And, she that with the least word can assuage
 The surging seas when they do sorest rage,
 Cymodoce; and stout Autonoe;
 And Neso; and Eione well in age;
 And seeming still to smile Glauconome;
 And, she that hight of many hestes, Polynome;

Fresh Alimeda decked with girland green;
 Hyponeo with salt-bedewed wrests;^t
 Laomedia like the crystal sheen;
 Liagore much praised for wise behests;
 And Psamathe for her broad snowy breasts;
 Cymo; Eupompe; and Themiste just;
 And, she that virtue loves and vice detests,
 Euarna; and Menippe true in trust;
 And Nemertea learned well to rule her lust.^u

All these the daughters of old Nereus were,
 Which have the sea in charge to them assigned,
 To rule his tides, and surges to uprear,
 To bring forth storms, or fast them to upbind,
 And sailors save from wrecks of wrathful wind.
 And yet besides, three thousand more there were
 Of the Ocean's seed, but^v Jove's and Phœbus' kind;
 The which in floods and fountains do appear,
 And all mankind do nourish with their waters clear.

The which, more eath^w it were for mortal wight
 To tell the sands, or count the stars on high,
 Or ought more hard, than think to reckon right.
 But well I wote that these, which I descry,
 Were present at this great solemnity:

^t Wrists.^u Her will.^v Perhaps a misprint for "both."^w Easy.

And there, amongst the rest, the mother was
Of luckless Marinel, Cymodoce ;
Which, for my muse herself now tired has,
Unto another Canto I will overpass.

Canto XII. (35 stanzas).—Still dwelling on the thought with which he had concluded the preceding Canto, the poet resumes :—

O what an endless work have I in hand,
To count the sea's abundant progeny,
Whose fruitful seed far passeth those in land,
And also those which won in the azure sky !
For much more eath to tell the stars on high
All be they endless seem in estimation,
Than to recount the sea's posterity :
So fertile be the floods in generation,
So huge their numbers, and so numberless their nation.
Therefore the antique wizards well invented
That Venus of the foamy sea was bred ;
For that the seas by her are most augmented.
Witness the exceeding fry which there are fed,
And wondrous shoals which may of none be read.
Then blame me not if I have erred in count
Of gods, of nymphs, of rivers, yet unread :
For, though their numbers do much more surmount,
Yet all those same were there which erst I did recount.

All those were there, and many others, filling the house of Proteus even to the door. And among the rest, as already mentioned, was the mother of Marinel, now, as we have seen, called Cymodoce (instead of Cymoent, as before). With her, too, had come Marinel himself,

to learn and see

The manner of the gods when they at banquet be.

But, being half mortal, he could not sit down and partake with them ; so after a little while he walked abroad to take a view of a dwelling-place so unlike anything he had ever seen on earth ; and, while so engaged,

Under the hanging of an hideous cliff
He heard the lamentable voice of one
That piteously complained her careful grief,
Which never she before disclosed to none,

But to herself her sorrow did bemoan :
 So feelingly her case she did complain,
 That ruth it moved in the rocky stone,
 And made it seem to feel her grievous pain,
 And oft to groan with billows beating from the main :

“ Though vain I see my sorrows to unfold
 And count my cares, when none is nigh to hear ;
 Yet, hoping grief may lessen being told,
 I will them tell, though unto no man near :
 For heaven, that unto all lends equal ear,
 Is far from hearing of my heavy plight ;
 And lowest hell, to which I lie most near,
 Cares not what evils hap to wretched wight ;
 And greedy seas do in the spoil of life delight.”

He, she went on, who kept her in bondage was only hardened the more by her complaints and tears ; yet would she never repent of her constancy to her own love, but rather rejoice at all she suffered for his sake. And, when she should be at rest in death at last, all she asked was that the lament she now made might then be borne to his ears, and he might know how hard she thought it that he, a knight professing arms, should let her die without attempting her deliverance. Then, after a pause, she began afresh :—

“ Ye gods of seas, if any gods at all
 Have care of right or ruth of wretches' wrong,
 By one or other way me, woeful thrall,
 Deliver hence out of this dungeon strong,
 In which I daily dying am too long :
 And, if ye deem * me death for loving one
 That loves not me, then do it not prolong,
 But let me die and end my days atone, †
 And let him live unloved, or love himself alone.

But, if that life ye unto me decree,
 Then let me live, as lovers ought to do,
 And of my life's dear love beloved be :
 And, if he should through pride your doom undo,
 Do you by duress him compel thereto,

* Adjudge.

† At once.

And in this prison put him here with me ;
One prison fittest is to hold us two :
So had I rather to be thrall than free ;
Such thralldom or such freedom let it surely be.
But O vain judgment, and conditions vain,
The which the prisoner points unto the free !
The whiles I him condemn, and deem his pain,
He where he list goes loose, and laughs at me :
So ever loose, so ever happy be !
But whereso loose or happy that thou art,
Know, Marinel, that all this is for thee ! ”
With that she wept and wailed, as if her heart
Would quite have burst through great abundance of her
smart.

Hearing his own name thus pronounced in passion and agony, Marinel is for the first time touched with remorse and pity ; he wishes that he could release poor Florimel, but knows no means by which to make the attempt :—

Thus whilst his stony heart with tender ruth,
Was touched, and mighty courage mollified,
Dame Venus' son that tameth stubborn youth
With iron bit, and maketh him abide
Till like a victor on his back he ride,
Into his mouth his maistering bridle threw,
That made him stoop, till he did him bestride :
Then gan he make him tread his steps anew,
And learn to love by learning lover's pains to rue.

He has now no rest for thinking how he may deliver her : sometimes he thinks of humbly suing Proteus for her discharge ; sometimes of forcing him “ with sword and targe ” to give her up ; sometimes of stealing her away. But these plans are all manifestly vain and hopeless. Then he begins

To damn himself by every evil name,
And deem unworthy or of love or life,
That had despised so chaste and fair a dame,
Which him had sought through trouble and long strife ;
Yet had refused a god that her had sought to wife.

At length, however, the feast being over, he is obliged

to take his departure and return with his mother to her bower. Here, in solitude and silence, he remembers the state in which he has left Florimel, suffering day and night "for his dear sake :"—

The thought whereof empierced his heart so deep,
That of no worldly thing he took delight;
Ne daily food did take, ne nightly sleep,
But pined and mourned, and languished, and alone did weep;

That in short space his wonted cheerful hue
Gan fade, and lively spirits deaded quite :
His cheek-bones raw, and eye-pits hollow grew,
And brawny arms had lost their known might,
That nothing like himself he seemed in sight.
Ere long so weak of limb, and sick of love
He wox, that lenger he note stand upright,
But to his bed was brought, and laid above,
Like rueful ghost, unable once to stir or move.

His mother, alarmed and unable to discover the cause of his illness, hastens again to Tryphon, who, revisiting his patient, assures her that it is not, as she suspected, his old wound insufficiently cured and rankling under the orifice, or scar ; but some other malady, or hidden grief, which his skill is unable to detect. Faint and trembling, she then applies to Marinel himself, beseeching him, "now with fair speeches, now with threatenings stern," to tell her if anything lies heavy on his heart ; "who still her answered there was nought."

Nathless she rested not so satisfied ;
But leaving watery gods, as booting nought,
Unto the shiny heaven in haste she hied,
And thence Apollo, king of leeches, brought.
Apollo came ; who, soon as he had sought
Through his disease, did by and by out find
That he did languish of some inward thought,
The which afflicted his engrieved mind ;
Which love he read to be, that leads each living kind.

Cymodoce is at first angry and chides her son ; but, reassuring herself with the thought that it must be one

of the sea-nymphs he had lately seen for whom he languished, and that love of nymphs could not be included in the "fatal read" which had warned him to beware of the love of women, she afterwards wooes him with fair entreaty to reveal to her who it is that moves his heart so sore. When, however, he tells her that it is Florimel, she begins to chafe afresh, and to "grieve in every vein." Yet, whatever the prophecy of Proteus may mean, or whether it be true or false, it is evident that her son will die at any rate if the only remedy be not instantly procured by the liberation of the lady. She feels that it is useless to make suit to Proteus, or "unto any meaner to complain;" but hieing her at once to great King Neptune himself, "and on her knee before him falling low," she humbly implores him to grant her the life of her son, whom his foe, a cruel tyrant, has iniquitously and presumptuously condemned to death. God Neptune, softly smiling, replies that the person of whom she complains has committed wrong against him as well as against her; for to condemn to death appertains to none but to "the sea's sole sovereign." "Read therefore," he says,

————— "who it is which thus hath wrought,
And for what cause; the truth discover plain:
For never wight so evil did or thought,
But would some rightful cause pretend, though rightly
nought."

She informs him that it is Proteus; and that the pretence he alleges is her son having laid claim to a waift, which had come by chance upon the seas, and which in reality belonged to neither of them, but to Neptune himself, by his prerogative as sovereign: "Therefore," she adds,

————— "I humbly crave your majesty
It to replevy,⁷ and my son reprove:⁸
So shall you by one gift save all us three alive."

Her prayer is granted; a warrant is made out forthwith,

⁷ Release, crave to be given up.

⁸ Reprieve.

“under the sea-god’s seal autential,” commanding Proteus instantly to set at liberty the Maid he had lately taken captive while wandering on the seas; and Proteus, as soon as he reads the order, which Cymodoce straight-way takes to him, is reluctantly compelled to obey, and to give up Florimel:—

Whom she receiving by the lily hand,
Admired her beauty much, as she mote well,
For she all living creatures did excel,
And was right joyous that she gotten had
So fair a wife for her son Marinel.

As for Marinel himself, as “soon as he beheld that angel’s face,” his heart revived, even as a withered flower at the return of warm and genial weather

Lifts up his head that did before decline,
And gins to spread his leaf before the fair sunshine.

Nor did Florimel want her share of the blessedness:—

Ne less was she in secret heart affected,
But that she masked it with modesty,
For fear she should of lightness be detected.

BOOK FIFTH.

THE Fifth Book of the Fairy Queen is entitled *The Legend of Artegal, or of Justice*. The introductory address is of greater length than usual, and is very fine. It begins,

So oft as I with state of present time
The image of the antique world compare,
Whenas man's age was in his freshest prime,
And the first blossom of fair virtue bare ;
Such odds I find twixt those, and these which are,
As that, through long continuance of his course,
Me seems the world is run quite out of square
From the first point of his appointed source ;
And being once amiss grows daily worse and worse :

For from the golden age, that first was named,
It's now at erst^a become a stony one ;
And men themselves, the which at first were framed
Of earthly mould, and formed of flesh and bone,
Are now transformed into hardest stone ;
Such as behind their backs (so backward bred)
Were thrown by Pyrrha and Deucalion :
And, if than those may any worse be read,
They into that ere long will be degenerated.

Let none then blame me, if, in discipline
Of virtue and of civil use's lore,
I do not form them to the common line
Of present days which are corrupted sore ;
But to the antique use which was of yore,
When good was only for itself desired,
And all men sought their own, and none no more ;
When justice was not for most meed outhired,
But simple truth did reign, and was of all admired.

^a At length.

For what all men then used to call virtue is now called vice, and the name of virtue is given to what was then esteemed vicious; right is now wrong, and wrong is right; and all other things are similarly changed. Nor, proceeds our author, is this to be wondered at, seeing that the revolving heavens themselves (he alludes to the precession of the equinoxes) are wandered far away from where they first were fixed, as plainly appears;

For that same golden fleecy Ram, which bore
Phryxus and Helle from their stepdame's fears,
Hath now forgot where he was placed of yore,
And shouldered hath the Bull which fair Europa bore :

And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent horn
So hardly butted those two Twins of Jove,
That they have crushed the Crab, and quite him borne
Into the great Nemæan Lion's grove.

Even the Sun, in these fourteen hundred years that have elapsed since the time "that learned Ptolomy his height did take," is declined nigh thirty minutes to the south, so that it may be feared we shall in time lose his light altogether. Indeed, if credit may be given to the old Egyptian sages, he had, since they first began to take his height (a space, according to Herodotus, whose account is here referred to, of 11,340 years) four times changed his place, and twice risen where he now sets and set where he now rises.

But most is Mars amiss of all the rest;
And next to him old Saturn, that was wont be best.
For during Saturn's ancient reign it's said
That all the world with goodness did abound;
All loved virtue, no man was afraid
Of force, ne fraud in wight was to be found;
No war was known, no dreadful trumpet's sound;
Peace universal reigned mongst men and beasts:
And all things freely grew out of the ground:
Justice sat high adored with solemn feasts,
And to all people did divide her dread beheasts:^b

^b Commands.

Most sacred virtue she of all the rest,
Resembling God in his imperial might ;
Whose sovereign power is herein most exprest,
That both to good and bad he dealeth right,
And all his works with justice hath bedight.^c
That power he also doth to princes lend,
And makes them like himself in glorious sight
To sit in his own seat, his cause to end,
And rule his people right, as he doth recommend.

This leads naturally to the customary appeal to Elizabeth, who is addressed as "dread sovereign goddess," and requested to pardon the boldness of her "basest thrall" who dares discourse of so high a theme as her great justice ; "the instrument whereof," the eleven stanzas conclude, "lo, here thy Artegal."

Canto I. (30 stanzas).—It has already been stated that Sir Artegal (or Arthegal, as he is called in the earlier part of the poem) is understood to stand for Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton, who was sent over as Lord Lieutenant to Ireland in July 1580, when Spenser accompanied him as his secretary. In the present Book he appears more distinctly than heretofore in his historical character ; and his Irish government, which lasted for about two years, and comprised the suppression of the great rebellion headed by the Earl of Desmond, is especially shadowed forth in the allegory.

The present Canto opens with the praise of Bacchus and Hercules, who first, we are told, in the ancient world gave example of the repression of wrong and the establishment of right under the rule and by the power of Justice, the former in the East, the latter in the West ; and then we are carried back to the story of Artegal, and the great adventure upon which we left him proceeding after his marriage with Britomart, at the end of the Sixth Canto of the preceding Book. The object upon which he was bound was to succour a distressed lady, Irena (that is, Ireland, anciently Ierne), against the tyrant Grantorto, who withheld from her her heritage ;

Irena had come and besought redress from the Fairy Queen, and that mighty empress, whose glory it is to be the patroness and helper of all who are poor and oppressed, had selected Artegal for the enterprise. For he from his infancy had been brought up and instructed in all good and right by Astræa herself, who one day while she lived among men and walked about over the earth, "found this gentle child amongst his peers playing his childish sport," and, having allured him "with gifts and speeches mild to wend with her," brought him to a distant cave, where she nursed him till he came of years, "and all the discipline of justice there him taught." She taught him to weigh right and wrong in equal balance, and to measure out equity

According to the line of conscience,
 Whenso it needs with rigour to dispense :
 Of all the which, for want there of mankind;
 She caused him to make experience
 Upon wild beasts, which she in woods did find,
 With wrongful power oppressing others of their kind.

Thus educated, when he came to the ripeness of his age he was both the terror of the brute creation and the admiration of men ;

Ne any lived on ground that durst withstand
 His dreadful hest,^d much less him match in fight,
 Or bide the horror of his wreakful hand,
 Whenso he list in wrath lift up his steely brand.

This brand, or sword, she had procured for him "by her sleight and earnest search," from the eternal house of Jove, where it lay, "unwist of wight,"

Since he himself it used in that great fight
 Against the Titans, that whilome rebelled
 Gainst highest heaven ; Chrysaor it was hight ;
 Chrysaor, that all other swords excelled,
 Well proved in that same day when Jove those giants
 quelled :

^d Command.

For of most perfect metal it was made,
 Tempered with adamant amongst the same,
 And garnished all with gold upon the blade
 In goodly wise, whereof it took his name,
 And was of no less virtue than of fame:
 For there no substance was so firm and hard,
 But it would pierce or cleave whereso it came;
 Ne any armour could his dint outward;
 But wheresoever it did light, it throughly shard.*

When Astræa returned to heaven—

Where she hath now an everlasting place
 Mongst those twelve signs, which nightly we do see
 The heaven's bright-shining baudrick to enchase;
 And is the Virgin, sixth in her degree,
 And next herself her righteous Balance hanging be;—

she left also to Artegal, always to go with him and to perform whatever he commanded, an iron man, her faithful groom, or attendant, and executioner of her decrees:—

His name was Talus, made of iron mould,
 Immoveable, resistless, without end;
 Who in his hand an iron flail did hold,
 With which he threshed out falsehood, and did truth unfold.

Artegal being Justice, Talus is Power, with which Justice, to be of any efficiency, must be attended or associated. Talus, according to the ancient mythologists, was a judge of the isle of Crete, who, partly from his severity, partly from carrying about with him the laws which he administered inscribed on brazen tablets, was called the Brazen Man, and came to have the popular reputation of being made of brass. "But how properly," observes Upton, "does Spenser depart from ancient mythology, having a mythology of his own! Spenser's Talus is no judge; therefore not a brazen man; but he is an executioner, an iron man, imaging his unfeeling and rigid character." Him Artegal accordingly takes with

* Shared, sheared, shore.

him on his present expedition ; and now, as they are making their way along together, they came upon a startling sight—a squire, squalidly attired, lamenting grievously with many bitter tears, and lying beside him a headless lady wallowing in her blood. Greatly moved, Artegal asks the squire who it is that has done so foul a deed, himself or another. It were little loss, the miserable man replies, if he should admit the crime to be his own, that he might drink the cup whereof she has drunk ; but he would not take to himself another's guilt. The murderer is a knight, “ if knight he may be thought,” who came to him a short time ago as he sat here solacing himself with a fair lady, his love ; the knight was accompanied by this other lady, who now lies headless before them, and insisted upon exchanging her for the one who was with the squire ; the squire and both ladies, as may be supposed, objected to this arrangement ; but the knight, throwing down his own lady from the courser on which she rode along with him, snatched up the other and rode off with her ; and, when the one he had abandoned ran after him and laid hold of him, praying that she might rather die by his hand than be so cast off,

——— his sword he drew all wrathfully,
And at one stroke cropped off her head with scorn.

To Artegal's impatient inquiry which way he had gone, and how he might be known, the squire states that he bears for his ensign armorial a broken sword within a bloody field—but that he is now too far away over the plain to be overtaken.

No sooner said, but straight he after sent
His iron page, who him pursued so light,
As that it seemed above the ground he went :
For he was swift as swallow in her flight,
And strong as lion in his lordly might.

It is not long before the all-subduing Talus overtakes the ruffian, who is called Sir Sanglier (which name, it has been conjectured, may be designed to glance at *Shan O'Neal*, the leader of the Irish insurrection of 1567, who was notorious for his profligacy). To the call of the iron

man, he answers by making the lady alight, and riding at him with all his force ; but Talus, no more moved than is a rock when a stone is thrown at it,

——— to him leaping lent him such a knock,

That on the ground he laid him like a senseless block ; and before he can recover himself he has him seized so firmly in his iron paw that when he comes to his senses he finds he cannot wag a limb. The lady, too, who flies in dread from the tremendous man, is quickly forced to stay. But, when they are brought back to Artegal and the squire, Sir Sanglier flatly denies all that he has been charged with, and defies his accuser to the proof. The squire, too weak to encounter such an antagonist, is inclined to give in ; yet Artegal has no doubt that he has told the truth. It might seem that the most natural and most satisfactory plan would be to appeal to the lady ; but she may not perhaps have been so much disinclined as she ought to have been to admit the claim of her bold reaver, with whom she appears both to have gone off somewhat readily and to have been riding along peaceably enough when they were overtaken by Talus ; at any rate Artegal takes another method of settling the matter. Having requested them to allow him to decide the cause, and got both to swear to submit to his judgment, he proceeds to apply Solomon's famous test for the discovery of the truth in such cases, and proposes to have both the dead and the living lady divided equally between the two claimants. If either, he declares, should dissent from this proposal, he must bear about with him the dead lady's head for a year as a penance, and for a witness or confession to the world that he is her murderer.

Well pleased with that doom was Sanglier,
And offered straight the lady to be slain :
But that same squire to whom she was more dear,
Whenas he saw she should be cut in twain,
Did yield she rather should with him remain
Alive than to himself be shared dead ;
And, rather than his love should suffer pain,
He chose with shame to bear that lady's head :
True love despiseth shame when life is called in dread.

Artegal immediately pronounces his just judgment; but it requires the intervention of Talus to compel the discomfited Sir Sanglier to take up the head, which, however, he does at last, going off with it like a "rated spaniel." The squire, filled with adoration of his benefactor, would gladly become his squire, and accompany him on his adventure; but Sir Artegal will by no means consent, and, leaving him and his lady-love, of whose state of feeling nothing is said, he proceeds on his journey as before:

Ne wight with him but only Talus went;
They two enough to encounter an whole regiment.

Canto II. (54 stanzas).—Proceeding along Sir Artegal now meets a dwarf hastening in the opposite direction; whom, having compelled him, much against his will, to stop and tell his news, he finds to be Dony, Florimel's dwarf, whom the reader may remember to have already encountered in the Fifth Canto of the Third Book, but of whom we have heard nothing since Arthur there promised never to forsake him till they should have found his mistress, whom the Prince had seen the day before making her escape from the foul foster, and had in vain unsuccessfully attempted to overtake in her flight. When Arthur re-appears in the Eighth Canto of the Fourth Book the dwarf is not with him, and how they have been separated we are not informed. The account that Dony now gives of himself, or that is given of him by the poet, is, that, having found in his way her "scattered scarf" (of the loss of which we now hear for the first time), he had long feared that his mistress was dead; but he has now learned, and informs Artegal, much to that noble knight's gratification, that she has been found again, and is about to be espoused to Marinel, he himself being on his way to the bridal, although he doubts if he will be in time, for it is to take place at the Castle of the Strond (Marinel's precious strand, or shore) three days hence. In his way, besides, there is a bridge a little farther on, which is kept by a cruel Saracen, a man expert in arms, and made still

bolder by the diabolical aid which he receives from his daughter, who is an enchantress. He has appropriated by force and oppression many great lordships and goodly farms; and he allows no one to pass over his bridge, be he rich or poor, "but he him makes his passage-penny pay."

"Thereto he hath a groom of evil guise,
Whose scalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,
Which polls and pills the poor in piteous wise;
But he himself upon the rich doth tyrannize.

His name is hight Pollente, rightly so,
For that he is so puissant and strong,
That with his power he all doth overgo,
And makes them subject to his mighty wrong."

Some too he entraps by stratagem; his custom being to fight upon the bridge, which is very narrow, but of exceeding length, and pierced by many trap-falls, through which horse and rider drop into the swift river that flows underneath, upon which he instantly leaps into the water after them and easily overpowers and despatches both. All their spoils he brings to his daughter, who has thus heaped up her wicked treasury to such a height that her wealth exceeds that of many princes, and she has purchased all the country lying round. Her name is Munera (in allusion to the *gifts* of her father, upon which she subsists).

"Thereto she is full fair, and rich attired,
With golden hands and silver feet beside,
That many lords have her to wife desired:
But she them all despiseth for great pride."

On hearing this relation Artegal swears by his life that, with God to guide him, he will take no other road this day but by that bridge; and commands the dwarf to lead him thither. Having come to the place they see the Saracen waiting on the bridge, all ready armed; and, when they proceed to pass over, a villain comes up to them "with skull all raw"—the same groom, or slave, already described as testifying his bondage by his bald scalp—and demands their passage-money. Artegal's in-

dignant answer is merely "Lo, there thy hire," and a blow of his sword which deprives the villain of life. The Pagan now rushes at him; but he is prepared: a trap-door opens at the moment when they are about to meet breast to breast; Pollente leaps down, counting upon finding his adversary, as usual, fallen and struggling in the water; but Artegal preserves his seat and his presence of mind.

There being both together in the flood,
They each at other tyrannously flew;
Ne ought the water cooled their hot blood,
But rather in them kindled choler new:
But there the Paynim, who that use well knew
To fight in water, great advantage had,
That oftentimes him nigh he overthrew:
And eke the courser whereupon he rad
Could swim like to a fish whiles he his back bestrad.

Perceiving the advantage that the Pagan in this way has, Artegal suddenly closes with him, and gripes him so fast by his iron collar, that he nearly bursts his wind-pipe. The struggle is fierce and long. As, when a dolphin and a seal engage with one another in battle "in the wide champion of the ocean plain,"—

They snuff, they snort, they bounce, they rage, they roar.
That all the sea, disturbed with their train,
Doth fry with foam above the surges hoar:
Such was betwixt these two the troublesome uproar.

Artegal at length compels him to dismount; and now they are upon a par:—

For Artegal in swimming skilful was,
And durst the depth of any water sound.
So ought each knight, that use of peril has,
In swimming be expert, through waters' force to pass.

Yet the event is still for a time doubtful. Artegal, however, being better breathed, retains his strength the longest, and the other is forced to leave the water;—

But Artegal pursued him still so near
With bright Chrysaor in his cruel hand

That, as his head he gan a little rear
Above the brink to tread upon the land,
He smote it off, that tumbling on the strand
It bit the earth for very fell despite,
And gnashed with his teeth, as if he banned
High God, whose goodness he despaired quite,
Or cursed the hand which did that vengeance on him
dight.

The corpse is carried down the blood-stained stream;
but the blasphemous head the victor fixes high upon a
pole,

Where many years it afterwards remained,
To be a mirror to all mighty men,
In whose right hands great power is contained,
That none of them the feeble over-ren,^f
But always do their power within just compass pen.

Artegal now proceeds to the castle and demands entrance; but he is assailed by its numerous defenders, both with furious invectives and with stones thrown down upon him from the battlements; so that he is compelled to withdraw, and to desire Talus to interpose with his supernatural might.

Eftsoons his page drew to the castle gate,
And with his iron flail at it let fly,
That all the warders it did sore amate,^g
The which ere-while spake so reproachfully,
And made them stoop, that looked erst so high.
Yet still he beat and bounced upon the door,
And thundered strokes thereon so hideously,
That all the piece^h he shook from the floor,
And filled all the house with fear and great uproar.

With noise whereof the lady forth appeared
Upon the castle wall; and, when she saw
The dangerous state in which she stood, she feared
The sad effect of her near overthrow;
And gan entreat that iron man below
To cease his outrage, and him fair besought;
Sith neither force of stones which they did throw,

^f Overrun.^g Affright.^h Fortress.

Nor power of charms, which she against him wrought,
Might otherwise prevail, or make him cease for ought.

But, whenas yet she saw him to proceed
Unmoved with prayers or with piteous thought,
She meant him to corrupt with goodly meed;
And caused great sacks with endless riches fraught
Unto the battlement to be upbrought,
And poured forth over the castle wall,
That she might win some time, though dearly bought,
Whilst he to gathering of the gold did fall;
But he was nothing moved nor tempted therewithal:

But still continued his assault the more,
And laid on load with his huge iron flail,
That at the length he has yrent the door
And made way for his maister to assail:
Who being entered, nought did them avail
For wight against his power themselves to rear:
Each one did fly; their hearts began to fail;
And hid themselves in corners here and there
And eke their dame half dead did hide herself for fear.

It is thought at first that she has made her escape; but Talus, whose scent is no more to be eluded than his arm is to be resisted, finds her at length hidden under a heap of gold; whence he drags her forth by her beautiful locks so roughly, and with so little "pity of her goodly hue," that Artegal himself is touched with her unseemly plight. He will not, however, interfere with the proceedings of the stern iron man; who, while the fair lady kneels at his feet and holds up her hands in supplication, chops off those hands of gold and those feet of silver, that sold justice and sought unrighteousness, and nails them on high to be a spectacle and a warning to all. He then takes her up by the slender waist, and, heedless of her loud cries for mercy, casts her over the castle wall into the muddy flood below; and after that he takes all her vast treasure, the spoil which her father had scraped together by hook and crook, and, burning all to ashes, pours it down the stream. Lastly, he razes the castle to the foundation; and Artegal, having then abolished the evil customs of that bridge, proceeds on his journey.

The remainder of the Canto is very remarkable. After travelling a long way, Artegal and Talus come to the sea-shore, and there see before them a vast assembly of people, towards whom they advance to learn what such a gathering may mean. The sequel we give without curtailment :—

There they beheld a mighty giant stand
Upon a rock, and holding forth on high
An huge great pair of balance in his hand,
With which he boasted in his surquedry¹
That all the world he would weigh equally,
If ought he had the same to counterpoise :
For want whereof he weighed vanity,
And filled his balance full of idle toys :
Yet was admired much of fools, women, and boys.

He said that he would all the earth uptake
And all the sea, divided each from either :
So would he of the fire one balance make,
And one of the air, without or wind or weather :
Then would he balance heaven and hell together,
And all that did within them all contain ;
Of all whose weight he would not miss a feather :
And look, what surplus did of each remain,
He would to his own part restore the same again.

For why, he said, they all unequal were,
And had encroached upon other's share ;
Like as the sea (which plain he shewed there)
Had worn the earth ; so did the fire the air ;
So all the rest did others parts impair :
And so were realms and nations run awry.
All which he undertook for to repair,
In sort as they were formed anciently ;
And all things would reduce into equality.

Therefore the vulgar did about him flock,
And cluster thick unto his leasings^k vain ;
Like foolish flies about an honey-crock ;
In hope by him great benefit to gain,
And uncontrolled freedom to obtain.

¹ Pride, presumption.

^k Lies.

All which when Artegal did see and hear,
How he misled the simple people's train,
In sdainful wise he drew unto him near,
And thus unto him spake, without regard or fear ;

"Thou, that presum'st to weigh the world anew,
And all things to an equal to restore.
Instead of right me seems great wrong dost shew,
And far above thy force's pitch to soar :
For, ere thou limit what is less or more
In everything, thou oughtest first to know
What was the poise of every part of yore :
And look then, how much it doth overflow
Or fail thereof, so much is more than just to trow.¹

For at the first they all created were
In goodly measure by their Makers' might ;
And weighed out in balances so near,
That not a dram was missing of their right :
The earth was in the middle centre pight,^m
In which it doth immoveable abide,
Hemmed in with waters like a wall in sight,
And they with air, that not a drop can slide :
All which the heavens contain, and in their courses
guide.

"Such heavenly justice doth among them reign,
That every one do know their certain bound ;
In which they do these many years remain,
And mongst them all no change hath yet been found :
But, if thou now shouldst weigh them new in pound,ⁿ
We are not sure they would so long remain :
All change is perilous, and all chance unsound.
Therefore leave off to weigh them all again,
Till we may be assured they shall their course retain."

"Thou foolish elf," said then the giant wroth,
"Seest not how badly all things present be,
And each estate quite out of order go'th ?
The sea itself dost thou not plainly see
Encroach upon the land there under thee ?
And the earth itself how daily it's increased
By all that dying to it turned be ?

¹ To wit.

^m Fixed.

ⁿ Weight.

Were it not good that wrong were then surceast,
And from the most that some were given to the least?

Therefore I will throw down these mountains high,
And make them level with the lowly plain;
These towering rocks, which reach unto the sky,
I will thrust down into the deepest main,
And, as they were, them equalize again.
Tyrants, that make men subject to their law,
I will suppress, that they no more may reign;
And lordings curb that commons overawe;
And all the wealth of rich men to the poor will draw."

"Of things unseen how canst thou deem aright,"
Then answered the righteous Artegal,
"Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in sight?
What though the sea with waves continual
Do eat the earth, it is no more at all;
Ne is the earth the less, or loseth ought:
For whatsoever from one place doth fall
Is with the tide unto another brought:
For there is nothing lost, that may be found if sought.

Likewise the earth is not augmented more
By all that dying into it do fade;
For of the earth they formed were of yore:
However gay their blossom or their blade
Do flourish now, they into dust shall vade.
What wrong then is it if that when they die
They turn to that whereof they first were made?
All in the power of their great Maker lie:
All creatures must obey the voice of the Most High.

They live, they die, like as He doth ordain,
Ne ever any asketh reason why.
The hills do not the lowly dales disdain;
The dales do not the lofty hills envy.
He maketh kings to sit in sovereignty;
He maketh subjects to their power obey:
He pulleth down, He setteth up on high;
He gives to this, from that He takes away:
For all we have is His: what He list do, He may

Whatever thing is done, by Him is done,
Ne any may His mighty will withstand;

Ne any may His sovereign power shun,
Ne loose that He hath bound with stedfast band :
In vain therefore dost thou now take in hand
To call to count or weigh His works anew,
Whose counsel's depth thou canst not understand ;
Sith of things subject to thy daily view
Thou dost not know the causes nor their courses due.

For take thy balance, if thou be so wise,
And weigh the wind that under heaven doth blow ;
Or weigh the light that in the east doth rise ;
Or weigh the thought that from man's mind doth flow
But, if the weight of these thou canst not show,
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall :
For how canst thou those greater secrets know,
That dost now know the least thing of them all ?
Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the small."

Therewith the giant much abashed said,
That he of little things made reckoning light ;
Yet the least word that ever could be laid
Within his balance he could weigh aright.
" Which is," said he, " more heavy, than, in weight,
The right or wrong, the false or else the true ?"
He answered that he would try it straight :
So he the words into his balance threw ;
But straight the winged words out of his balance flew.

Wroth waxed he then, and said that words were light,
Ne would within his balance well abide :
But he could justly weigh the wrong or right.
" Well then," said Artegale, " let it be tried :
First in one balance set the true aside."
He did so first, and then the false he laid
In the other scale ; but still it down did slide,
And by no mean could in the weight be staid :
For by no means the false will with the truth be
weighed.

" Now take the right likewise," said Artegale,
" And counterpoise the same with so much wrong,"
So first the right he put into one scale ;
And then the giant strove with puissance strong
To fill the other scale with so much wrong :

But all the wrongs that he therein could lay
Might not it poise ; yet did he labour long,
And swate, and chafed, and proved every way :
Yet all the wrongs could not a little right down weigh.

Which when he saw, he greatly grew in rage,
And almost would his balances have broken :
But Artegal him fairly gan assuage,
And said, " Be not upon thy balance wroken ;
For they do nought but right or wrong betoken ;
But in the mind the doom of right must be :
And so likewise of words, the which be spoken,
The ear must be the balance, to decree
And judge, whether with truth or falsehood they agree.

But set the truth and set the right aside,
For they with wrong or falsehood will not fare,
And put two wrongs together to be tried,
Or else two falses of each equal share,
And then together do them both compare ;
For truth is one, and right is ever one."
So did he ; and then plain it did appear,
Whether of them the greater were attone ;
But right sat in the midst of the beam alone.

But he the right from thence did thrust away
For it was not the right which he did seek :
But rather strove extremities to weigh,
The one to diminish, the other for to eke :
For of the mean he greatly did misleak.
Whom when so lewdly minded Talus found,
Approaching nigh unto him cheek by cheek,
He shouldered him from off the higher ground,
And down the rock him throwing in the sea him
drowned.

Like as a ship, whom cruel tempest drives
Upon a rock with horrible dismay,
Her shattered ribs in thousand pieces rives
And, spoiling all her gears and goodly ray,
Does make herself misfortune's piteous prey :
So down the cliff the wretched giant tumbled ;
His battered balances in pieces lay,
His timbered bones all broken rudely rumbled :
So was the high-aspiring with huge ruin humbled.

That when the people, which had there about
Long waited, saw his sudden desolation,
They gan to gather in tumultous rout,
And mutining to stir up civil faction
For certain loss of so great expectation :
For well they hoped to have got great good,
And wondrous riches by his innovation :
Therefore, resolving to revenge his blood,
They rose in arms, and all in battle order stood.

Which lawless multitude him coming to
In warlike wise when Artegal did view,
He much was troubled, ne wist what to do :
For loth he was his noble hands to embrue
In the base blood of such a rascal crew ;
And otherwise, if that he should retire,
He feared lest they with shame would him pursue :
Therefore he Talus to them sent to inquire
The cause of their array, and truce for to desire.

But, soon as they him nigh approaching spied,
They gan with all their weapons him assay,
And rudely strook at him on every side ;
Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought dismay :
But, when at them he with his flail gan lay,
He like a swarm of flies them overthrew :
Ne any of them durst come in his way,
But here and there before his presence flew,
And hid themselves in holes and bushes from his view ;
As when a falcon hath with nimble flight
Flown at a flush of ducks foreby ° the brook,
The trembling fowl dismayed with dreadful sight
Of death, the which them almost overtook,
Do hide themselves from her astonying look
Amongst the flags and covert round about.
When Talus saw they all the field forsook,
And none appeared of all that rascal rout,
To Artegal he turned and went with him throughout.

If this had been published in the end of the eighteenth instead of in the end of the sixteenth century—in the year 1796 instead of in the year 1596—the allegory could not have been more perfect, taken as a poetical represen-

° Near to.

tation or reflection of recent events, and of a passage in the political and social history of the world generally held to be not more memorable than entirely novel and unexampled. Here is the Liberty and Equality system of philosophy and government—the portentous birth of the French Revolution—described to the life two hundred years before the French Revolution broke out ; described both in its magnificent but hollow show, and its sudden explosion or evaporation. This is probably one of the instances in which we overrate the advance of modern speculation ; the system in question was never indeed before attempted to be carried into practice on so large a scale, or so conspicuous a platform, as in the end of the last century in France ; but its spirit, though not perhaps its distinct shape, had appeared before in many popular outbreaks, and as an idea it must long have been familiar to thinking men. The principles not only of political philosophy but even of what is called political economy, generally assumed to be almost wholly a modern science, were the subject of much more attention, and were much more profoundly investigated, in Spenser's age than is commonly supposed.

Our attention has been directed by a correspondent to a close resemblance between part of Artegal's refutation of the giant's pretensions and the discourse of the angel Uriel in the Fourth Chapter of the Second Book of Esdras in exposure of the ignorance of that prophet. Our correspondent remarks that the present passage may furnish a notion of what Spenser's lost version of the Book of Ecclesiastes may have been.*

It is remarkable that no notice is taken in the summary at the head of the Canto of this exploit of Artegal's, with which it is principally occupied, nor, it will be observed, is the name of the vaunting giant any where mentioned. In the case of an ancient author the circumstances would be thought by the critics almost sufficient to condemn the whole episode as an interpolation by another hand.

* See Vol. I. p. 31.

Canto III. (40 stanzas).—We now come at last to the marriage of Marinel and Florimel :—

After long storms and tempests overblown
The sun at length his joyous face doth clear :
So whenas fortune all her spite hath shown,
Some blissful hours at last must needs appear ;
Else should afflicted wights oft-times despair.
So comes it now to Florimel by turn,
After long sorrows suffered whylere,
In which captived she many months did mourn,
To taste of joy, and to wont pleasures to return :

She was brought by Marinel to Fairy Land, there to be made his joyous bride :

The time and place was blazed far and wide,
And solemn feasts and jousts ordained therefore,
To which there did resort from every side
Of lords and ladies infinite great store ;

but we are not to expect all that took place to be recounted. That, the poet warns us, is more than either his knowledge or his subject warrants him to undertake :—

To tell the glory of the feast that day,
The goodly service, the deviceful ^p sights,
The bridegroom's state, the bride's most rich array,
The pride of ladies, and the worth of knights,
The royal banquets, and the rare delights,
Were work fit for an herald, not for me :
But for so much as to my lot here lights,
That with this present treatise doth agree,
True virtue to advance, shall here recounted be.

The feast being over, all prepare for the jousting ; and first Sir Marinel issues forth, accompanied by six other knights, all ready to maintain in fight against all comers that the beauty of Florimel excels that of all other women.

The first of them was hight Sir Orimont,
A noble knight, and tried in hard assays :
The second had to name Sir Bellisont,
But second unto none in prowess' praise :

^p Full of devices.

The third was Brunel, famous in his days:
The fourth Ecastor, of exceeding might:
The fifth Arneddan, skilled in lovely lays:
The sixth was Lansack, a redoubted knight:
All six well seen in arms, and proved in many a fight.

Against them come many "from every coast and country under sun;" and many passages of arms take place; yet after all on this first day little is either lost or won; but the name that gains the greatest glory is that of Marinel. And so it is likewise on the second day. On the third also the redoubted Lord of the Precious Strand

— through the thickest like a lion flew,
Rashing off helms, and riving plates asunder;
That every one his danger did eschew:
So terribly his dreadful strokes did thunder,
That all men stood amazed, and at his might did wonder.

But, venturing in his impetuous courage too far among the thick of his enemies, he is overpowered, and, having been bound by them, is about to be carried away captive, forsaken by all, when unexpected succour arrives. Sir Artegal comes into the tilt-yard, accompanied by Braggadoccio and the snowy lady, whom he has chanced to meet as he rode along. As soon as he learns what has befallen Marinel, not wishing to be known, he desires Braggadoccio to change shields with him; and then, rushing among the captors of Marinel, soon rescues him, although he has first to overcome fifty knights by whom his onset is opposed, and then to get the prisoner out of the hands of as many more who have staid behind to guard him. When Marinel is unbound and at liberty, he and Artegal turn round, and quickly drive the whole force of the enemy from the field. Artegal then restores his borrowed shield to its owner. It now falls to be determined to whom the prize of valour for the day belongs; all call for the strange knight, with the shield "which bore the sun broad blazed in a golden field;" Braggadoccio comes forward; and to him the honour is adjudged by acclamation—the trumpets three times shrilly

sounding the name of Don Braggadoccio, and goodly greetings and a thousand thanks being bestowed upon him by the lips of the fairest Florimel herself. But she is confounded with astonishment and shame when the boaster, instead of the usual courteous acknowledgment, answers her rudely and scornfully, that what he has done that day he has done not for her but for his own dear lady's sake, whom he will at his peril maintain to excel in beauty both her and all others whatsoever. And then he brings forth his snowy Florimel, who has been standing by all this while in charge of Trompart, and covered with a veil, which is now uplifted. The crowd are stupefied with amazement; some say it is surely the true Florimel, others declare that Florimel herself is not so fair—"so feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar has."

Which whenas Marinel beheld likewise,
He was therewith exceedingly dismayed;
Ne wist he what to think, or to devise;
But, like as one whom fiends had made afraid,
He long astonished stood, ne ought he said,
Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed eyes
He gazed still upon that snowy maid,
Whom, ever as he did the more avise,
The more to be true Florimel he did surmise.

As when two suns appear in the azure sky,
Mounted in Phœbus' chariot fiery bright,
Both darting forth fair beams to each man's eye,
And both adorned with lamps of flaming light;
All that behold so strange prodigious sight,
Not knowing nature's work, nor what to ween,
Are rapt with wonder and with rare affright,
So stood Sir Marinel when he had seen
The semblant of this false by his fair beauty's queen.

Artegal, however, now steps forward. "Thou losel base," he begins, addressing the Boaster,

That hast with borrowed plumes thyself endued,
And other's worth with leasings dost deface,
When they are all restored thou shalt rest in disgrace.

"That shield, which thou dost bear, was it indeed
Which this day's honour saved to Marinel;

But not that arm, nor thou the man, I read,
Which didst that service unto Florimel :"

He then calls upon him to show the marks of fight either
upon his sword or upon his person ;—proceeding

" But this the sword which wrought those cruel stounds,
And this the arm the which that shield did bear,
And these the signs," (so shewed forth his wounds,)
" By which that glory gotten doth appear."

As for the lady, he believes her, he declares, to be only
" some fair franion," or light character, " fit for such
a fere," or companion, who has chanced to fall into his
hands. And for proof he desires that Florimel may be
called.

So forth the noble lady was ybrought,
Adorned with honour and all comely grace :
Whereto her bashful shamefacedness ywrought
A great increase in her fair blushing face ;
As^a roses did with lilies interlace :
For of those words, the which that boaster threw,
She inly yet conceived great disgrace :
Whom whenas all the people such did view,
They shouted loud, and signs of gladness all did shew.

Then did he set her by that snowy one,
Like the true saint beside the image set ;
Of both their beauties to make paragon
And trial, whether should the honour get.
Straightway, so soon as both together met,
The enchanted damsel vanished into nought :
Her snowy substance melted as with heat,
Ne of that goodly hue remained ought,
But the empty girdle which about her waist was
wrought.

As when the daughter of Thaumantes fair^r
Hath in a watery cloud displayed wide

^a As if.

^r Iris (the Rainbow) daughter of Thaumatas (not Thaumantes).

Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid air,
That all men wonder at her colour's pride;
All suddenly, ere one can look aside,
The glorious picture vanisheth away,
Ne any token doth thereof abide:
So did this lady's goodly form decay,
And into nothing go, ere one could it bewray.

While all are transfixed with astonishment, and Braggadoccio in particular stands "like a lifeless corse immovable," Artegal taking up the golden belt, Florimel's own girdle, presents it to her, and she puts it about her tender waist, which, in evidence of her perfect purity, it perfectly fits. Another claimant upon Braggadoccio's borrowed plumes now comes forward, our old friend Sir Guyon, the champion of Temperance, the appropriation of whose horse by the losel was, it will be remembered, the exploit which first introduced him to our notice, in the Third Canto of the Second Book. It is the same upon which he is still mounted; and Guyon, seizing with one hand on the golden bit, with the other draws his sword and is going to kill the thief at once. He is however held back; and

Thereof great hurly burly moved was
Throughout the hall for that same warlike horse;

that is to say, apparently, there is a general desire among the knights to get possession of the noble animal, as well as a strong disposition to retain him on the part of Braggadoccio. As, however, that boasting coward will not accept Guyon's challenge to try his right in arms, Artegal asks Guyon if he can mention any private mark about the horse by which he knows him to be his.

"If that," said Guyon, "may you satisfy,
Within his mouth a black spot doth appear,
Shaped like a horse's shoe, who list to seek it there."

The first that attempts to look into his mouth the horse settles by such a kick in the ribs that he never speaks more; another, who, with more caution, takes hold of him "by the bright embroidered headstall," he rides

himself of as effectually by biting him through the shoulder-bone. Nor will he allow any one to approach him till Guyon himself speaks to him, and calls him by his name, Brigadore; as soon as he hears that well-known voice he stands as still as a stake,

And, whenas he him named, for joy he brake
His bands, and followed him with gladful glee,
And frisked, and flung aloft, and louted low on knee.

Artegal now pronounces judgment; the steed is made over to Sir Guyon, arrayed in golden saddle as he stands; and Braggadoccio is commanded to be gone, and "fare on foot till he an horse have gained." But the proud boaster still reclaims with foul and insolent language against Artegal's decision. The latter is so incensed that he thrice lays his hand on his sword to kill him, and is only prevented by the interference of Guyon. Talus, however, takes him up by the back, and, carrying him forth, inflicts on him a suitable chastisement;—

First he his beard did shave, and foully shent;^{*}
Then from him reft his shield, and it renversed,
And blotted out his arms with falsehood blent;
And himself baffled,[†] and his arms unhersed;[‡]
And broke his sword in twain, and all his armour
persed.[§]

Trompart too, although he has taken to his heels, the inevitable iron man catches, and gives him a whipping. And "now," says the poet, concluding the Canto,

— when these counterfeits were thus uncased
Out of the foreside of their forgery,
And in the sight of all men clean disgraced,
All gan to jest and gibe full merrily
At the remembrance of their knavery:
Ladies can laugh^{||} at ladies, knights at knights,
To think with how great vaunt of bravery
He them abused through his subtile sleights,
And what a glorious shew he made in all their sights.

^{*} Disfigured.

[†] Disgraced.

[‡] Took down from the place where they hung.

[§] Dispersed, scattered.

^{||} Laughed.

There leave we them in pleasure and repast,
 Spending their joyous days and gladful nights,
 And taking usury of time forepast,
 With all dear delices and rare delights,
 Fit for such ladies and such lovely knights:
 And turn we here to this fair furrow's end
 Our weary yokes, to gather fresher sprites,
 That, whenas time to Artegal shall tend,
 We on his first adventure may him forward send.

Canto IV. (51 stanzas).—The history of Artegal is now resumed as follows:—

Whoso upon himself will take the skill
 True justice unto people to divide,
 Had need have mighty hands for to fulfil
 That which he doth with righteous doom decide,
 And for to maister wrong and puissant pride:
 For vain it is to deem^x of things aright,
 And makes wrong-doers justice to deride,
 Unless it be performed with dreadless might:
 For Power is the right hand of Justice truly hight.

Therefore whilome to knights of great emprise
 The charge of justice given was in trust,
 That they might execute her judgments wise,
 And with their might beat down licentious lust,^y
 Which proudly did impugn her sentence just
 Whereof no braver precedent this day
 Remains on earth, preserved from iron rust
 Of rude oblivion and long time's decay,
 Than this of Artegal, which here we have to say.

Leaving the Castle of the Strond, accompanied as before only by "that great iron groom," Artegal as he passes along the sea shore comes upon two comely squires on the point of engaging with one another in fight, apparently for a strong iron-bound coffer,—much injured either from having been tossed about in the sea, or brought from some far country,—which stands before them; while by them are two seemly damsels striving with all earnestness to pacify them, sometimes with

^x Pass judgment upon.

^y Wilfulness.

entreaty, sometimes with threats. To Artegal's inquiries the elder, Bracidas, informs him, that they are two brethren between whom their father, Milesio, had at his death made an equal partition of his lands, leaving to each one of the two islands lying in sight, which were then of equal size; but that the sea had since carried away the greater part of his island, and added it to the other belonging to his younger brother Amidas; that at first, moreover, he himself loved the maid standing furthest off, the fair Philtra, or Philtera, with whom he would have got a goodly fortune, while Amidas loved the other called Lucy, who had little dower except her beauty and her virtue; but now, since the diminution of his lands, Philtra had gone over to his brother, who on his part had taken her for his love and left Lucy. Upon this that unhappy maid had in her despair thrown herself into the sea; but, the desire of life, or dread of death, reviving in her as she was tossed about by the waves, she had there caught hold of the chest now standing before them, and she and it had been cast ashore together upon the smaller island, where he, Bracidas, had found her, and saved her from perishing. In return she had bestowed upon him all she had to give, the chest and herself—"both goodly portions, but of both the better she," although the chest, too, upon being examined was found to contain a large amount of treasure. Now, however, the whole was claimed by Philtra and her husband, on the pretence that it was property of her's which had been lost at sea. "Whether it be so or no," concludes Bracidas, "I cannot say;"—

"But, whether it indeed be so or no,
 This do I say, that whatso good or ill
 Or God, or fortune, unto me did throw
 (Not wronging any other by my will,
 I hold mine own, and so will hold it still.
 And though my land he first did win away,
 And then my love, (though now it little skill,^a)
 Yet my good luck he shall not likewise prey^a;
 But I will it defend whilst ever that I may."

^a Matter.

^a Make prey of.

All the rejoinder that Amidas makes is merely, that the money can certainly be proved to be part of the estate of Philtra, and that therefore it ought to be given up to her without more ado. Confident, however, as each is in the justice of his own view of the matter, they agree to leave Artegal to decide between them, and, as a pledge that they will submit to the judgment he shall pronounce, they both place their swords under his foot.

Then Artegal thus to the younger said ;
“ Now tell me, Amidas, if that ye may,
Your brother's land the which the sea hath laid
Unto your part, and plucked from his away,
By what good right do you withhold this day ?”
“ What other right,” quoth he, “ should you esteem,
But that the sea it to my share did lay ?”
“ Your right is good,” said he, “ and so I deem
That what the sea unto you sent your own should seem.”
Then turning to the elder, thus he said :
“ Now, Bracidas, let this likewise be shown ;
Your brother's treasure, which from him is strayed,
Being the dowry of his wife well known,
By what right do you claim to be your own ?”
“ What other right,” quoth he, “ should you esteem,
But that the sea hath it unto me thrown ?”
“ Your right is good,” said he, “ and so I deem
That what the sea unto you sent your own should seem.
“ For equal right in equal things doth stand :
For what the mighty sea hath once possessed,
And plucked quite from all possessor's hand,
Whether by rage of waves that never rest,
Or else by wrack that wretches hath distressed,
He may dispose by his imperial might,
As thing at random left, to whom he list.
So, Amidas, the land was yours first hight ;
And so the treasure yours is, Bracidas, by right.”

Bracidas and Lucy immediately seize on the treasure, and, though Amidas and Philtra do not profess to approve of the sentence, they do not dispute it.

So was their discord by this doom appeased,
And each one had his right.

Artegal then departs on his way, “ to follow his old quest.”

As he and Talus are travelling along they see at a distance a great rout, or throng, of people, whom, upon coming up to them, they find to their surprise to be a troop of women, all clad in armour and with weapons in their hands. In the midst of them is a knight, with both his hands tied behind him, and a halter about his neck, whom they are evidently dragging along to the gallows; his head is bare, but his face is covered, and he is groaning inwardly in bitter vexation and shame "that he of women's hands so base a death should die;" while they, "like tyrants merciless," are taunting and reviling him, and triumphing over his misery. When Artegal comes up, they begin to swarm about him, thinking to get him also into their power. He is ashamed himself "on womankind his mighty hand to shend," or dishonour; but, having drawn back, he sends Talus among them, who "with few souses of his iron flail," disperses them in a moment. When the captive knight is brought to Artegal, he immediately recognises him as Sir Turpin, or Terpin. The account that Terpin gives of himself is, that, having heard of a defiance lately published against all knights of the order of Maidenhead by Radigund, the proud Queen of the Amazons,—infuriated, it was said, by her hatred to Bellodant the Bold, who had rejected her love,—he had encountered her in fight, and, having been overcome, was, when he was rescued by Artegal, about to be put to death because he would not quietly submit to the degrading life she imposed upon whosoever thus fell into her power:—

"For all those knights, the which by force or guile
She doth subdue, she foully doth entreat:
First, she doth them of warlike arms despoil,
And clothe in women's weeds; and then with threat
Doth them compel to work to earn their meat,
To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wring;
Ne doth she give them other thing to eat
But bread and water or like feeble thing;
Them to disable from revenge adventuring.
But, if through stout disdain of manly mind
Any her proud observance will withstand,

Upon that gibbet, which is there behind,
She causeth them be hanged up out of hand."

Sir Artegal, on hearing all this, of course burns to avenge the cause of the noble order to which he belongs; and Terpin forthwith conducts him to the residence of the Amazonian queen, which is not more than a mile or two distant;

A goodly city and a mighty one,
The which, of her own name, she called Radegone.

Warned by the watchmen, the people run to arms, swarming in clusters like bees; and ere long the queen herself, "half like a man," comes forth among the warlike multitude and proceeds to arrange the lines. The knights beat a peal upon the gates, demanding entrance, and to the contemptuous refusal of the porter, who laughs at the presumption of three individuals attempting to storm a populous city, they reply with many threats, if they win the place, "to tear his flesh in pieces for his sins;" till provoked by their bold words Queen Radigund orders the gates to be unbarred. They press forward, but are immediately staid by a shower of arrows, their numerous enemies at the same time rushing upon them from all sides and heaping strokes upon them with theirs words. In the furious fight that ensues, Radigund, seeing Terpin, inspired by revenge, doing powerful execution among her maids, flies at him like a lioness, and, dealing him a tremendous blow on his headpiece, strikes him senseless to the earth.

Soon as she saw him on the ground to grovel,
She lightly to him leapt; and, in his neck
Her proud foot setting, at his head did level,
Weening at once her wrath on him to wreak,
And his contempt, that did her judgment break:
As when a bear hath seized her cruel claws
Upon the carcase of some beast too weak
Proudly stands over, and awhile doth pause
To hear the piteous beast pleading her plaintive cause.

But now Artegal, leaving the bloody slaughter in which he swims, runs to save his friend:—

There her assailing fiercely fresh he raught her
Such an huge stroke, that it of sense distraught her
And, had she not it warded warily,
It had deprived her mother of a daughter:
Nathless for all the power she did apply
It made her stagger oft, and stare with ghastly eye;

Like to an eagle, in his kingly pride
Soaring through his wide empire of the air,
To weather his broad sails, by chance hath spied
A goshawk, which hath seized for her share
Upon some fowl, that should her feast prepare,^b
With dreadful force he flies at her belive^c
That with his souce, which none endure dare,
Her from the quarry he away doth drive,
And from her griping pounce the greedy^d prey doth
rive.

She soon, nevertheless, recovers her senses, and, frantic with rage and mortified pride, eagerly seeks to renew the encounter; her maids, however, flock about her, and bear her off before she and Artegal can meet again. But among the rest the fight lasts till the evening;

And every while that mighty iron man,
With his strange weapon, never wont^e in war,
Them sorely vexed, and coursed, and over-ran,
And broke their bows, and did their shooting mar,
That none of all the many once did darre^f
Him to assault nor once approach him nigh;
But like a sort^g of sheep dispersed far,
For dread of their devouring enemy,
Through all the fields and valleys did before him fly.

When it becomes dark, Radigund with sound of trumpet recalls her troops within the walls; and Artegal, pitching his pavilion before the city-gate, prepares to rest therein along with Terpin, Talus, as he is wont, keeping watch. But Radigund now determines to offer to decide the quarrel in her own person in single combat with the

^b To make a feast for her.

^c Forthwith.

^e Used.

^f Dare.

^d Greedily caught.

^g Flock.

Fairy Knight; and, calling to her a trusty maid named Clarin, charges her with a message to that effect. "But," she adds,

———"conditions do to him propound;
That, if I vanquish him, he shall obey
My law, and ever to my lore be bound;
And so will I, if me he vanquish may;
Whatever he shall like to do or say:
Go straight, and take with thee to witness it
Six of thy fellows of the best array,
And bear with you both wine and junkets fit,
And bid him eat: henceforth he oft shall hungry sit."

The damsel accordingly proceeds to the gate, and there sounds a trumpet from the wall, which immediately brings Talus forth from the tent, "to weeten what that trumpet's sounding meant." She informs the iron man that she would speak with his lord; and, being conducted, with her six companions to Artegal, she delivers her message;

Which he accepting, well as he could weet,^b
Them fairly entertained with courtesies meet,
And gave them gifts and things of dear delight:
So back again they homeward turned their feet;
But Artegal himself to rest did dight,
That he mote fresher be against the next day's fight.

Canto V. (57 stanzas).—As soon as it is dawn the Knight and the Amazonian Queen both proceed to array themselves for the coming fight; the latter,

All in a camisⁱ light of purple silk
Woven upon with silver, subtly wrought,
And quilted upon satin white as milk;
Trailed with ribands diversly distraught,
Like as the workman had their courses taught;
Which was short tucked for light motion
Up to her ham; but, when she list, it raught
Down to her lowest heel, and thereupon
She wore for her defence a mailed habergeon.

^b As he well knew how.

ⁱ Thin gown.

And on her legs she painted buskins wore,
Basted^k with bands of gold on every side,
And mails between, and laced close afore;
Upon her thigh her scymitar was tied
With an embroidered belt of mickle pride;
And on her shoulder hung her shield, bedecked
Upon the boss with stones that shined wide,
As the fair moon in her most full aspect;
That to the moon it mote be like in each respect.

Thus attired, she issues from the city gate, in the midst
of a numerous guard of damsels,

Playing on shalms and trumpets, that from hence
Their sound did reach unto the heavens' height,

and retires to a rich pavilion prepared for her reception.
Artegal first enters the lists; and now, in the midst of a
vast expecting multitude, the trumpets sound, and the
combat begins. "With bitter strokes it both began and
ended." Radigund at first rushes on with furious rage;
but she is received by Artegal with a firmness upon
which she can make no impression, and, as soon as her
strength begins somewhat to abate, he becomes the
assailant.

Like as a smith that to his cunning feat
The stubborn metal seeketh to subdue,
Soon as he feels it mollified with heat,
With his great iron sledge doth strongly on it beat;
So did Sir Artegal upon her lay,
As if she had an iron anvil been,
That flakes of fire, bright as the sunny ray,
Out of her steely arms were flashing seen,
That all on fire ye would her surely ween.

With a blow of his trenchant blade he slices off the half
of her shield; and she with her sharp scymitar wounds
him in the thigh. Another of his puissant strokes
shatters the remainder of her shield to pieces; and then
with a blow upon her helmet he fells her to the ground.
But when he has unlaced her helmet, intending to cut

^k Sewed slightly.

off her head, such a miracle of nature's fairest workmanship blazes out upon him from her face, bathed as it is in blood and sweat—

Like as the moon, in foggy winter's night,
Doth seem to be herself, though darkened be her light—

that his astonished heart is pierced with pity, and he throws his sword from him,

Cursing his hand that had that visage marred :
No hand so cruel, nor no heart so hard,
But ruth of beauty will it mollify.

Meanwhile the lady, recovering from her swoon, suddenly starts up, and, seeing her adversary weaponless, not very generously assails him again as fiercely as ever. He defends himself as well as he can from her pitiless storm of blows, and also earnestly entreats her to discontinue her fury ; but, as a puttock, or kite, that may have seen a gentle falcon sitting on a hill with one of its wings broken, will attack and persist in annoying it, so does she continue to lay on for all that he can do or say. At last, as he has no means of either returning or staying her strokes, nothing is left for him but to deliver up his shield, and yield himself to her mercy. Thus is he condemned by doom of his own mouth to be her thrall ; having by abandoning his sword lost the victory he at first had won. Radigund merely strikes him with the flat of her sword, in sign of his vassalage, while the more unfortunate Terpin is at once attached and swung up on the gallows, from which he had so lately escaped in vain.

But, when they thought on Talus hands to lay,
He with his iron flail amongst them thundered,
That they were fain to let him scape away,
Glad from his company to be so sundered ;
Whose presence all their troops so much encumbered,
That the heaps of those which he did wound and slay,
Besides the rest dismayed, might not be numbered :
Yet all that while he would not once essay
To rescue his own lord, but thought it just to obey.

Then the Amazon, taking Artegal, causes him to be stripped of all his knightly ornaments, and to be shamefully arrayed instead in woman's weeds, with a white apron before him in place of "curiets and bases," or cuirasses and cuisses. Then she brings him into "a long large chamber," where she makes his arms be suspended aloft, and breaks his sword, and where he sees all around him

Many brave knights whose names right well he knew,
There bound to obey that Amazon's proud law,
Spinning and carding all in comely rew,¹
That his big heart loathed so uncomely view:
But they were forced, through penury and pine,
To do those works to them appointed due:
For nought was given them to sup or dine,
But what their hands could earn by twisting linen twine.

The noble Artegal is placed the lowest of all, and a distaff is given him on which to spin flax and tow;

A sordid office for a mind so brave:
So hard it is to be a woman's slave!

Yet, having plighted his faith to obey his conqueror as a vassal, he submits. As may be expected, the poet does not forget to compare him to Hercules, when, "for Iola's sake," as he has it—putting Iola, or Iole, by mistake for Omphale—he had exchanged his club for a distaff, and his lion's skin for a pall of gold;

In which, forgetting wars, he only joyed

In combats of sweet love, and with his mistress toyed.

Such, it is added, is the cruelty of womankind whenever they shake off the wise law of nature which binds them "to obey the hests of man's well-ruling hand;"

For virtuous women wisely understand,

That they were born to base humility,

Unless the heavens them lift to lawful sovereignty—

the last line being, of course, a salvo to prevent offence being taken by Elizabeth.

Artegal long remains thus in subjection to the proud

¹ Row.

queen; meanwhile her wandering fancy is taken captive by her captive; for a long time her love struggles with her pride; but at last she secretly calls to her her most trusted handmaid, Clarinda (the same who has already been mentioned as Clarin), and, after for a moment turning away her head,

————— as half abashed,
To hide the blush which in her visage rose
And through her eyes like sudden lightning flashed,
Decking her cheek with a vermilion rose,

composes her countenance, and confesses that she has that to disclose in regard to which through dread of shame she would fain be silent. Clarinda urges her to speak with soothing, encouraging words:—

Say on, my sovereign lady, and be bold:
Doth not your handmaid's life at your foot lie?

and then she tells her all; and engages her to endeavour, by any way she can devise, to win Artegal to feelings answering to her own, yet without discovering to him that he is himself loved. That her confidante may the better bring this to pass, she gives her a ring, which will be, she tells her, a warrant to old Eumenias, the keeper of the place where Artegal is confined, to afford her free passage in and out whenever she chooses. And "Go now," she says,

————— Clarinda, well thy wits advise,
And all thy forces gather unto thee,
Armies of lovely looks, and speeches wise,
With which thou canst even Jove himself to love entise.

Clarinda accordingly proceeds with all zeal to execute her delicate commission, beginning by trying, by all the means she may, "to curry favour with the elfin knight, her lady's best beloved." After some time she one day takes an opportunity of suggesting to him that there is a way in which he might very probably succeed in rescuing himself from his unhappy state:—why should he not try what he can do to move Radigund by fair entreaty to give him his liberty? Although she has spent her days

in war, yet she was not born of bears and tigers; nor, although she scorn all love of men, is she for that more secure than others of her sex against the all-conquering power. Excited by the thoughts she has put into his head, Artegal admits that as "a queen, and come of queenly kind," Radigund is abundantly worthy to be sued unto, especially by one whose life is in her hands by right as well as in fact; and he adds that if by Clarinda's good offices he could procure the necessary means he certainly would make the attempt.

She feeling him thus bite upon the bait,
Yet, doubting lest his hold was but unsound
And not well fastened, would not strike him straight,
But drew him on with hope, fit leisure to await.

Poor Clarinda, however, too heedless herself of the hook, ere long loses her own footing, and, slipping into the water, is caught with the bait she lays for another; wounded "with her deceit's own dart," the foolish maid finds that she has herself fallen in love with Artegal. She does not dare to reveal her affection either to himself or any other; but when her mistress one day sends for her, and asks her what tidings she has of good success, she pretends that she has found the Fairy Knight quite obstinate and stern, and determined rather to die than entertain a thought of love for his enemy: "his body was her thrall, his heart was freely placed,"—that was his immoveable determination.

Which when the cruel Amazon perceived,
She gan to storm, and rage, and rend her gall,
For very fell despite, which she conceived,
To be so scorned of a base-born thrall,
Whose life did lie in her least eye-lid's fall.

Of that life she vows, with many a menacing curse, he shall soon be deprived. When her heat is over, however, she sees matters in another light—and desires Clarinda to try the stubborn knight again with more various and more searching temptations:—

"Say and do all that may thereto prevail;
Leave nought unpromised that may him persuade,

Life, freedom, grace, and gifts of great avail,
 With which the gods themselves are milder made :
 Thereto add art, even women's witty trade,
 The art of mighty words that men can charm ;
 With which in case thou canst him not invade,
 Let him feel hardness of thy heavy arm :
 Who will not stoop with good shall be made stoop with
 harm.

"Some of his diet do from him withdraw,
 For I him find to be too proudly fed :
 Give him more labour, and with straiter law,
 That he with work may be forwearied :
 Let him lodge hard, and lie in strawen bed,
 That may pull down the courage of his pride ;
 And lay upon him, for his greater dread,
 Cold iron chains with which let him be tied ;
 And let whatever he desires be him denied."

Thus charged, the false maiden returns to the prison.

There all her subtile nets she did unfold,
 And all the engines of her wit display ;

so that she deceived and betrayed at once her lady, the knight, and herself. Radigund she beguiles, even as a wicked nurse, who, pretending to feed her child out of her mouth, swallows what she receives therein herself, and leaves the child un nourished ; for she pretends to Artègal that she has made earnest suit for his freedom in vain ; that, on the contrary, her mistress's orders are that she shall augment his sufferings and load him with iron fetters ; all which, nevertheless, she forbears to do for the love she bears him—"so praying him to accept her service evermore." She even promises that, "in case she might find favour in his eye," she will devise some way of setting him at liberty. Artegal, tempted by this prospect, warmly thanks her for her courtesy,

And, with fair words, fit for the time and place,
 To feed the humour of her malady,

promises that, if she will indeed do for him what she says, he will do what he can to merit such grace. Yet for all

this, never, we are assured, does he mean in his noble mind "to his own absent love to be untrue." Neither does Clarinda for her part mean ever to procure him his liberty, but rather to fix him in faster bondage. Yet in the meantime she somewhat amends his scanty fare, and also lessens his work, in the hope that his love may thereby grow. And thus he long remains in the hands of the mistress and the maid—"of both beloved well, but little friended;" till at last his deliverance is achieved by his own Britomart. But that will be best related in another Canto.

Canto VI. (40 stanzas).—Some, the poet begins by observing, will, he knows, deem it great weakness in Artegal to have so yielded himself up "to the insolent command of women's will;" but let the man who so judges take good heed that he himself stand steadfast;

For never yet was wight so well aware,
But he at first or last was trapped in women's snare.

Yet Artegal amid all the temptations to which he was exposed still preserved his loyalty to his own love;

Whose character in the adamantine mould
Of his true heart so firmly was engraved,
That no new love's impression ever could
Bereave it thence.

Not quite sure of this, however, does Britomart feel when, after she has been long expecting his return, the account of what has befallen him is brought to her by Talus—"brought in untimely hour, ere it was sought." She has been already tormenting herself with various apprehensions; sometimes she dreaded that he had been overtaken by some misfortune or treachery;

But most she did her troubled mind molest,
And secretly afflict with jealous fear,
Lest some new love had him from her possessed;
Yet loth she was, since she no ill did hear,
To think of him so ill; yet could she not forbear.

Hearing nothing of him long after the utmost date assigned

for his return, she has at last almost determined to set out in quest of him:—

Now she devised, amongst the warlike rout
Of errant knights, to seek her errant knight;
And then again resolved to hunt him out
Amongst loose ladies lapped in delight:
And then both knights envied, and ladies eke did spite.

At last one day as she is standing at a window that opens to the west, in which direction Artegal had gone, and sending

—— her winged thoughts more swift than wind
To bear unto her love the message of her mind,

after looking long she at last espies one coming towards her in haste:—

Well weened she then, ere she him plain descried,
That it was one sent from her love indeed.

When he approaches, she sees that it is Talus. With her heart filled with hope and dread, she runs forth.

Even in the door him meeting, she begun;
“And where is he thy lord, and how far hence?
Declare at once: and hath he lost or won?”

Talus, who, although without the sense of sorrow, yet with the consciousness of the ill tidings he brings, inly chills and quakes, stands silent. She desires him to be bold, and tell her what has happened, be it good or evil. Has his lord, she asks, been vanquished by his tyrant enemy?

“Not by that tyrant, his intended foe;
But by a tyranness,” he then replied,
“That him captived hath in hapless woe.”
“Cease thou, bad newsman; badly dost thou hide
Thy maister’s shame, in harlot’s bondage tied:
The rest myself too readily can spell.”

And then she turns from him in rage, suffering him to say no more, and, shutting herself up in her chamber, she is there torn by a tempest of contending emo-

tions. She blames and bitterly regrets her own facility in yielding herself so lightly to a stranger's love—one of whose life and manners she knew nothing. Sometimes in her rage she burns to blot out that stain upon her honour by compelling him to fight with her, and so finding for herself an honourable death.

A while^m she walked, and chafed; a while she threw
Herself upon her bed, and did lament:
Yet did she not lament with loud alew,ⁿ
As women wont, but with deep sighs and singulfs^o few.

Like as a wayward child, whose sounder sleep
Is broken with some fearful dream's afright,
With froward will doth set himself to weep,
Ne can be stilled for all his nurse's might,
But kicks, and squalls, and shrieks for fell despite;
Now scratching her, and her loose locks misusing,
Now seeking darkness, and now seeking light.
Then craving suck, and then the suck refusing:
Such was this lady's fit in her love's fond accusing.

At length, however, she sends for Talus again, and asks him in what circumstances Artegal was, how he was employed, "and whether he did woo, or whether he were wooed." "Ah wellaway!" replies the iron man; "he is not the while in state to woo;" and then he explains to her that he "lies in wretched thralldom, weak and van," although indeed compelled thereunto not by strong hand but by "his own doom, that none can now undo." Is not this, she rejoins, the very thing she has asserted? Talus is in a compact with his lord to hide the truth from her and to deceive her. On this Talus relates the whole story of Artegal's captivity, as it has already been told in the two last Cantos. Agitated with wrath and grief, we are told, she heard him to the end; then she lost not another moment, or answered a word;

But straight herself did dight, and armour don,
And mounting to her steed bade Talus guide her on.

Forthwith, accordingly, they set out together:

^m One while.

ⁿ Halloo, howling.

^o Sobs.

Sadly she rode and never word did say
Nor good nor bad, ne ever looked aside,
But still right down ; and in her thought did hide
The fellness of her heart, right fully bent
To fierce avengement of that woman's pride,
Which had her lord in her base prison pent,
And so great honour with so foul reproach had blent.

Thus proceeding on her way, she meets toward the eventide

A knight, that softly paced on the plain,
As if himself to solace he were fain :
Well shot in years he seemed, and rather bent
To peace than needless trouble to constrain ;
As well by view of that his vestiment,
As by his modest semblant, that no evil meant.

He gently salutes Britomart, whose sex, of course, he does not suspect ; and, possessed as her mind is by one only thought, she is yet not so discourteous as to refuse to enter into talk with him. At length he invites her to take up her lodging with him for the night, which she agrees to do.

Not far away, but little wide by west,
His dwelling was, to which he him addressed ;
Where soon arriving they received were
In seemly wise, as them besemed best ;
For he their host them goodly well did cheer,
And talked of pleasant things the night away to wear.

When the time of rest arrives Britomart is conducted to a chamber, where grooms are awaiting to undress her ; but she declines to doff either garments or armour, excusing herself by a vow she has made never to do so till she has achieved her revenge on her foe. All night she lies,

Restless, recomfortless, with heart deep grieved,
Not suffering the least twinkling sleep to start
Into her eye, which the heart mote have relieved ;
But if the least appeared, her eyes she straight reprieved.^p

“Ye guilty eyes,” said she, “the which with guile
My heart at first betrayed, will ye betray
My life now too, for which a little while
Ye will not watch? false watches, wellaway!
I wote when ye did watch both night and day
Unto your loss; and now needs will ye sleep?
Now ye have made my heart to wake alway,
Now will ye sleep? ah! wake, and rather weep
To think of your night’s want, that should ye waking
keep.”

And thus she spends the weary hours, sometimes sitting up, sometimes walking softly about the room, while Talus also, watching without the door, never suffers sleep “to seize his eyelids sad.” Suddenly, however,

What time the native bellman of the night,
The bird that warned Peter of his fall,
First rings his silver bell to each sleepy wight,
That should their minds up to devotion call,

she hears a noise below, and all at once the bed on which it was intended she should lie is let down through a trap-door into a lower apartment, after which the opening is again closed. Alarmed by this treachery she nevertheless stirs not nor calls out. Soon after she hears the sound of armed men approaching, on which she quickly seizes her sword and shield. Two knights all ready for fight now present themselves at the chamber door, and at their heels many more, “a rascal rout, with weapons rudely dight.” As soon as Talus sees them by the glimmering light (his ear does not appear to have been so acute as that of his mistress, or indeed to have been of ordinary sharpness), he starts up, with his “thresher” ready for action in his hand; they press about him and let drive at him from all sides;

But, soon as he began to lay about
With his rude iron flail, they gan to fly,
Both armed knights, and eke unarmed rout.

Yet he pursues them, and knocks them down wherever he can find them in the dark, so that they lie in all directions like scattered sheep.

The meaning of all this is now explained. The "goodman of the house" is named Dolon—"a man of subtile wit and wicked mind," who in his youth had been a knight and borne arms, but, never valorous, had worked always by sly shifts and wiles, and brought many noble knights to shame by treason and treachery. He had three sons, all of dispositions like his own, of whom the eldest was that Guizor, the groom or porter of the Saracen Pollente, lord of the perilous bridge, who had been put out of existence with so little ceremony by Artegal, when he came up and made his demand for the customary passage penny, as related in the Second Canto of this Book. [Upton, we may here mention by the bye, hazards a conjecture that Pollente with his trapfalls may be designed for Charles IX. of France, infamous for the treacherous massacre of the Protestants on the day of St. Bartholomew, and that Guizor, his "groom of evil guise," may be the great head of the Popish party, the Duke of Guise]. Ever since the loss of his son, Dolon has been devising how to be avenged; and Britomart owes the danger she has just encountered to her having been mistaken by him for Artegal, principally from her being accompanied by "that iron page."

As soon as the day breaks she leaves her chamber with the intention of punishing Dolon as he deserves; but both sire and sons have fled. The sons, it is to be supposed, were the two armed knights, who headed the "rascal rout" dispersed by Talus. So, taking her steed "and thereon mounting light," she proceeds on her journey. But she has not "rid the mountenance of a flight," that is, the amount or length of an arrow-flight, when she sees the two brothers before her occupying the same long narrow bridge on which Artegal had fought with Pollente. They receive her with insult and defiance, accusing her of the murder of Guizor by guile, and affirming that she is no knight, but a recreant false traitor, that with loan of arms had knighthood stolen. Their words are strange and unintelligible to her, but, heeding them not, she continues to ride forward. Talus wishes to go before her to prepare the

way, and scare those two losels; but that she will not allow: in her wrath at the proposal, we are told,

The glancing sparkles through her beaver glared,
And from her eyes did flash out fiery light,
Like coals that through a silver censer sparkled bright.

Spurring on, she bears one of the brothers on her spear before her to the further end of the bridge; the other, as she passes, she brushes over the side into the river, where he drinks "his deadly last:"—

As when the flashing levin^a haps to light
Upon two stubborn oaks, which stand so near
That way betwixt them none appears in sight;
The engine, fiercely flying forth, doth tear
The one from the earth, and through the air doth bear;
The other it with force doth overthrow
Upon one side, and from his roots doth rear:
So did the championess these two there strow,
And to their sire their carcases left to bestow.

Canto VII. (45 stanzas).—"Nought is on earth," observes the poet, in beginning this new Canto,

————— more sacred or divine
That gods and men do equally adore,
Than this same virtue that doth right define:

the very heavens themselves are ruled by it;

Well therefore did the antique world invent
That Justice was a god of sovereign grace,
And altars unto him and temples lent,
And heavenly honours in the highest place;
Calling him great Osiris, of the race
Of the old Ægyptian kings that whilome were;
With feigned colours shading a true case;
For that Osiris, whilst he lived here,
The justest man alive and truest did appear.

The wife of Osiris was Isis, and her also they made a goddess of great power and sovereignty, shadowing forth in her person that part of Justice called Equity, which is the thing to be now here treated of.

^a Lightning.

Britomart, having come to the Temple of Isis, enters in with great humility by herself, for Talus may not be admitted; and there she will abide all the night:—

There she received was in goodly wise
Of many priests, which duly did attend
Upon the rites and daily sacrifice,
All clad in linen robes with silver hemmed;
And on their heads with long locks comely kemd^r
They wore rich mitres shaped like the moon,
To show that Isis doth the moon portend;
Like as Osiris signifies the sun:
For that they both like race in equal justice run.

The championess them greeting, as she could,^s
Was thence by them into the temple led;
Whose goodly building when she did behold
Borne upon stately pillars, all bespread
With shining gold, and arched over head,
She wondered at the workman's passing skill,
Whose like before she never saw nor read;
And thereupon long while stood gazing still,
But thought that she thereon could never gaze her fill.

Thenceforth unto the idol they her brought;
The which was framed all of silver fine,
So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,
And clothed all in garments made of line,^t
Hemmed all about with fringe of silver twine:
Upon her head she wore a crown of gold;
To show that she had power in things divine:
And at her feet a crocodile was rolled,
That with her wreathed tail her middle did enfold.

One foot was set upon the crocodile,
And on the ground the other fast did stand;
So meaning to suppress both forged guile
And open force: and in her other hand
She stretched forth a long white slender wand.
Such was the goddess: whom when Britomart
Had long beheld, herself upon the land^u

^r Combed.

^s As she well knew how to do.

^t Linen.

^u Ground.

She did prostrate, and with right humble heart
Unto herself her silent prayers did impart.

To which the idol as it were inclining
Her wand did move with amiable look,
By outward show her inward sense designing :
Who, well perceiving how her wand she shook,
It as a token of good fortune took.

But it now grows dark ; whereupon she unlaces her
helmet, and lays herself down to slumber by the altar's
side, for the priests here use no other beds but the lap
of their mother earth, thereby enuring themselves to suf-
ferance and mortification ; being all besides bound by
vows to stedfast chastity and continence :—

Therefore they mote not taste of fleshly food,
Ne feed on ought the which doth blood contain,
Ne drink of wine ; for wine they say is blood,
Even the blood of giants, which were slain
By thundering Jove in the Phlegrean plain :
For which the Earth (as they the story tell)
Wroth with the gods, which to perpetual pain
Had damned her sons which gainst them did rebel,
With inward grief and malice did against them swell :

And of their vital blood, the which was shed
Into her pregnant bosom, forth she brought
The fruitful vine ; whose liquor bloody red,
Having the minds of men with fury fraught,
Mote in them stir up old rebellious thought
To make new war against the gods again :
Such is the power of that same fruit, that nought
The fell contagion may thereof restrain,
Ne within reason's rule her madding mood contain.

There did the warlike maid herself repose,
Under the wings of Isis all that night ;
And with sweet rest her heavy eyes did close,
After that long day's toil and weary plight :
Where, whilst her earthly parts with soft delight
Of senseless sleep did deeply drowned lie,
There did appear unto her heavenly sprite
A wondrous vision, which did close imply
The course of all her fortune and posterity.

Her seemed, as she was doing sacrifice
To Isis, decked with mitre on her head
And linen stole after those priestes guise,
All suddenly she saw transfigured
Her linen stole to robe of scarlet red,
And moon-like mitre to a crown of gold ;
That even she herself much wondered
At such a change, and joyed to behold
Herself adorned with gems and jewels manifold.

While she is thus wondering and happy, suddenly a tempest seems to fill the temple, blowing the holy fire all about the altar and strewing the embers on the ground, so that flames break out in many places, and both the temple and she herself are in danger of being set on fire and consumed.

With that the crocodile, which sleeping lay
Under the idol's feet in fearless bower,
Seemed to awake in horrible dismay,
As being troubled with that stormy stour ;
And gaping greedy wide did straight devour
Both flames and tempest ; with which grown great,
And swollen with pride of his own peerless power,
He gan to threaten her likewise to eat :
But that the goddess with her rod him back did beat.

The sacred beast then turning all his pride to meekness and humility, seems to throw himself at her feet and to sue for grace and love ; which she accepting, conceives by him and brings forth a lion, that speedily subdues all other beasts. With this she awakens in great terror, and

— thereupon long while she musing lay,
With thousand thoughts feeding her fantasy ;
Until she spied the lamp of lightsome day
Up-lifted in the porch of heaven high :
Then up she rose fraught with melancholy,
And forth into the lower parts did pass,
Whereas the priests she found full busily
About their holy things for morrow mass ;
Whom she saluting fair, fair re-saluted was.

But they perceive by her looks that she is not well

either bodily or mentally ; and, one of them, who appears to be the chief, expressing his fears that something ails her, she tells them what she had seen in her vision. The priest is overpowered with astonishment by what he hears ; and, addressing her now no longer as “ Sir Knight,” but recognising her true sex, filled with heavenly fury, he breaks out :—

“ Magnific virgin, that in quaint disguise
Of British arms dost mask thy royal blood,
So to pursue a perilous emprise ;
How couldst thou ween, through that disguised hood
To hide thy state from being understood ?
Can from the immortal gods ought hidden be ?
They do thy lineage, and thy lordly brood,
They do thy sire lamenting sore for thee,
They do thy love forlorn in women’s thralldom see.”

The crocodile, he goes on to declare, is her faithful lover—

“ Like to Osiris in all just endeavour ;
For that same crocodile Osiris is,
That under Isis’ feet doth sleep for ever.”

The knight shall subdue all her enemies, and restore her to the just heritage of her father’s crown ; and after that she shall bear him a son, who shall be like the lordly lion in eminence and power. And “ So,” says the seer, ending his address,

“ So bless thee God, and give thee joyance of thy dream !”

Much relieved by what has been told her, Britomart, after presenting rich presents to the priests and royal gifts of gold and silver to their goddess, takes her leave, and, continuing her journey, rests nowhere again till she comes to the land of the Amazons. Pitching her pavilion without the gate, even as had been done by Artegal, she spends the night, as he also had done, under the secure guardianship of Talus ; while the Amazons, whose queen has heard of her arrival not with the terror natural to a woman, but with the composure and joyous expectation of a warrior, keep watch and ward on their city

walls. On the morrow as soon as it is dawn both ladies come forth to the encounter. Before they begin the Amazon proposes her usual condition, that her adversary shall become bound, if beaten, to serve and obey her in whatever she may command; but Britomart indignantly refuses to bind herself to any other terms than those prescribed by the laws of chivalry. The fight is a very furious one; they hack and hew at one another with no regard to the better uses for which the loveliness they are defacing and mangling was made, struggling together, and wasting one another's blood, like a tiger and lioness over a disputed prey; Britomart is severely wounded in the shoulder; but in return she smites Radigund so fiercely on the helmet that the weapon pierces to the very brain, and the Amazon falls prostrate; on which the wrathful Britoness, giving her no time to come to herself again, with one more stroke cuts off her head. On seeing this all her followers fly into the town; yet not so fast

But that swift Talus did the foremost win;
And, pressing through the preace^v unto the gate,
Pelmell with them at once did enter in:
There then a piteous slaughter did begin;
For all that ever came within his reach
He with his iron flail did thresh so thin,
That he no work at all left for the leach.

Even "the noble conqueress," when she follows him into the place, and sees the heaps of slaughtered carcasses, is touched with pity, and desires him to slack his fury; otherwise, we are assured, he would not have left a soul alive. Then, inquiring for the prison in which her lord is confined, she angrily breaks open the door and enters. The sight of the disguised knights fills her noble heart with indignation and shame; and especially when she comes to her own love so disfigured and degraded she turns her head aside, unable to endure the hateful spectacle. Then every other feeling is swallowed up in pity, and, looking upon him with more wonder and asto-

^v Press.

nishment than Penelope on her Ulysses when he came home to her so worn by his twenty years' wandering, that she did not know him,

"Ah! my dear lord, what sight is this," quoth she,
 "What May-game hath misfortune made of you?
 Where is that dreadful manly look? where be
 Those mighty palms, the which ye wont to embrue
 In blood of kings, and great hosts to subdue?
 Could ought on earth so wondrous change have wrought
 As to have robbed you of that manly hue?
 Could so great courage stooped have to ought?
 Then farewell, fleshly force; I see thy pride is nought!"

Then bringing him without further delay into a chamber she makes him doff "those uncomely weeds," and array himself in other raiment and armour bright, of which abundance is found in the palace of the Amazonian queen.

So there awhile they afterwards remained,
 Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heal:
 During which space she there as princess reigned;
 And, changing all that form of common-weal,
 The liberty of women did repeal,
 Which they had long usurped; and, them restoring
 To men's subjection, did true justice deal:
 That all they, as a goddess, her adoring,
 Her wisdom did admire, and hearkened to her loring.*

The captive knights she appoints all magistrates of the city, making them swear fealty to Artegal, and endowing each of them with "great living and large fee."

But Artegal must now set out again upon his original adventure; and Britomart, although his departure brings back her sorrow, is too tender of his honour and her own to oppose his going. For a space she remains where he has left her; but at last she too takes her departure from the city of the Amazons—in the hope that the change of air and place may "change her pain, and sorrow somewhat ease."

Canto VIII. (51 stanzas).—This new Canto opens with the following fine lines:—

* Teaching.

Nought under heaven so strongly doth allure
The sense of man, and all his mind possess,
As Beauty's lovely bait, that doth procure
Great warriors oft their rigour to repress,
And mighty hands forget their manliness;
Drawn with the power of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tress,
That can with melting pleasance mollify
Their hardened hearts enured to blood and cruelty.

So whilome learned that mighty Jewish swain,
Each of whose locks did match a man in might,
To lay his spoils before his leman's train:
So also did that great Oetea knight
For his love's sake his lion's skin undight;
And so did warlike Antony neglect
The world's whole rule for Cleopatra's sight.
Such wondrous power hath women's fair aspect
To captive men, and make them all the world reject.

Yet can it not detain Artegal from proceeding on the
enterprize to which he has devoted himself; but, leaving
his love, fair Britomart, he rides forward, Talus only
accompanying him.

So travelling, he chanced far off to heed
A damsel flying on a palfrey fast
Before two knights that after her did speed
With all their power, and her full fiercely chased
In hope to have her overhent* at last:
Yet fled she fast, and both them far outwent,
Carried with wings of fear, like fowl aghast,
With locks all loose, and raiment all to rent;
And ever as she rode her eye was backward bent.

Presently a third knight appears pursuing the other
two, and, while he holds his spear in rest, or ready for
attack, urges his horse to its utmost speed. He soon
overtakes one of the two and forces him to turn round.
Artegal, to whom the lady as soon as she sees him flies
for protection, throws himself between her and the other;
and on the encounter the stranger knight is pitched more

* Overtaken.

than two spears' length out of his saddle, and, falling on his head, breaks his neck. Meanwhile his companion has been despatched by the third knight; who, however, as soon as he has achieved that good work, dashes forward in pursuit of the other pagan, but, meeting Artegal, at once attacks him instead, as if he cared not at whom he ran. They have both broken their spears, and then drawn their swords, when the lady runs up, and, crying and tearing her hair, prevails on them to desist by pointing out to them that their two foes, and hers, lie both dead enough on the ground. The stranger knight is Prince Arthur; and he and Artegal, when they have raised their visors and beheld each other's faces, are struck with reciprocal admiration and respect, and exchange courteous apologies and pardons. The lady, whose name turns out to be Samient, now explains to them (for Arthur knows no more about her and the two slain knights than Artegal does) that she serves a queen residing at no great distance from where they are—

A princess of great power and majesty,
Famous through all the world and honoured far and
nigh—

a Maiden Queen, moreover, her name Mercilla. This is plainly Queen Elizabeth. Among the many enemies who envy and endeavour to disturb the felicity of her realm, and to subvert her crown and dignity, Samient goes on to relate, is her powerful neighbour, the Soldan (supposed to mean Philip King of Spain), who is continually either bribing and seducing her good knights, or attacking and despoiling them if they loyally resist his allurements; nay, even plotting against and seeking to destroy her sacred person; being stirred up to all this, it is said, by his bad wife Adicia—by whom must, however, be understood, as the name signifies, merely the principle of Injustice as animating and instigating the hostility of the Spanish king. Or perhaps the Roman Catholic religion and interest may be more especially indicated by this female figure. Thinking it best for herself and her

kingdom to deal amicably with Adicia, Mercilla had sent Samient to her to negotiate a peace between them; but Adicia, disdaining all agreement, and setting at nought the rights and privileges which all times have accorded to ambassadors, not only received her message with the utmost scorn and contumely, but thrust her out of doors like a dog, and, finally, sent after her, to abuse and dishonour her, the two false knights from whom she has just been so providentially delivered. The allusion here is supposed to be to King Philip's detention of the deputies of the States of Holland when they came to him to complain of and to beg the redress of their grievances.

On hearing this relation, the prince and Artegal agree instantly to join in revenging the wrongs of Samient and her mistress on the Soldan and his lady; but, deeming it prudent not in such a case to despise the aid of tactics, or stratagem, they arrange that Artegal shall array himself in the armour of one of the dead knights, and, taking Samient with him to present her as his conquered prize to Adicia, find in this way admission into the Soldan's court. Accordingly, as soon as Adicia sees him from her window, she sends a page to conduct him, and he is admitted into the palace, where, however, he declines to allow himself to be disarmed. Presently comes a challenge to the Soldan from the prince, demanding "that damsel whom he held as wrongful prisoner."

Wherewith the Soldan all with fury fraught,
Swearing and banning most blasphemously,
Commanded straight his armour to be brought;
And, mounting straight upon a chariot high,
(With iron wheels and hooks armed dreadfully,
And drawn of cruel steeds which he had fed
With flesh of men, whom through fell tyranny
He slaughtered had, and ere they were half dead
Their bodies to his beasts for provender did spread).

So forth he came all in a coat of plate
Burnished with bloody rust.

This description has been ingeniously interpreted as shadowing forth the famous Armada. "The Soldan,"

observes Upton, "is the King of Spain: his *swearing and banning most blasphemously* may be supposed to hint at those many pious cursings, and papistical excommunications, so liberally thundered out against the Queen and her faithful subjects. Next the Soldan is described *mounting straight upon a chariot high*. Camden more than once mentions the great height of the Spanish ships, built with lofty turrets on their decks like castles. He [Spenser] says, *with iron wheels and hooks armed dreadfully*. The Prince of Parma likewise in the Netherlands built ships, says Camden, and prepared piles sharpened at the nether end, *armed with iron and hooked on the sides*. Let it be added, however, that 'twas reported that this Armada carried various instruments of torture, and thus literally was so armed. *And drawn of cruel steeds which he had fed with flesh of men*: What were the captains and soldiers of this Armada but persecutors, or those who acted under the command of persecutors, inquisitors, *devourers of men*?" There were four engagements, the learned commentator further remarks, between the two fleets; and these he supposes to be successively imaged in the progress of the fight that fills the remainder of the Canto.

The Briton prince in his bright armour awaits the Soldan on the green (the commentators have omitted to remark the propriety of this term as indicating the sea, the scene of the real conflict); and Talus, so directed by his lord, attends at his stirrup as his page.

Like to the Thracian tyrant, who they say
Unto his horses gave his guests for meat,
Till he himself was made their greedy prey,
And torn in pieces by Alcides great;
So thought the Soldan, in his folly's threat,
Either the prince in pieces to have torn
With his sharp wheels in his first rage's heat,
Or under his fierce horses' feet have borne,
And trampled down in dust his thought's disdained scorn.

But "the bold child," moving to the side, allows the chariot to fly past, and also dexterously avoids a dart which the pagan throws at him, and which otherwise

would certainly have demolished either himself or his horse. The elevation, however, on which the Soldan is placed and the speed of his wing-footed coursers, for a long time baffle all Arthur's efforts to get a blow at him; and at length the pagan lanches at him another of the many darts with which he is provided, when

The wicked shaft, guided through the airy wide
By some bad spirit that it to mischief bore,
Stayed not, till through his curat^y it did glide,
And made a grisly wound in his enriven side.

Only more infuriated, the prince redoubles his efforts to get near his adversary, but the rushing chariot still drives him back, and even his good steed, renowned as he is "for noble courage and for hardy race," flies in dread from the carrion-eating horses of the pagan. At last, finding all other methods and forces vain against these animals, Arthur uncovers his shield—for the first time, it has been remarked, that he does so voluntarily in the course of the poem—and holds it up full in their view. The effect is instantaneous:—

Like lightning flash that hath the gazer burned,
So did the sight thereof their sense dismay,
That back again upon themselves they turned,
And with their rider ran perforce away:
Ne could the Soldan them from flying stay
With reins or wonted rule, as well he knew:
Nought feared they what he could do or say,
But the only fear that was before their view;
From which like mazed deer dismayfully they flew.

Fast did they fly as them their feet could bear
High over hills, and lowly over dales,
As they were followed of their former fear:
In vain the pagan bans, and swears, and rails,
And back with both his hands unto him hales
The resty reins, regarded now no more:
He to them calls and speaks, yet nought avails;
They hear him not, they have forgot his lore;
But go which way they list; their guide they have for-
lore.

As when the fiery-mouthed steeds, which drew
The sun's bright wane to Phaëton's decay,
Soon as they did the monstrous Scorpion view
With ugly craples^z crawling in their way,
The dreadful sight did them so sore affray,
That their well-known courses they forwent;
And, leading the ever burning lamp astray,
This lower world nigh all to ashes brent,
And left their scorched path yet in the firmament:

Such was the fury of these headstrong steeds,
Soon as the infant's sunlike shield they saw,
That all obedience both to words and deeds
They quite forgot, and scorned all former law.
Through woods, and rocks, and mountains they did draw
The iron chariot, and the wheels did tear,
And tossed the paynim without fear or awe;
From side to side they tossed him here and there,
Crying to them in vain that nould his crying hear.

Yet still the prince pursued him close behind,
Oft making offer him to smite, but found
No easy means according to his mind:
At last they have all overthrown to ground
Quite topside turvy, and the pagan hound
Amongst the iron hooks and graples keen
Torn all to rags, and rent with many a wound;
That no whole piece of him was to be seen,
But scattered all about, and strewed upon the green.

Like as the cursed son of Theseus,
That following his chase in dewy morn,
To fly his stepdame's love outrageous,
Of his own steeds was all to pieces torn,
And his fair limbs left in the woods forlorn;
That for his sake Diana did lament,
And all the woody nymphs did wail and mourn:
So was this Soldan rapt and all to rent,
That of his shape, appeared no little monument.

The conquest of the Soldan has therefore been
achieved only by supernatural means. Have we not
here a covert acknowledgment that the defeat of the Ar-

^z Claws.

mada was in truth the work rather of the tempest than of any human exertion—as it was expressed on the medal struck at the time with the inscription, *Flavit Jehovah et dissipati sunt* (Jehovah blew and they were scattered) ?

Only the tyrant's shield and armour are left, which, that they may

————— remain for an eternal token
To all, mongst whom this story should be spoken,
How worthily, by Heaven's high decree,
Justice that day of wrong herself had wroken,

the prince orders to be suspended on a tree before the door of their late vanquished owner. At this sign Adicia, burning to be revenged, comes running down from the castle with knife in hand, designing to plunge it into the heart of Samient, whom she thinks secure in the keeping of her own knight ;—

Like raging Ino, when with knife in hand
She threw her husband's murdered infant out ;
Or fell Medea, when on Colchick strand
Her brother's bones she scattered all about ;
Or as that madding mother, mongst the rout
Of Bacchus' priests, her own dear flesh did tear :
Yet neither Ino, nor Medea stout,
Nor all the Mœnades so furious were,
As this bold woman when she saw that damsel there.

When she is stopped, and the weapon wrested from her, by Artegal, she rushes from the place in ungovernable frenzy, and, breaking forth by a postern door, makes for the woods, where it is said she was soon after transformed to a tigress. Meanwhile, Artegal, discovering himself, has attacked and put to utter rout all the followers of the Soldan, although there were of them “ nigh an hundred knights of name ;” after which he commands the gates to be opened wide, when the prince enters in triumph, and takes possession as the Soldan's conqueror of all the immense treasure and spoil found within the castle.

Canto IX. (50 stanzas).—Adicia, as has been said,

has fled to the woods, and been metamorphosed into a tiger; but

What tiger, or what other salvage wight,
Is so exceeding furious and fell
As Wrong, when it hath armed itself with Might?
Not fit mongst men that do with reason mell,
But mongst wild beasts, and salvage woods, to dwell;
Where still the stronger doth the weak devour,
And they that most in boldness do excel
Are dreaded most, and feared for their power:
Fit for Adicia there to build her wicked bower.

Meanwhile Prince Arthur and Sir Artegal, after having solaced themselves for a space in the Soldan's palace, resolve to leave both it and the wealth therein contained in charge of the damsel Samient for her mistress Queen Mercilla, and to proceed on their way; but Samient induces them first to accompany her to that renowned princess, whose abode is not far distant. On their road thither she informs them that the neighbourhood is infested by "a wicked villain bold and stout," who lives not far off in a rocky cavern, whither he brings home all his pillage, and there stows it away beyond the possibility of recapture.

Thereto both his own wily wit, she said,
And eke the fastness of his dwelling place,
Both unassailable, gave him great aid:
For he so crafty was to forge and face,
So light of hand, and nimble of his pace,
So smooth of tongue, and subtile in his tale,
That could deceive one looking in his face;
Therefore by name Maleugin they him call,
Well known by his feats, and famous over all.

Through these his sleights he many doth confound:
And eke the rock, in which he wents to dwell,
Is wondrous strong and hewn far under ground,
A dreadful depth, how deep no man can tell;
But some do say it goeth down to hell;
And, all within, it full of windings is
And hidden ways, that scarce an hound by smell
Can follow out those false footsteps of his,
Ne none can back return that once are gone amiss.

He is called Guile in the argument at the head of the Canto. When the knights have heard this account, they eagerly request Samient to conduct them at once to the villain's dwelling-place: they will not, they declare, move one footstep farther on their road to the court of Queen Mercilla till they have abated that nuisance. She accordingly brings them within sight of the rock, and then they arrange that the maid shall first advance alone to near the mouth of the den, and there sit down,

Wailing, and raising pitiful uproar,
As if she did some great calamity deplore;

that the noise may bring out the caitiff. This device has the expected effect: Malengin soon shows himself, and an uncouth sight he is, with his deep-set hollow eyes, his long shaggy locks rolling down over his shoulders, his garments of the strangest cut and material, and all worn and in tatters;

And in his hand a huge long staff he held,
Whose top was armed with many an iron hook,
Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,
Or in the compass of his clutches took;
And ever round about he cast his look;
Als^a at his back a great wide net he bore,
With which he seldom fished at the brook,
But used to fish for fools on the dry shore,
Of which he in fair weather wont to take great store.

The damsel is considerably alarmed when she finds the monster at her side, and calls aloud for help;

But, when the villain saw her so afraid,
He gan with guileful words her to persuade
To banish fear; and with Sardonian smile
Laughing on her, his false intent to shade,
Gan forth to lay his bait her to beguile,
That from herself unwares he might her steal the while.

Like as the fowler on his guileful pipe
Charms to the birds full many a pleasant lay,

^a Also.

That they the whiles may take less heedly keep
How he his nets doth for their ruin lay,
So did the villain to her prate and play,
And many pleasant tricks before her show,
To turn her eyes from his intent away ;
For he in sleights and juggling feats did flow,
And of legerdemain the mysteries did know.

To which whilst she lent her intentive mind,
He suddenly his net upon her threw,
That overspread her like a puff of wind ;
And snatching her soon up, ere well she knew
Ran with her fast away unto his mew,
Crying for help aloud.

But when he comes to the entrance of the cave, and
there sees the two knights, he throws down his burthen
and takes to flight.

But Artegal him after did pursue ;
The whiles the prince there kept the entrance still :
Up to the rock he ran, and thereon flew
Like a wild goat, leaping from hill to bill,
And dancing on the craggy cliffs at will ;
That deadly danger seemed in all men's sight
To tempt such steps, where footing was so ill :
Ne ought availed for the armed knight
To think to follow him that was so swift and light.

In this emergency the never-failing Talus is called in,
and, pursuing him with steps as adventurous as his own,
and still more agile, soon forces him to come down
again to the plain. Nor does he do more than protract
his fate for a very brief space by a series of expedients
to which he now has recourse, ingenious enough to have
puzzled and baffled any other than the iron man :—

Into a fox himself he first did turn ;
But he him hunted like a fox full fast :
Then to a bush himself he did transform ;
But he the bush did beat, till that at last
Into a bird it changed, and from him passed.
Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand :
But he then stones at it so long did cast,

That like a stone it fell upon the land ;
But he then took it up, and held fast in his hand.

So he it brought with him unto the knights,
And to his lord Sir Artegal it lent.
Warning him hold it fast for fear of sleights :
Who whilst in hand it griping hard he hent,^b
Into a hedgehog all unwares it went,
And pricked him so that he away it threw ;
Then gan it run away incontinent,
Being returned to his former hue ;
But Talus soon him overtook, and backward drew.

But, whenas he would to a snake again
Have turned himself, he with his iron flail
Gan drive at him with so huge might and main,
That all his bones as small as sandy grail^c
He broke, and did his bowels disentrail,
Crying in vain for help, when help was past ;
So did deceit the self-deceiver fail :
There they him left a carrion outcast
For beasts and fowls to feed upon for their repast.

The two knights now proceed "with that gentle
maid" on their road to the court of her royal mistress ;—

To which when she approached, thus she said ;
"Lo now, right noble knights, arrived ye be
Nigh to the place which ye desired to see :
There shall ye see my sovereign lady queen,
Most sacred wight, most debonaire and free,
That ever yet upon this earth was seen,
Or that with diadem hath ever crowned been."

Arriving at the palace, they find it to be

Of pompous show, much more than she had told,
With many towers and tarras^d mounted high,
And all their tops bright glistening with gold,
That seemed to outshine the dimmed sky,
And with their brightness dazed the strange beholder's
eye.

A magnificent porch stands "open wide to all men day

^b Held, grasped.

^c Gravel.

^d Terraces.

and night," yet guarded by a gigantic figure, to keep out Guile and Malice and other such mischief-makers too apt to intrude into princes' courts :—

His name was Awe ; by whom they passing in
Went up the hall, that was a large wide room,
All full of people making troublous din
And wondrous noise, as if that there were some,
Which unto them was dealing righteous doom :
By whom they passing through the thickest press,
The marshal of the hall to them did come,
His name hight Order ; who, commanding peace,
Them guided through the throng, that did their clamours
cease.

They ceased their clamours upon them to gaze ;
Whom seeing all in armour bright as day,
Strange there to see, it did them much amaze,
And with unwonted terror half affray :
For never saw they there the like array ;
Ne ever was the name of war there spoken,
But joyous peace and quietness alway
Dealing just judgments, that mote not be broken
For any bribes, or threats of any to be wroken.

As they enter they see, at the screen in the hall, one
with his tongue nailed to a post, having been adjudged
by law to suffer that punishment for foul blasphemy
committed by him against the queen,

Both with bold speeches which he blazed had,
And with lewd poems which he did compile ;
For the bold title of a poet bad
He on himself had ta'en, and railing rhymes had sprad.*

Over his head is written " the purport of his sin in
cyphers strange : " *Bonfont* (or Fountain of Good) the
name had originally been, but it has been altered into
Malfont (Fountain of Evil). Passing on they are
brought at length into the presence of that gracious
queen ;

Who sate on high, that she might all men see
And might of all men royally be seen,

* Some one.

† Spread.

Upon a throne of gold full bright and sheen
 Adorned all with gems of endless price,
 As either might for wealth have gotten been,
 Or could be framed by workman's rare device;
 And all embossed with lions and with flourellice.

All over her a cloth of state was spread,
 Not of rich tissue, nor of cloth of gold,
 Nor of ought else that may be richest read,
 But like a cloud, as likest may be told,
 That her broad-spreading wings did wide unfold:
 Whose skirts were bordered with bright sunny beams,
 Glistening like gold among the plights ^s enrolled,
 And here and there shooting forth silver streams,
 Mongst which crept little angels through the glittering
 gleams.

Seemed those little angels did uphold
 The cloth of state, and on their purpled wings
 Did bear the pendants through their nimble^h bold;
 Besides, a thousand more of such as sings
 Hymns to high God, and carols heavenly things,
 Encompassed the throne on which she sate;
 She, angel-like, the heir of ancient kings
 And mighty conquerors, in royal state;
 Whilst kings and kesars at her feet did them prostrate.

In her hand she holds a sceptre, pledge of the peace
 and clemency "with which high God had blessed her
 happy land;" at her feet lies her sword, the steel rusted
 from long rest;

Yet when as foes enforced, or friends sought aid,
 She could it sternly draw that all the world dismayed.

And round about before her feet there sate
 A bevy of fair virgins clad in white,
 That goodly seemed to adorn her royal state.

These are the Litæ (or Prayers), the lovely daughters
 of high Jove by the righteous Themis:

Those, they say,
 Upon love's judgment-seat wait day and night;
 And, when in wrath he threatens the world's decay,
 They do his anger calm and cruel vengeance stay.

^s Plaits, folds.

^h Nimbleness.

They also do, by his divine permission,
Upon the thrones of mortal princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remission
To suppliants, through frailty which offend ;
Those did upon Mercilla's throne attend,
Just Dice, wise Eunomie, mild Eirene ;
And them amongst, her glory to commend,
Sate goodly Temperance in garments clean,
And sacred Reverence yborn of heavenly strene.¹

Underneath the queen's feet lies a huge lion, so tightly bound with a strong iron chain that he cannot move ; all he can do when his savage choler rises is to utter a rebellious murmur or slight growl.

On the two knights approaching her with lowly reverence, Mercilla also, inclining her head,

A cheerful countenance on them let fall,
Yet tempered with some majesty imperial.

It chances that at the moment she is engaged in the administration of justice ; and the commencement of the trial of a great and weighty case has been suspended by their entrance. After they have been presented the hearing of this important cause is resumed ; and, that they may the better understand the proceedings, she places them on the throne beside her, the one on her right hand and the other on her left.

Then was there brought, as prisoner to the bar,
A lady of great countenance and place,
But that she it with foul abuse did mar ;
Yet did appear rare beauty in her face,
But blotted with condition vile and base,
That all her other honour did obscure,
And titles of nobility deface :
Yet, in that wretched semblant, she did sure
The people's great compassion unto her allure.

This proves to be no other than our old acquaintance, the witch Duessa ; but the charges brought against her, and all the other circumstances, clearly point at Mary of Scotland. First there rises up " a person of deep reach

¹ Descent.

and rare insight," named Zeal, who, with powerful eloquence, begins to accuse the lady of many heinous crimes, and with sharp reasons rings her such a peal that even many who had been allured to pity her have their compassion changed to abhorrence and loathing while they listen to his oration. She is not now, he states, brought into question on account of the many knights she has in former times beguiled and abused, but for treason more recently wrought by her against the dread Mercilla:

For she whilome (as ye mote yet right well
Remember) had her counsels false conspired
With faithless Blandamour and Paridel,
(Both two her paramours, both by her hired,
And both with hope of shadows vain inspired),
And with them practised, how for to deprive
Mercilla of her crown, by her aspired,
That she might it unto herself derive,
And triumph in their blood whom she to death did drive.

Paridel, it has been already stated, represents the Earl of Westmoreland; his friend Blandamour—designated in the First Canto of the Fourth Book "the hotspur youth," as if in allusion to the well-known surname of young Harry Percy in the time of Henry the Fourth—is clearly from this passage to be taken to stand for the Earl of Northumberland, the other leader of the northern insurrection of 1569. But through the grace of heaven, Zeal goes on to say, that wicked plot had failed, and its contrivers had met with the reward meet for their crimes; and here was the false Duessa, "now untitled Queen" (this expression is very remarkable and conclusive), brought also to receive the judgment she deserved. After Zeal has enforced his argument with much more reasoning to the same effect, many other grave persons also appear to plead and give evidence against the prisoner:—

First was a sage old sire, that had to name
The Kingdom's Care, with a white silver head,
That many high regards and reasons gainst her read.

This, no doubt, is Burghley.

Then gan Authority her to oppose
With peremptory power, that made all mute ;
And then the Law of Nations gainst her rose,
And reasons brought, that no man could refute ;
Next gan Religion gainst her to impute
High God's behest, and power of holy laws ;
Then gan the People's Cry and Commons' Suit
Importune care of their own public cause ;
And lastly Justice charged her with breach of laws.

But then, for her, on the contrary part,
Rose many advocates for her to plead :
First there came Pity with full tender heart,
And with her joined Regard of Womanhead ;
And then came Danger threatening hidden dread
And high alliance unto foreign power ;
Then came Nobility of Birth, that bred
Great ruth through her misfortunes' tragic stour ;
And lastly Grief did plead, and many tears forth pour.

Here we are told that the Briton prince was for a moment touched with compassion for the fallen queen,

And wox inclined much unto her part,
Through the sad terror of so dreadful fate,
And wretched ruin of so high estate.

It has been supposed that Spenser designed Prince Arthur, in part at least, for a representation of his patron the Earl of Leicester ; and Leicester was at one time thought to be inclined to support the party of the Queen of Scots. When Zeal, however, perceives the prince thus relenting in the prisoner's favour, he brings forward new evidence and new charges. First he calls Duessa's old accomplice Ate, who, " glad of spoil and ruinous decay," readily makes a full statement of " all her trains and all her treasons :"—

Then brought he forth with grisly grim aspect
Abhorred Murder, who with bloody knife
Yet dropping fresh in hand did her detect,
And there with guilty bloodshed charged rife :
Then brought he forth Sedition, breeding strife
In troublous wits and mutinous uproar :
Then brought he forth Incontinence of life
Even foul Adultery her face before,
And lewd Impiety, that her accused sore.

The result is that the Prince's compassion is quite extinguished; Artegal, for his part, with his strong instinct of justice, has been firmly set against her from the first; so that she is unanimously held to be guilty. Zeal then urges her punishment, and loudly calls upon the mild Mercilla for judgment. But she, although she cannot conceal from herself that the prisoner deserves to die, is too much affected with pity to let just vengeance light on her; she rather, we are informed,

————— let, instead thereof, to fall
 Few pearling drops from her fair lamps of light;
 The which she covering with her purple pall
 Would have the passion hid, and up arose withal.

Canto X. (39 stanzas).—This new Canto the poet opens as follows:—

Some clerks do doubt in their deviceful art
 Whether this heavenly thing whereof I treat,
 To weeten Mercy, be of Justice part,
 Or drawn forth from her by divine extreat :
 This well I wote, that sure she is as great,
 And meriteth to have as high a place,
 Sith in the Almighty's everlasting seat
 She first was bred, and born of heavenly race;
 From thence poured down on men by influence of grace.

For, if that virtue be of so great might
 Which from just verdict will for nothing start,
 But, to preserve inviolated right,
 Oft spills the principal to save the part;
 So much more then is that of power and art
 That seeks to save the subject of her skill,
 Yet never doth from doom of right depart;
 As it is greater praise to save than spill,
 And better to reform than to cut off the ill.

These lines are introductory to a further celebration of the clemency of Mercilla in declining to take the life of Duessa

Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce;
 And yet even then rueing her wilful fall

With more than needful natural remorse,
And yielding the last honour to her wretched corse.

While Arthur and Artegall, delighted and filled with admiration, both by what they see of her general government, and by the particular courtesies and favours of which they are themselves the objects, still tarry at Mercilla's court, there arrive two youths from a foreign country to implore her succour for their mother, a widow, who is kept in great dolour and fear by a strong tyrant, by whom her land has been invaded, and the greater number of her children slain :—

Her name was Belge ; who, in former age
A lady of great worth and wealth had been,
And mother of a fruitful heritage,
Even seventeen goodly sons ; which who had seen
In their first flower, before this fatal teen
Them overtook and their fair blossoms blasted,
More happy mother would her surely ween
Than famous Niobe, before she tasted
Latona's children's wrath that all her issue wasted.

But now, of all that numerous brood, the tyrant had left her only five, having devoured the other twelve, and sacrificed their blood to his idols. Belge, with her seventeen sons, is obviously the country of the Netherlands, anciently the habitation of the Belgæ ; of the seventeen provinces of which five, namely, Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Guelderland, and Friesland, declared themselves independent in 1579 by the celebrated Union of Utrecht (afterwards joined in 1580 by Overijssel, and in 1594 by Groningen). The tyrant by whom Belge is oppressed is, of course, Philip II. of Spain. "Soothly," we are told,

———— he was one of matchless might,
Of horrible aspect and dreadful mood,
And had three bodies in one waste empyght,
And the arms and legs of three to succour him in fight.

The allusion here may be to Philip's triple dominion over Spain, the Netherlands, and Portugal. But his father, it is added, had also "three bodies' power in one

combined," and this, we may presume, must refer to the union in the Emperor Charles V. of the three sovereignties of Spain, the Netherlands, and Germany. It is strange that these striking points in the allegory should have been overlooked by the commentators. His three bodies and his dominion of Spain together naturally lead the poet to identify Charles with the old giant Geryon. The tyrant under whom the widow Belge suffered was, he further tells us, of the race of the giants, being the son of that same Geryon who had formerly oppressed Spain, and by whom all strangers arriving in that country used to be given as food to his kine—"the fairest kine alive, but of the fiercest kind." For they were all, it is said, purple coloured, and were under the charge of a cruel and murderous herdsman called Eurytion, who never slept either by day or by night, but walked about tending them continually with his two-headed dog Orthrus, the monstrous progeny of Typhaon and the foul Echidna: "but Hercules them all did overcome in fight." Geryon's son, named Geryoneo, after his father fell "under Alcides' club," straightway fled from that sad land, and

— came to this, where Belge then did dwell
And flourish in all wealth and happiness,
Being then new made widow, as befell,
After her noble husband's late decease;
Which gave beginning to her woe and wretchedness.

This Upton interprets as describing the state of Belge "when the Spaniards had subverted the liberties of the States after the assassination of the Prince of Orange." But the words evidently do not refer to any assassination, any more than they do to the time (1584) when the Prince of Orange was assassinated. Belge's noble husband must be Charles the Bold, the last Duke of Burgundy, slain in 1477, the marriage of whose daughter with Maximilian of Austria brought the Netherlands into the possession of that foreign house. The poet goes on to relate that Geryoneo (here to be understood as meaning the House of Austria generally) in the first instance

offered himself and was accepted by Belge as her champion to defend her against all foreign foes; that for a long time he executed that office faithfully, so that at last she committed everything to his hands, "and gave him sovereign power to do whatever he thought good or fit;" and that then he began

To stir up strife and many a tragic stour;
Giving her dearest children one by one
Unto a dreadful monster to devour,
And setting up an idol of his own,
The image of his monstrous parent Geryon.

The dreadful monster is plainly, as pointed out by the commentators, the Inquisition, set up in the Netherlands by Philip under the government of the Duke of Alva: but the last line is evidently to be further explained as designating the Popish religion by a reference to the triple crown of the Roman pontiff. The two youths whom the widow sends to Mercilla may perhaps have a special reference, as has been suggested, to the Marquis of Hauree and Adolph Metkerk, who were deputed to Elizabeth by the United States in 1577; but it is not necessary to consider the matter so literally; they are called by the poet Belge's two eldest sons, the most natural ambassadors for her to employ in her circumstances. When they present their suit Prince Arthur chances to be present, and seeing that none of the other knights seems inclined to offer himself, he steps forward, "admired of all the rest in presence there," and entreats the Queen to grant him the adventure of going against Geryonco. Here at least we seem to have the Briton Prince manifestly representing the Earl of Leicester, whose appointment in 1585 as Captain-General of the forces in the Netherlands, and his conduct in that post throughout the two following years, make so principal a passage of his history. Arthur sets out on his expedition the very next morning, with "those two gentle youths" as his guides, and soon arrives

Within the land where dwelt that lady sad;
Whereof that tyrant had her now deprived,

And into moors and marshes banished had,
 Out of the pleasant soil and cities glad,
 In which she wont to harbour happily :

words pointing to the geographical situation of the insurgent provinces as compared with that of the others which remained in subjection to Spain. Belge is in such a state of grief and distraction that the sight of the armed knight at first alarms her ; but on seeing her sons she knows that he is come to help her, and, falling on their necks as they kneel before her, and bursting into tears, " Ah, my sweet boys," she says,

————— " now I gin new life to feel ;
 And feeble spirits, that gan faint and reel,
 Now rise again at this your joyous sight.
 Already seems that fortune's headlong wheel
 Begins to turn, and sun to shine more bright
 Than it was wont, through comfort of this noble knight."

Arthur would have her leave her present miserable abode and go with him to some place where they might have rest and refreshment.

" Ay me !" said she, " and whither shall I go ?
 Are not all places full of foreign powers ?
 My palaces possessed of my foe,
 My cities sacked, and their sky-threatening towers
 Razed and made smooth fields now full of flowers ?
 Only these marishes and miry bogs,
 In which the fearful ewfts¹ do build their bowers,
 Yield me an hostry^m mongst the croaking frogs,
 And harbour here in safety from those ravenous dogs."

" Nathless," said he, " dear lady, with me go ;
 Some place shall us receive and harbour yield ;
 If not, we will it force, maugre your foe,
 And purchase it to us with spear and shield :
 And, if all fail, yet farewellⁿ open field !
 The earth to all her creatures lodging lends."
 With such his cheerful speeches he doth wield

¹ Efts, or newts.

^m Hostelry, or inn.

ⁿ Well betide, welcome.

Her mind so well, that to his will she bends ;
And, binding up her locks and weeds, forth with him
wends.

They journey on till they come to a city, apparently Antwerp (where the Duke of Alva built a citadel) "the which whilome that lady's own had been," but which has now been taken from her by her foe, who has shut up its haven and ruined the trade of its merchants, and has also set upon its neck a strong castle by which it is completely commanded and kept in subjection. He has also made it "bear the yoke of Inquisition,"

And forced it the honour that is due
To God to do unto his idol most untrue.

To him he hath before this castle green
Built a fair chapel, and an altar framed
Of costly ivory full rich beseen,
On which that cursed idol, far proclaimed,
He hath set up, and him his god hath named ;
Offering to him in sinful sacrifice
The flesh of men, to God's own likeness framed,
And pouring forth their blood in brutish wize,
That any iron eyes, to see, it would agrize.*

And, for more horror and more cruelty,
Under that cursed idol's altar-stone
An hideous monster doth in darkness lie,
Whose dreadful shape was never seen of none
That lives on earth ; but unto those alone
The which unto him sacrificed be :
Those he devours, they say, both flesh and bone ;
What else they have is all the tyrant's fee :
So that no whit of them remaining one may see.

Finally, the tyrant has placed in the conquered city a strong garrison commanded by a seneschal of the most merciless temper and of eminent military skill. Belge would have the prince to shun the place, but her dissuasions have no effect on him ; he rides straight up to the wall of the castle, and desires the warder to call the seneschal forth. The latter at once accepts the challenge ; they encounter "in the middle plain ;" the seneschal's spear can find no entrance into the prince's

shield, "so pure the metal was and well refined;" but Arthur's makes to itself ready passage not only through his adversary's shield, but also "through his habergeon and eke his horse." But as he marches up to try if he can find entrance into the castle, after having thus slain its master, three knights all armed to point issue forth, and ride against him all at once. He receives their three spears on his shield as firmly as if he were a bulwark, not swerving in his saddle the least aside; and not only so, but tranfixes the middle one on his own spear and hurls him lifeless to the ground. The other two immediately turn and take to flight; but Arthur, pursuing them, overtakes them as they reach the gate of the fort, and slays the one on the threshold, the other at the screen (or inner door). All the other persons that are in the castle then make their escape by a postern gate; and the victorious Briton prince conducts Belge and her two sons into the place,

Where all that night themselves they cherished,
And from her baleful mind all care he banished.

Canto XI. (65 stanzas).—When news is brought to Geryoneo that the Lady Belge has found a champion, and that his seneschal has been slain, he instantly arms himself, and, setting out with his retinue, comes and marches up and down before the gate of the castle where Prince Arthur is, and with much vaunting and menace calls upon him to deliver him his own. The prince does not keep him waiting long, but, coming forth to him, "full nobly mounted in right warlike wise," asks if he be the same who has done the Lady Belge all that wrong?

He boldly answered him, he there did stand
That would his doings justify with his own hand.
With that so furiously at him he flew,
As if he would have over-run him straight;
And with his huge great iron axe gan hew
So hideously upon his armour bright,
As he to pieces would have chopped it quite;
That the bold prince was forced foot to give
To his first rage, and yield to his despite;
The whilst at him so dreadfully he drive,
That seemed a marble rock asunder could have rive.

His three sets of hands and arms give Geryoneo, of course, a considerable advantage, enabling him, as he sees occasion, to shift his weapon from hand to hand and from side to side, and to strike his enemy in front, in flank, and from the rear, as he chooses. After he has several times performed this operation, however, the prince, as he is trying it again, meets him with a counterstroke so swift as to smite the uplifted arm off altogether. The infuriated monster then grasps his axe in all his five remaining hands at once, and, heaving them on high, comes down with what he intends for an annihilating blow; but it luckily falls short of the prince, and only wounds his horse's head. The giant, seeing his adversary now reduced to fight on foot, is stated to have thereat

— laughed so loud, that all his teeth wide bare
One might have seen enranged disorderly,
Like to a rank of piles that pitched are awry.

Another tremendous stroke of the axe is only prevented from cleaving Arthur in twain by his dexterous interposition of his adamantine shield before it has come quite down upon him. In return, however, he deals the giant such a blow, or rather furious succession of blows, that two more of his arms drop from him.

With that all mad and furious he grew,
Like a fell mastiff through enraging heat,
And cursed, and banned, and blasphemies forth threw
Against his gods, and fire to them did threat,
And hell unto himself with horror great:
Thenceforth he cared no more which way he strook,
Nor where it light; but gan to chafe and sweat,
And gnashed his teeth, and his head at him shook,
And sternly him beheld with grim and ghastly look.

In this mad and reckless condition he soon gives "the child" an opportunity of sending his sword, by a remarkably fortunate thrust, not only through one of his bodies but through all three; and he rolls on the ground a senseless lump,

— biting the earth for very Death's disdain;
Who, with a cloud of night him covering, bore
Down to the house of dole, his days there to deplore.

When this is seen by the Lady Belge, who with her two sons has been all the while looking on from the castle, as have "all the people both of town and land" from the city wall, she runs down, and, prostrating herself with her boys before her victorious champion's feet, "in all that people's sight"—

Mongst joys mixing some tears, mongst weal some woe, returns him fervent thanks, and would have him to accept for his own the realm his valour has saved; but, taking her up by the lily hand the magnanimous prince assures her that it is the justice of her cause that has fought for her that day, and that for any service he has rendered he accounts the consciousness of having rendered it sufficient reward. She then requests of him that he will not lay down his victorious arms till he has completed his good work, and informs him that there stands in the neighbouring church a famous idol devised and set up by the late giant, to which he was wont to offer up her children and her people in daily sacrifice, consuming them by fire with all the tortures he could invent; and that

—— underneath this idol there doth lie
An hideous monster, that doth it defend,
And feeds on all the carcasses that die
In sacrifice unto that cursed fiend:
Whose ugly shape none ever saw, nor kenned,
That ever scaped.

The prince, on hearing this, again takes his arms and shield, and proceeds to the church.

There he that idol saw of massy gold
Most richly made, but there no monster did behold.

Upon the image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there he strook;
And the third time, out of an hidden shade
There forth issued from under the altar's smook
A dreadful fiend with foul deformed look,
That stretched itself as it had long lain still;
And her long tail and feathers strongly shook,
That all the temple did with terror fill;
Yet him nought terrified, that feared nothing ill.

An huge great beast it was, when it in length
 Was stretched forth that nigh filled all the place,
 And seemed to be of infinite great strength;
 Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,
 Born of the brooding of Echidna base,
 Or other like infernal fury's kind:
 For of a maid she had the outward face,
 To hide the horror which did lurk behind,
 The better to beguile whom she so fond did find.

Thereto the body of a dog she had,
 Full of fell ravin^p and fierce greediness;
 A lion's claws, with power and rigour clad,
 To rend and tear whatso she can oppress;
 A dragon's tail, whose sting without redress
 Full deadly wounds whereso it is empight;^q
 And eagle's wings, for scope and speediness,
 That nothing may escape her reaching might,
 Whereto she ever list to make her hardy flight.

Much like in foulness and deformity
 Unto that monster,^r whom the Theban knight,
 The father of that fatal progeny,
 Made kill herself for very heart's despite
 That he had read her riddle, which no wight
 Could ever loose, but suffered deedly dool^s.
 So also did this monster use like sleight
 To many a one which came unto her school,
 Whom she did put to death deceived like a fool.

The monster, even at her first coming forth, is dismayed at the sight of the prince's blazing shield, and would have turned back to hide herself again in her lair if he had not prevented her. She then flies at the shield, and, fiercely seizing hold of it, tries either to rend it to pieces or to rive it out of his hand. Finding it in vain to seek to make her relax her gripe, he takes his sword and with one powerful stroke smites off from her feet her lion's claws.

With that aloud she gan to bray and yell,
 And foul blasphemous speeches forth did cast,

^p Ravenousness.

^r The Sphinx.

^q Infix'd.

^s Sorrow.

And bitter curses, horrible to tell ;
 That even the temple, wherein she was placed,
 Did quake to hear, and nigh asunder brast ;
 Tho' with her huge long tail she at him strook,
 That made him stagger and stand half aghast
 With trembling joints, as he for terror shook ;
 Who nought was terrified, but greater courage took.

As when the mast of some well-timbered hulk
 Is with the blast of some outrageous storm
 Blown down, it shakes the bottom of the bulk,
 And makes her ribs to crack as they were torn ;
 Whilst still she stands as stonished and forlorn ;
 So was he stunned with stroke of her huge tail :
 But, ere that it she back again had borne,
 He with his sword it strook, that without fail
 He jointed it, and marred the swinging of her flail.

The monster now screams out louder than ever, and, rearing herself on her ample wings, throws herself with the whole weight of her body upon him ; but he has had time to interpose his shield between her and his head, and while she is trying to crush him he thrusts his sword into her entrails, and ends the battle.

Then all the people which beheld that day
 Gan shout aloud, that unto heaven it rung ;
 And all the damsels of that town in ray^u
 Came dancing forth, and joyous carols sung :
 So him they led through all their streets along
 Crowned with girlands of immortal bays ;
 And all the vulgar did about them throng
 To see the man, whose everlasting praise
 They all were bound to all posterities to raise.

The story now returns to " noble Artegal," who has also left the court of Mercilla, and proceeded on his original enterprise, the deliverance of Irena, and the chastisement of her oppressor Grantorto. He has passed over much way and through many perils, accompanied, as usual, only by his faithful attendant Talus, when he meets an aged man journeying alone, and recognises him to be an old knight named Sir Sergis, by whom Irena

^t Then.

^u Array.

had been attended when he first saw her at Fairy Court. Sir Sergis informs him that Irena still lives, but that she is bound in prison, having been surprised and taken captive by Grantorto, when, at the time that Artegal had promised to meet and fight with the tyrant for trial of her right "at the Salvage Island's side," she had gone thither, in full confidence that her champion would make his appearance. And now Grantorto is about to take her life, having fixed a day by which, if no champion shall present himself to justify her against him in battle, and to prove her innocent of the crimes with which he charges her, she must die. With his tender sense of justice and honour, Sir Artegal, sorely grieved, reproaches himself that he should have been the cause of drawing the fair lady into all this trouble and peril; "But witness unto me," he adds,

———— ye heavens! that know
How clear I am from blame of this upbraid:
For ye into like thralldom me did throw,
And kept from complishing the faith which I did owe.

Having been informed by Sir Sergis that ten days are all the time allowed her to provide a champion,

"Now turn again," Sir Artegal then said;
"For, if I live till those ten days have end,
Assure yourself, sir knight, she shall have aid,
Though I this dearest life for her do spend."

As they ride along, however, they are drawn aside, pressed as they are for time, by a new adventure. They perceive a little way before them a confused rout of people; and, when they approach nearer, they see a knight pursued to and fro by a rude multitude who are trying to overthrow and capture him; while at some distance another body of them have got "amid their rake-hell hands," and are carrying off, a lady, who is crying bitterly and stretching out her hands to him for aid. The knight battles with his numerous assailants with the highest courage and energy, dealing among them blows on blows, "gainst which the pallid death finds no defence;" but they are too many for all his efforts to drive them off;

And now they do so sharply him assay,
 That they his shield in pieces battered have,
 And forced him to throw it quite away,
 Fro danger's dread his doubtful life to save;
 All be that it most safety to him gave,
 And much did magnify his noble name:
 For, from the day that he thus did it leave,
 Amongst all knights he blotted was with blame,
 And counted but a recreant knight with endless shame.

Artegal and Sir Sergis now ride up to his assistance;
 but they too fail to make any impression upon so great a
 multitude, and are forced to recede,

————— until that iron man
 With his huge flail began to lay about;
 From whose stern presence they diffused ran,
 Life scattered chaff, the which the wind away doth fan.

The delivered knight now informs them that he is
 named Burbon, and had been well known and of great
 repute till this misfortune fell upon him, which, he says,
 all his "former praise hath blemished sore;" and that
 the lady is Flourdelis, his own true love, although she
 has forsaken him—"whether," he adds,

————— "withheld from me by wrongful might,
 Or with her own good will, I cannot read aright.

But sure to me her faith she first did plight
 To be my love, and take me for her lord;
 Till that a tyrant, which Grantorto hight,
 With golden gifts and many a guileful word
 Enticed her to him for to accord.

O, who may not with gifts and words be tempted!
 Sith which she hath me ever since abhorred,
 And to my foe hath guilefully consented:
 Ay me, that ever guile in women was invented!"

Every reader sees that Burbon is Henry Bourbon of
 Navarre, or Henry IV. of France, that Flourdelis is
 the French crown, that the rude multitude are his re-
 bellious Roman Catholic subjects, and that by his throw-
 ing away his shield is meant his change of religion, or
 recantation of Protestantism, in the year 1593. Spenser
 very distinctly intimates his own strong feeling upon

this transaction. Artegal is made immediately to ask Burbon why in his danger and terror he should have thrown away his own good shield ?

“ That is the greatest shame and foulest scorn,
Which unto any knight be happen may,
To lose the badge that should his deeds display.”

And, when Burbon, “ blushing half for shame,” has made the best excuse that he can, he still rejoins,

————— “ Certes, sir knight,
Hard is the case the which ye do complain ;
Yet not so hard (for nought so hard may light
That it to such a strait mote you constrain)
As to abandon that which doth contain
Your honour’s style, that is, your warlike shield.
All peril ought be less, and less all pain,
Than loss of fame in disaventrous field :
Die, rather than do ought that mote dishonour yield !”

Burbon answers that when time shall serve he may possibly resume again his former shield, and argues that “ to temporize is not from truth to swerve.”

“ Fie on such forgery,” said Artegal,
“ Under one hood to shadow faces twain :
Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all.”

He consents however to give him his aid in endeavouring to rescue the lady from the crew of peasants in whose hands she still is ; and, chiefly through Talus and his iron flail, this is, with no great difficulty accomplished :—

The rascal many soon they overthrew ;
But the two knights themselves their captains did subdue.

When, however, they get possession of the lady they find her “ neither glad nor sorry for their sight.” “ Yet,” it is added,

————— wondrous fair she was, and richly clad,
In royal robes and many jewels dight ;
But that those villains through their usage bad
Them foully rent and shamefully defaced had.

When Burbon catches her by “ her ragged weed,” and would embrace her, she starts back in disdain and anger, bids him avaunt, nor will be allured by all he can either say or offer her ; till Artegal addresses her on her extra-

ordinary and unbecoming conduct:—"What foul disgrace," he says,

—————"is this
To so fair lady, as ye seem in sight,
To blot your beauty, that unblemished is,
With so foul blame as breach of faith once plight,
Or change of love for any world's delight?

Dearer is love than life, and fame than gold,
But dearer than them both your faith once plighted hold."

"Much," we are told,

—— was the lady in her gentle mind
Abashed at his rebuke, that bit her near;
Ne ought to answer thereunto did find:
But, hanging down her head with heavy cheer,
Stood long amazed as she amated^v were.

Burbon at length, without more ado, clasping her in his arms, takes her up upon his steed, and rides off with her, she apparently making no opposition.

All this while Talus, who, it may be observed, never stops of his own accord when he has got fairly engaged at his favourite work, has been pursuing, scattering, and slaughtering "the rascal many" in his usual tremendous style; but Artegal at last calls him off, and they resume, along with Sergis, their journey to the sea-coast.

Canto XII. (43 stanzas).—Spenser shows great art in managing his transitions from line to line or stage to stage of his various and involved narrative. He thus winds his way now from Artegal's last to his next adventure:—

O sacred hunger of ambitious minds,
And impotent desire of men to reign!
Whom neither dread of God, that devils binds,
Nor laws of men, that commonweals contain,
Nor bands of nature, that wild beasts restrain,
Can keep from outrage and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdom to obtain:
No faith so firm, no trust can be so strong,
No love so lasting then, that may endure long.

^v Frightened.

Witness may Burbon be ; whom all the bands,
Which may a knight assure, had surely bound,
Until the love of lordship and of lands
Made him become most faithless and unsound.

And witness of the same thing, he adds, let Geryoneo be, by whom we have seen the fair Belge oppressed ; and so, finally, be likewise Grantorto, who is now to occupy our attention.

When Artegal and his companions arrive at the sea-coast they find there by good chance a ship ready to put to sea ; and, wind and weather serving, a day's sail carries them across to the opposite shore. Their landing is opposed by a numerous military force ; but that is quickly disposed of : as soon as the water became shallow enough for wading,

Talus into the sea did forth issue
Though darts from shore and stones they at him threw ;
And wading through the waves with stedfast sway,
Maugre the might of all those troops in view,
Did win the shore ; whence he them chased away
And made to fly like doves, whom the eagle doth affray.

Artegal and Sergis now land, and set forward for a town which they see at a little distance. Meanwhile the fugitives have carried the news of their arrival to Grantorto, who thereupon has put himself at the head of all his remaining forces, and come forth, with the hope of being able to attack them before they have left the shore ; the tyrant and his host, on meeting the two knights, charge them with great fierceness ;

But Talus sternly did upon them set,
And brushed and battered them without remorse,
That on the ground he left full many a corse ;
Ne any able was him to withstand,
But he them overthrew both man and horse,
That they lay scattered over all the land,
As thick as doth the seed after the sower's hand.

As usual, the iron man goes on scattering and killing till he is stopped by Artegal ; who then, a truce having been agreed to, sends a herald to Grantorto desiring him

to appoint a day when they may try the right of fair Irena's cause in single combat. Grantorto, very glad to have an end put to the slaughter of his people before they are every man of them slain, appoints the following morning. Sir Artegal pitches his tent for the night on the open plain, and is well supplied with all needful accommodations by the exertions of old Sergis among persons whom he knows to be secret friends of Irena, although the tyrant has strictly commanded that none should dare to afford him any entertainment. Upton takes Sergis to be Sir Francis Walsingham, for what reason does not appear: he is more probably some adviser by whom Lord Grey was assisted while he held the government of Ireland.

All this while no one has brought the tidings of Artegal's arrival to Irena; and when the morning comes, she believes that her life's last turn has come. She rises and attires herself in garments fit for such a day, and is brought forth, with heavy countenance and heavier heart, to receive, as she imagines, the doom that she must die. But, when, on coming to the place, she sees Sir Artegal "in batailous array waiting his foe," new life springs up within her:—

Like as a tender rose in open plain,
That with untimely drought nigh withered was,
And hung the head, soon as few drops of rain
Thereon distil and dew her dainty face,
Gins to look up, and with fresh wonted grace
Dispreads the glory of her leaves gay;
Such was Irena's countenance, such her case,
When Artegal she saw in that array,
There waiting for the tyrant till it was fair day.

He appears at length and marches into the field with haughty and fearless gait;

All armed in a coat of iron plate
Of great defence to ward the deadly fear,
And on his head a steel-cap he did wear
Of colour rusty-brown, but sure and strong;
And in his hand an huge pole-axe did bear,
Whose steel was iron-studded, but not long,
With which he wont to fight, to justify his wrong.

Of stature huge and hideous he was,
Like to a giant for his monstrous height,
And did in strength most sorts of men surpass,
Ne ever any found his match in might ;
Thereto he had great skill in single fight :
His face was ugly and his countenance stern,
That could have frayed one with the very sight,
And gaped like a gulf when he did gern ;^w
That whether man or monster one could scarce discern.

Grantorto is very evidently the genius of the Irish rebellion of 1580—an allegorical representation of the spirit of Popery as animating the insurgent or native party. In his *View of the State of Ireland* Spenser describes the Galloglass, or Irish foot-soldier, as “armed in a long shirt of mail down to the calf of his leg, with a long broad axe in his hand,” much as Grantorto is pictured here. Although he is also, as we have seen, made to be the seducer of France from Henry of Navarre, it does not seem to be necessary to adopt Upton’s notion that we have here again King Philip of Spain, as we certainly have in Geryoneo, and as we probably also have in the Soldan.

Artegal suffers severely at first from the storm of blows with which the tyrant assails him, and, although he adroitly shuns as many of them as he can, and often stoops to escape them—

No shame to stoop, one’s head more high to rear ;
And, much to gain, a little for to yield :
So stoutest knights doen oftentimes in field—

yet the heavy and nimbly wielded iron axe, cleaving his armour, gashes his flesh in numerous places. He at last manages, however, when the felon has raised his arm for a more than usually ponderous stroke, to plunge his sword into his side, when a torrent of blood gushes out from the wound, and Grantorto brays and yells tremendously. At the same time he catches the intended blow of the battle-axe on his shield, from which the giant then strives in vain to extricate his weapon, dragging about the knight in all directions as he tugs at it ;

^w Grin in rage.

till at last Artegal gives him up his shield, and, flying at his head with his good sword, Chrysaor (the poet has forgotten that it was long ago broken to pieces by Queen Radigund), first comes down upon him with a blow that makes all his huge frame stagger, and, then following that up with a rapid succession of others, at last compels him to bite the earth ;—

Whom when he saw prostrated on the plain,
He lightly reft his head to ease him of his pain.

The people all shout for joy ; and, falling at fair Irena's feet, adore her "as their true liege and princess natural ;"—

And eke her champion's glory sounded over all.

Artegal then, leading her "unto the palace where their kings did reign," there establishes her in the peaceful possession of her kingdom. After this he proceeds to punish with severity all such as had either openly or secretly taken part with the late tyrant ; the effect of which was that soon there was not an individual in the country who, so long as this good knight continued in the administration of Irena's affairs, durst once have disobeyed her.

During which time that he did there remain,
His study was true justice how to deal,
And day and night employed his busy pain
How to reform that ragged commonweal :
And that same iron man, which could reveal
All hidden crimes, through all that realm he sent
To search out those that used to rob and steal,
Or did rebel gainst lawful government ;
On whom he did inflict most grievous punishment.

This is exactly the same account that Spenser gives of the government of his patron Lord Grey in his prose tract on the State of Ireland. It is known, however, that the severity of the Lord Deputy, which the poet so warmly admires and defends, exposed him after his return to England to great obloquy. This sufficiently explains the remarkable passage that follows. Artegal, we are told, was "through occasion" called away to Fairy Court before he could thoroughly accomplish his plans of reform ; so

——— that of necessity

His course of justice he was forced to stay,
And Talus to revoke from the right way,
In which he was that realm for to redress :
But envy's cloud still dimmeth virtue's ray !
So, having freed Irena from distress,
He took his leave of her there left in heaviness.

He has scarcely arrived in that other land from which he had crossed over to the kingdom of Irena when he meets, sitting together by the wayside, two foul, ill-favoured hags, in ragged and tattered garments, further painted at full length in this powerful style :—

The one of them, that elder did appear,
With her dull eyes did seem to look askew,
That her mis-shape much helped ; and her foul hair
Hung loose and loathsomely ; thereto her hue
Was wan and lean, that all her teeth arew *
And all her bones might through her cheeks be read ;
Her lips were, like raw leather, pale and blue :
And, as she spake, therewith she slavered ;
Yet spake she seldom ; but thought more, the less she
said :

Her hands were foul and dirty, never washed
In all her life, with long nails over-raught
Like puttock's † claws ; with the one of which she
scratched

Her cursed head, although it itched naught ;
The other held a snake with venom fraught,
On which she fed and gnawed hungrily,
As if that long she had not eaten aught ;
That round about her jaws one might descry
The bloody gore and poison dropping loathsomely.

Her name was Envy, known well thereby :
Whose nature is to grieve and grudge at all
That ever she sees done praiseworthy ;
Whose sight to her is greatest cross may fall,
And vexeth so, that makes her eat her gall :
For, when she wanteth other thing to eat,
She feeds on her own maw unnatural,
And of her own foul entrails makes her meat :
Meat fit for such a monster's monstrous diet ;

* In a row.

† Kites.

* That may fall.

And, if she happed of any good to hear,
 That had to any happily^a betid,
 Then would she inly fret, and grieve, and tear
 Her flesh for fellness, which she inward hid;
 But if she heard of ill that any did,
 Or harm that any had, then would she make
 Great cheer, like one unto a banquet bid;
 And in another's loss great pleasure take,
 As she had got thereby and gained a great stake.

This, it will be observed, is feminine Envy. The description may be compared with that of *Lucifera's* male counsellor of the same name in the Fourth Canto of the First Book. The second hag is now brought forward into the same magic light:—

The other nothing better was than she;
 Agreeing in bad will and cankered kind,
 But in bad manner they did disagree:
 For whatso Envy good or bad did find
 She did conceal, and murder her own mind;
 But this, whatever evil she conceived,
 Did spread abroad and throw in the open wind:
 Yet this in all her words might be perceived,
 That all she sought was men's good name to have hereaved.
 For, whatsoever good by any said
 Or done she heard, she would straightways invent
 How to deprave or slanderously upbraid,
 Or to misconstrue of a man's intent,
 And turn to ill the thing that well was meant:
 Therefore she used often to resort
 To common haunts, and companies frequent,
 To hark what any one did good report,
 To blot the same with blame, or wrest in wicked sort:
 And, if that any ill she heard of any,
 She would it eke, and make much worse by telling,
 And take great joy to publish it to many:
 That every matter worse was for her melling:
 Her name was hight Detraction, and her dwelling
 Was near to Envy, even her neighbour next;
 A wicked hag, and Envy self excelling
 In mischief; for herself she only vexed:
 But this same both herself and others eke perplexed.

^a Haply.

Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,
Foaming with poison round about her gills,
In which her cursed tongue, full sharp and short,
Appeared like aspe's sting, that closely kills,
Or cruelly does wound whomso she wills;
A distaff in her other hand she had,
Upon the which she little spins, but spills;
And fains to weave false tales and leasings bad,
To throw amongst the good which others had disprad.

The two have now combined against Sir Artegal, and, as his mortal foes, lie in wait to do him what mischief they can, all for having delivered Irena from their snares.

Besides, unto themselves they gotten had
A monster which the Blatant Beast men call,
A dreadful fiend of gods and men ydrad,
Whom they by sleights allured and to their purpose lad.

Of the Blatant Beast, of whom we shall hear more in the next Book, it will be sufficient to say for the present that it may be understood to typify what in modern times is commonly designated, by a more respectful form of words, Public Opinion.

When Sir Artegal comes up, the two hags fall to howling like two shepherd's curs when a wolf has got among their flocks;

And Envy first, as she that first him eyed,
Towards him runs, and, with rude flaring locks,
About her ears does beat her breast and forehead knocks.
Then from her mouth the gobbet^b she does take,
The which whylere she was so greedily
Devouring, even that half-gnawen snake,
And at him throws it most despitefully:
The cursed serpent, though she hungrily
First chawed thereon, yet was not all so dead,
But that some life remained secretly;
And, as he passed afore withouten dread,
Bit him behind, that long the mark was to be read.

[In other words, Grey long experienced the effects of the malice with which he was now attacked.]

Then the other hag, the account proceeds, coming be-

^b Mouthful.

hind him, began to revile him and rail upon him, charging him with having, both by abuse of his power and by unmanly guile, not only tarnished his own honour, but stained that bright sword, intrusted to him to be used as the sword of justice, in much innocent blood. Grantorto, too, she asserted, he had treacherously surprised, and foully put to death. These were the very charges brought against Grey for the manner in which he had suppressed the Earl of Desmond's rebellion.

Thereto the Blatant Beast, by them set on,
At him began aloud to bark and bay
With bitter rage and fell contention;
That all the woods and rocks nigh to that way
Began to quake and tremble with dismay;
And all the air rebellowed again;
So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray:
And evermore those hags themselves did pain,
To sharpen him, and their own cursed tongues did strain.
And, still among, most bitter words they spake,
Most shameful, most unrighteous, most untrue,
That they the mildest man alive would make
Forget his patience, and yield vengeance due
To her, that so false slanders at him threw:
And, more to make them pierce and wound more deep,
She with the sting which in her vile tongue grew
Did sharpen them, and in fresh poison steep:
Yet he passed on, and seemed of them to take no keep.
But Talus, hearing her so lewdly rail
And speak so ill of him that well deserved,
Would her have chastised with his iron flail,
If her Sir Artegal had not preserved,
And him forbidden, who his hest observed:
So much the more at him still did she scold,
And stones did cast; yet he for nought would swerve
From his right course, but still the way did hold
To Fairy Court; where what him fell shall else be told.

And so ends the Canto and the Book.

END OF VOL. II.

SPENSER, AND HIS POETRY.

~~~~~  
BY

GEO. L. CRAIK, M.A.  
~~~~~

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

CHARLES KNIGHT & Co., LUDGATE STREET.

—
1845

1899

1899

1899

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ERRATA.

Vol. I. p. 5, l. 11, *for* "antiquarians," *read* "antiquaries."

„ p. 48, l. 21, *read* "the seventh and eighth Cantos of the Sixth Book."

„ p. 189, l. 1, *for* "mind," *read* "maid."

Vol. II. p. 260, l. 17, *for* "turn," *read* "hour."

SPENSER AND HIS POETRY.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

BOOK SIXTH.

WE now enter upon the last completed Book of the Fairy Queen, containing the legend of *Sir Calidore, or of Courtesy*. It is preceded by an introductory address of seven stanzas, of which the first five are as follow :—

The ways through which my weary steps I guide
In this delightful land of Faïry,
Are so exceeding spacious and wide,
And sprinkled with such sweet variety
Of all that pleasant is to ear or eye,
That I, nigh ravished with rare thought's delight,
My tedious travel do forget thereby ;
And, when I gin to feel decay of might,
It strength to me supplies and cheers my dulled sprite.

Such secret comfort and such heavenly pleasures,
Ye sacred imps, that on Parnasso dwell,
And there the keeping have of learning's treasures
Which do all worldly riches far excel,
Into the minds of mortal men do well,^a
And goodly fury into them infuse ;
Guide ye my footing, and conduct me well,
In these strange ways, where never foot did use,
Ne none can find but who was taught them by the
muse :

^a Cause to flow.

Reveal to me the sacred nursery
 Of virtue, which with you doth there remain,
 Where it in silver bower does hidden lie
 From view of men and wicked world's disdain;
 Since it at first was by the gods with pain
 Planted in earth, being derived at first
 From heavenly seeds of bounty sovereign,
 And by them long with careful labour nurst,
 Till it to ripeness grew, and forth to honour burst.

Amongst them all grows not a fairer flower
 Than is the bloism of comely courtesy;
 Which, though it on a lowly stalk do bower,
 Yet brancheth forth in brave nobility,
 And spreads itself through all civility:
 Of which though present age do plenteous seem,
 Yet, being matched with plain antiquity,
 Ye will them all but feigned shows esteem,
 Which carry colours fair that feeble eyes misdeem:

But, in the trial of true courtesy,
 It's now so far from that which then it was,
 That it indeed is nought but forgery,
 Fashioned to please the eyes of them that pass,
 Which see not perfect things but in a glass:
 Yet is that glass so gay that it can blind
 The wisest sight, to think gold that is brass:
 But virtue's seat is deep within the mind,
 And not in outward shows but inward thoughts defined.

The two remaining stanzas are employed in complimenting Elizabeth as the greatest patron and mirror of the virtue about to be celebrated—as, indeed, of all other virtues—that has been known either in the modern or the ancient world.

Canto I. (47 stanzas).—Courtesy, the poet sets out by observing, is especially the virtue of courts, whence it has its name, and in Fairy Court it abounded most of all, both among knights and ladies; but among them all was no more courteous knight than Calidore, the all-beloved. The name may be translated the beautifully gifted; and the character is supposed to be designed for Sir Philip Sidney, whom we shall find to have been also previously

pictured by our author, in his Mother Hubbard's Tale,
ES

—— the brave courtier, in whose beauteous thought
Regard of honour harbours more than ought.

He is here described as one in whom it seemed

———— that gentleness of sprite
And manners mild were planted natural ;
To which he adding comely guise withal
And gracious speech, did steal men's hearts away ;
Nathless thereto he was full stout and tall,
And well approved in battelous affray,
That him did much renown, and far his fame display.

Every knight and every lady in Fairy Court loved him
dearly, and with the greatest he had greatest grace,
which he ever used well and wisely to favour good and
repress evil :

For he loathed leasing^b and base flattery,
And loved simple truth and steadfast honesty.

Travelling on a hard adventure in which he is engaged, this Knight of Courtesy chanches to meet Sir Artegal returning from the land of Irena ; they are old acquaintances, and, after Artegal has related his late conquest of Grantorto, Sir Calidore informs him that he himself, beginning where his friend has happily ended, is now in quest of a monster called the Blatant Beast, which is incessantly roaming through the world ; yet how or where to find him he does not know, and can therefore only still go forward in the hope that he may at last chance upon him.

“ What is that Blatant Beast then ? ” he replied.
“ It is a monster bred of hellish race,”
Then answered he, “ which often hath annoyed
Good knights and ladies true, and many else destroyed.

^b Lying.

"Of Cerberus whilome he was begot
 And fell Chimæra, in her darksome den,
 Through foul commixture of his filthy blot;
 Where he was fostered long in Stygian fen,
 Till he to perfect ripeness grew; and then
 Into this wicked world he forth was sent
 To be the plague and scourge of wretched men:
 Whom with vile tongue and venomous intent
 He sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment."

Such a beast, Artegal replies, he had himself encountered since leaving "the Salvage Island" (this is the first time that any name is given to Irena's kingdom); and he describes how it had bayed and barked at him. They agree that this must be the object of Calidore's pursuit; and that knight, after they have taken leave of each other, and Sir Artegal has bidden him good speed, now proceeds on his way with some hope of finding what he seeks.

He has not travelled long when his ears are assailed by shrill cries for help; they proceed from a comely youth bound hand and foot to a tree; the knight stops to ask no questions till he has released him; and then the squire recounts how he had fallen into such mishap:—

"Not far from hence, upon yond rocky hill,
 Hard by a strait there stands a castle strong,
 Which doth observe a custom lewd and ill,
 And it hath long maintained with mighty wrong:
 For may no knight nor lady pass along
 That way, (and yet they needs must pass that way,
 By reason of the strait, and rocks among,)
 But they that lady's locks do shave away,
 And that knight's beard, for toll which they for passage
 pay."

"A shamefull use as ever I did hear,"
 Said Calidore, "and to be overthrown.
 But by what means did they at first it rear,
 And for what cause? Tell if thou have it known."
 Said then that squire; "The lady, which doth own
 This castle, is by name Briana hight;
 Than which a prouder lady liveth none:

She long time hath dear loved a doughty knight,
And sought to win his love by all the means she might.

“ His name is Crudor ; who, through high disdain
And proud despite of his self-pleasing mind,
Refused hath to yield her love again,
Until a mantle she for him do find,
With beards of knights and locks of ladies lined :
Which to provide, she hath this castle dight,
And therein hath a seneschal assigned,
Called Maleffort, a man of mickle might,
Who executes her wicked will with worse despite.

“ He, this same day as I that way did come
With a fair damsel, my beloved dear,
In execution of her lawless doom
Did set upon us flying both for fear ;
For little boots against him hand to rear :
Me first he took unable to withstond,^c
And, whiles he her pursued every where,
Till his return unto this tree he bond ;^d
Ne wot I surely whether he her yet have fond.”^e

While they are still conversing, a loud and rueful shriek
is heard, and, looking up, they see at a little distance the
strong seneschal, “ with hand unblest,” dragging the
lady by her yellow hair,

That all her garments from her snowy breast,
And from her head her locks he nigh did tear,
Ne would he spare for pity, nor refrain for fear.

Calidore instantly sets out in pursuit of the villain, and,
having come up to him, calls on him to turn and answer
his defiance ;

Who, harkening to that voice, himself upreared,
And, seeing him so fiercely towards make,
Against him stoutly ran, as nought afeared,
But rather more enraged for those words’ sake ;
And with stern countenance thus unto him spake ;
“ Art thou the caitiff that defiest me,
And for this maid, whose party thou dost take,

^c Withstand.^d Bound.^e Found.

Wilt give thy beard, though it but little be?
Yet shall it not her locks for ransom from me free."

Calidore, as is the usual mode of civilized and well-disciplined knights, allows his adversary to spend his first fury without attempting much more than to elude or ward off his blows; and then, when he finds him beginning to lose breath, rises and comes down upon him with all his reserved might, like a mill-stream which has been confined by a dam, when it is let out to drive the mill. Malefort is at last forced to take to his heels, and, flying to the castle, he calls aloud to the warder to open to him instantly.

They, from the wall him seeing so aghast,
The gate soon opened to receive him in;
But Calidore did follow him so fast,
That even in the porch he him did win,
And cleft his head asunder to his chin:
The carcase tumbling down within the door
Did choke the entrance with a lump of sin,
That it could not be shut; whilst Calidore
Did enter in, and slew the porter on the floor.

The other occupants of the castle now gather, and fall upon him from all sides;

But he them all from him full lightly swept,
As doth a steer, in heat of summer's day,
With his long tail the brizes^f brush away.

But now, having passed onward into the hall, he finds himself confronted by the Lady Briana herself, who shamelessly charges him with having come upon her like no knight, but rather a lawless robber and man of blood, and, after having slain her seneschal, and murdered her men, proceeding to plunder her defenceless house, and make his spoil of herself, who has no means of resisting him. She is not to be appeased or brought to reason by anything he can say; but, throwing at him her scornful defiance (which he tells her he holds to be no indignity

^f The breeze-flies, or gad-flies.

from a lady), she declares that if she did not know that, coward as he is, he would fly before her champion could arrive, she would soon have one to measure swords with him who might perhaps make him pay dear for what he had done. Calidore entreats that she will instantly send for him to come, upon which, calling to her a dwarf, she takes from her hand a gold ring (a token agreed upon between them), and orders him to fly with it with all the speed he can to Crudor, and inform him in what plight she stands. All the night, nevertheless, while Calidore there abides with her, she never ceases her discourteous treatment and womanish disdain; but on the morrow, before the sun has risen, the dwarf is back with an assurance from Crudor that ere he has tasted bread he will be with her, and that she need fear nothing. As a pledge of his fidelity, he sends her his basenet, or helmet. On this she gets into high spirits, and becomes more insolent and venomous than ever;

Yet no whit more appalled for the same,
Ne ought dismayed was Sir Calidore;
But rather did more cheerful seem therefore:
And, having soon his arms about him dight,
Did issue forth to meet his foe afore;
Where long he stayed not, whenas a knight
He spied come pricking on with all his power and
 might.

Instantly running at each other, they are both at the first shock "rudely rolled to ground, both horse and man."

But Calidore uprose again full light,
Whiles yet his foe lay fast in senseless sound,
Yet would he not him hurt although he might:
For shame he weened a sleeping wight to wound.
But when Briana saw that dreary stound,
There where she stood upon the castle wall,
She deemed him sure to have been dead on ground;
And made such piteous mourning therewithal,
That from the battlements she ready seemed to fall.

After a time, however, Crudor begins to stretch his limbs ; and at last he gets upon his legs, and the fight is renewed by the two on foot with undiminished fury. They long hew at each other's helmets, breaking asunder the metal plates as if they were potshares, till a purple lake stands congealed about them of the blood that has gushed from their riven sides. At length Calidore, by a nimble blow on the head, forces his adversary to stoop, and, following up that advantage, soon has him on the ground and at his mercy ; but Crudor now, to his surprise, as he is about to unlace his helmet, in order to cut off his head, cries out entreating him to spare his life ; and, after his conqueror has earnestly but mildly pointed out to him the culpability of the conduct he has, in his arrogance and vain confidence of his matchless strength and good fortune, hitherto pursued, he is suffered to rise on condition of his promising hereafter to behave himself better to all strangers and errant knights, and to aid ladies "in every stead and stound." Then, when he has got up, Calidore further makes him swear "by his own sword, and by the cross thereon," to release Briana from the barbarous conditions he had imposed, and to take her "for his loving fere," without either dower or compact. Crudor agrees to everything, and also swears to the restorer of his life "true fealty for aye ;" and Briana too, who now comes forth, after having been cheered and comforted by the courteous knight, and informed by him how all has been arranged, is so affected that she throws herself at his feet, and, with outpoured thanks and acknowledgments, adores him "as her life's dear lord."

So, all returning to the castle glad,
Most joyfully she them did entertain ;
Where goodly glee and feast to them she made,
To show her thankful mind and meaning fain,
By all the means she mote it best explain ;
And, after all, unto Sir Calidore
She freely gave that castle for his pain,
And herself bound to him for evermore ;
So wondrously now changed from that she was afore.

But Calidore himself would not retain
 Nor land nor fee for hire of his good deed,
 But gave them straight unto that squire again,
 Whom from her seneschal he lately freed,
 And to his damsel, as their rightful meed
 For recompense of all their former wrong :
 There he remained with them right well agreed,
 Till of his wounds he waxed whole and strong ;
 And then to his first quest he passed forth along.

Canto II. (48 stanzas).—The story of the adventures of Sir Calidore is now resumed with this exordium :—

What virtue is so fitting for a knight,
 Or for a lady whom a knight should love,
 As Courtesy ; to bear themselves aright
 To all of each degree as doth behove ?
 For, whether they be placed high above
 Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know
 Their good ; that none them rightly may reprove
 Of rudeness for not yielding what they owe :
 Great skill it is such duties timely to bestow.

Thereto great help dame Nature self doth lend :
 For some so goodly gracious are by kind,
 That every action doth them much commend,
 And in the eyes of men great liking find ;
 Which others that have greater skill in mind,
 Though they enforce themselves, cannot attain :
 For every thing, to which one is inclined,
 Doth best become and greatest grace doth gain :
 Yet praise likewise deserve good thewes^b enforced with
 pain.

That well in courteous Calidore appears ;
 Whose every act and deed, that he did say,
 Was like enchantment, that through both the ears
 And both the eyes did steal the heart away.*

He is now again set forth on his quest after the Blatant Beast, when, as he pursues his way, he perceives, not

^b Manners.

* In these two lines all the editions absurdly persist in repeating the manifest erratum of the first, which has transposed the words "ears" and "eyes."

far off, a tall young man fighting on foot against an armed and mounted knight, while a fair lady in foul array stands by herself looking on. Before he can make up to them, the knight has been slain by the youth, and lies low on ground, much to the amazement of Calidore, when he scans the figure of the other combatant:--

Him stedfastly he marked, and saw to be
A goodly youth of amiable grace,
Yet but a slender slip, that scarce did see
Yet seventeen years, but tall and fair of face,
That sure he deemed him born of noble race :
All in a woodman's jacket he was clad
Of Lincoln green, belayedⁱ with silver lace ;
And on his head an hood with aglets^j sprad,^k
And by his side his hunter's horn he hauging had.

Buskins he wore of costliest cordwain,^l
Pinckt^m upon gold, and paled part per part,ⁿ
As then the guise was for each gentle swain :
In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
Whose fellow he before had sent apart ;
And in his left he held a sharp bear-spear,
With which he wont to launch^o the salvage heart
Of many a lion and of many a bear,
That first unto his hand in chase did happen near.

To Calidore's question wherefore he, no knight, has his
"hand too bold embrued in blood of knight," in violation
of the law of arms,

" Certes," said he, " loth were I to have broken
The law of arms ; yet break it should again,
Rather than let myself of wight be stroken,
So long as these two arms were able to be wroken."

And he appeals to the slain knight's lady, standing before them, to say whether it was not the knight who had been the assailant. He is himself, he goes on to relate,

ⁱ Decorated. ; Aigulets, tags. * Spread, covered.

^j Leather of Cordova, Spanish leather.

^m Worked in small holes.

ⁿ Divided by a longitudinal line ; an heraldic phrase.

^o Lance, pierce.

wont to spend his time carelessly, while his years are yet unripe, hunting in the forest, where this same day he had met the knight and the lady passing along.

“The knight, as ye did see, on horseback was,
And this his lady, that him ill became,
On her fair feet by his horse-side did pass
Through thick and thin, unfit for any dame :
Yet not content, more to increase his shame,
Whenso she lagged, as she needs mote so,
He with his spear (that was to him great blame)
Would thump her forward and enforce to go,
Weeping to him in vain and making piteous woe.”

Moved with indignation at this sight, he had blamed the knight for his cruelty

“Towards a lady, whom, with usage kind,
He rather should have taken up behind.”

The knight thereupon, in rage and scorn, had threatened to chastise him, “as doth to a child pertain ;” he, with no less disdain, “back returned his scornful taunts unto his teeth again ;” the knight then struck him once or twice with his spear, on which he, taking a slender dart, the fellow of the one he now has in his hand, threw it “not in vain,” and struck the knight, as it appeared, underneath the heart. Sir Calidore much admires his well-tempered speech, but more the well-aimed stroke that had so cunningly made its way through the strong mail, and so sternly chastised the wrong-doer ; and, when the lady confirms all that the youth has stated, he not only absolves him from blame, but applauds him for what he has done ; “for,” as he observes,

—— “knights and all men this by nature have,
Towards all women-kind them kindly to behave.”

He now asks the lady to inform them what cause could have made her late lover do so strange and dishonourable an act as to drive her so on foot—

————— “unfit to tread
A d lackey by him, gainst all woman¹ head.”

The lady, though unwilling to cast blame upon the dead, will not conceal the truth. This day, as he and she were riding along together, they chanced

—————“to come foreby^p a covert glade
 Within a wood, whereas a lady gent
 Sat with a knight in joyous jolliment
 Of their frank loves, free from all jealous spies:
 Fair was the lady sure, that mote content
 An heart not carried with too curious eyes,
 And unto him did show all lovely courtesies.”

As soon as her knight saw this new lady, he began to wish her his own; and, finding the presence of his old love to be a let, or hindrance, he first desired her to alight, and then, when she hesitated or refused—loth, as she says, to leave him so suddenly—threw her down with violence from the saddle. At the same time, rushing at him, he called upon the other knight, all unarmed as he was, either to yield up the lady or instantly to defend his claim to her in fight. The other requested him to allow him time to get his arms, which were near at hand; but to no purpose; he struck his spear into him, and he fell severely wounded. Meanwhile, however, the lady had made her escape into the thick of the grove; and as soon as the armed knight missed her, mad with disappointment, he left the other, and ran ranging through all the wood after the fugitive. At last, obliged to give up the hope of finding her, he returned to the place where he had left his own love, and “there,” says she,

——“gan he me to curse and ban, for lack
 Of that fair booty, and with bitter wrack
 To wreak on me the guilt of his own wrong:
 Of all which I yet glad to bear the pack
 Strove to appease him, and persuaded long;
 But still his passion grew more violent and strong.

“Then, as it were to avenge his wrath on me,
 When forward we should fare, he flat refused

To take me up (as this young man did see)
Upon his steed, for no just cause accused,
But forced to trot on foot, and foul misused,
Punching me with the butt-end of his spear,
In vain complaining to be so abused ;
For he regarded neither plaint nor tear,
But more enforced my pain, the more my plaints to hear.

“ So passed we, till this young man us met ;
And, being moved with pity of my plight,
Spake as was meet, for ease of my regret :
Whereof befell what now is in your sight.”

Sir Calidore replies in a few gentle words ; and

Then turning back unto that gentle boy,
Which had himself so stoutly well acquit ;
Seeing his face so lovely stern and coy,
And hearing the answers of his pregnant wit,
He praised it much, and much admired it ;
That sure he weened him born of noble blood
With whom those graces did so goodly fit :
And, when he long had him beholding stood,
He burst into these words, as to him seemed good ;

“ Fair gentle swain, and yet as stout as fair,
That in these woods amongst the nymphs dost won,
Which daily may to thy sweet looks repair,
As they are wont unto Latona's son
After his chase on woody Cynthus done ;
Well may I certes such an one thee read,
As by thy worth thou worthily hast won,
Or surely born of some heroic seed,
That in thy face appears and * gracious goodly-head.”

To his request that he will reveal who and what he is—
“ for,” says Sir Calidore,

——“ since the day that arms I first did rear,
I never saw in any greater hope appear,”—

the noble youth answers that he is a Briton born, and
is the son of a king ; “ however,” says he,

* It may be suspected that this “and” is a misprint for
“such,” though a certain sense may be made of the line as
it stands.

“ through fate
Or fortune I my country have forlorn,
And lost the crown which should my head by right
adorn.”

His name, he continues, is Tristram, and he had been born the only heir of good King Meliograss of Cornwall ; but his father had died while he was yet in his boyhood, upon which his uncle, the brother of Meliograss, had seized the crown. Fair Emeline, the widowed queen, his mother, then becoming alarmed for his safety, and following the advice of a sage counsellor, had had him conveyed away from his native land, the fertile Lioness, into this Land of Fairy ; “ where,” says he,

“ I have woned thus long
Since I was ten years old, now grown to stature strong.

“ All which my days I have not lewdly spent,
Nor spilt the blossom of my tender years
In idleness ; but, as was convenient,^a
Have trained been with many noble feres
In gentle thewes and such like seemly leres :^r
Mongst which my most delight hath always been
To hunt the salvage chace, amongst my peers,
Of all that rangeth in the forest green,
Of which none is to me unknown that ever was seen.

“ Ne is there hawk which mantleth her on perch,
Whether high towering or accosting^s low,
But I the measure of her flight do search,
And all her prey and all her diet know :
Such be our joys which in these forests grow :
Only the use of arms, which most I joy,
And fitteth most for noble swain to know,
I have not tasted yet ; yet past a boy,
And being now high time these strong joints to employ.”

He concludes by requesting Sir Calidore to make him a squire on the spot ; which the courteous knight readily consents to do.

^a In three syllables, with the accent on the first.

^r Arts, disciplines

^s Stooping.

There* him he caused to kneel, and made to swear
Faith to his knight, and truth to ladies all,
And never to be recreant for fear
Of peril, or of ought that might befall :
So he him dubbed, and his squire did call.
Full glad and joyous then young Tristram grew ;
Like as a flower, whose silken leaves small
Long shut up in the bud from heaven's view,
At length breaks forth, and broad displays his smiling
hue.

Child Tristram now prays Sir Calidore to take him for his own squire ; but for the present, greatly delighted as he is that it should have been made, the knight is obliged to decline this offer, having bound himself by vow to his sovereign, when he set out upon his present adventure, that he would achieve it unattended and alone. He proposes therefore that Tristram should remain to aid and guard the lady ; and, "the noble imp" having gladly accepted that service, they part, and Calidore pursues his journey.

But Tristram, then despoiling that dead knight
Of all those goodly implements of praise,
Long fed his greedy eyes with the fair sight
Of the bright metal shining like sun rays ;
Handling and turning them a thousand ways :
And, after having them upon him dight,
He took that lady, and her up did raise
Upon the steed of her own late dead knight :
So with her marched forth, as she did him behight.†

Calidore has not ridden many miles when he comes to where the knight since slain by Tristram had left the other knight whom he had so unhandsomely attacked and so sorely wounded.

There he that knight found lying on the floor
With many wounds full perilous and wide,
That all his garments and the grass in vermeil dyed.

* It should probably be "Then."

† Direct, desire.

And beside-him on the ground sits his woeful lady,
wiping his wounds and trying to ease his pain as she
laments aloud. When Sir Calidore comes up, and,
scarcely refraining from tears, entreats to know what
cruel hand has wrought such pitiable wrong, she describes
the strange knight as having been

“ of stature large,
Clad all in gilden arms, with azure band
Quartered athwart, and bearing in his targe
A lady on rough waves rowed in a summer barge.”

By this Sir Calidore knows that it is the same knight
whom he has since seen dead; and he endeavours to
comfort the lady with this intelligence. She thanks him
for his good news; but is still much perplexed what to
do with her wounded love. She does not like to trouble
a stranger to assist her in removing him; and she also
thinks it “a thing too base” to take him up and bear
him herself.

Which whenas he perceived he thus bespake;
“Fair lady, let it not you seem disgrace
To bear this burden on your dainty back;
Myself will bear a part, coportion of your pack.”

So off he did his shield, and downward laid
Upon the ground, like to an hollow bier;
And pouring balm, which he had long purveyed,
Into his wounds, him up thereon did rear,
And twixt them both with parted pains did bear,
Twixt life and death, not knowing what was done:
Thence they him carried to a castle near,
In which a worthy ancient knight did won:
Where what ensued shall in next Canto be begun.

Canto III. (50 stanzas).—By nothing, observes the
poet in commencing this Canto, is a man so well betrayed
as by his manners, by nothing is it so plainly shown “of
what degree and what race he is grown.” It has ever
been found “that gentle blood will gentle manners
breed,” as may be seen by this instance of Calidore,
who so courteously takes up the wounded knight “in
his great need,” and bears him on his back to that neigh-

bouring castle. There he is earnestly besought to make his abode for the night by the lord of the castle:—

He was to weet a man of full ripe years,
That in his youth had been of mickle might,
And borne great sway in arms among his peers;
But now weak age had dimmed his candlelight:
Yet was he courteous still to every wight,
And loved all that did to arms incline;
And was the father of that wounded knight,
Whom Calidore thus carried on his chine;
And Aldus was his name; and his son's, Aladine.

Aldus is of course affected at the sight of his wounded son, but, with the philosophy and something also perhaps of the indifference of age, he soon consoles himself with a reflection on the uncertainty of mortal hopes, and the “tickle,” or precarious, condition of all things earthly:—
“this,” he remarks,

—— “is the state of keasars and of kings!
Let none, therefore, that is in meaner place,
Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky case.”

Thus well and wisely tempering his grief, he makes the evening pass not unpleasantly to Calidore.

But that fair lady would be cheered for nought,
But sighed and sorrowed for her lover dear,
And inly did afflict her pensive thought
With thinking to what case her name should now be brought.

For she is the daughter of a noble lord dwelling near, and has preferred the lusty Aladine, though of meaner birth and inferior estate, to a great peer to whom her father desires to marry her: taking advantage of an opportunity that had offered, they had “met together in that luckless glade;” but she is now filled with fear and perplexity as she bethinks herself in what hazard she has put her good fame, and how she is to manage so as to save appearances. Calidore endeavours to cheer and reassure her with his wonted courtesy; the old knight tries by all the means in his power “to make them both

as merry as he may ;” and when the time of rest comes Calidore retires to his bower with a quiet mind, and sleeps soundly ;—

But fair Priscilla (so that lady hight)
Would to no bed, nor take no kindly sleep,
But by her wounded love did watch all night,
And all the night for bitter anguish weep,
And with her tears his wounds did wash and steep :
So well she washed them, and so well she watched him,
That of the deadly swoon, in which full deep
He drenched was, she at the length despatched him,
And drove away the stound which mortally attached
him.

He too, when morning comes, and he has awakened as out of a dream, is deeply distressed to think of the position in which she has placed herself for his sake ; she, again, now grieves more to see him so made miserable on her account than for herself. To both their only hope seems to be Calidore ; “ all other helps were past.”

Early, so soon as Titan’s beams forth brust
Through the thick clouds, in which they steeped lay
All night in darkness, dulled with iron rust,
Calidore rising up as fresh as day
Gan freshly him address unto his former way :

But first he goes to salute the wounded knight, “ and eke that lady, his fair lovely lass ;” the former he finds much better, and they talk together about “ things of course ;” till Aladine (or Aldine, as he is otherwise called) takes occasion to unfold to him the whole story of his and Priscilla’s love. The courteous knight readily consents to conduct the fair lady to her father’s house :—

————— so after little stay,
That she herself had to the journey dight,
He passed forth with her in fair array,
Fearless who ought did think or ought did say,
Sith his own thought he knew most clear from wite.^a

^a Blame.

And on the way he devises a "counter-cast of sleight" whereby "to give fair colour" to the lady's cause. Proceeding first to the place where the carcass of the knight slain by noble Tristram still lies, he cuts off the head; and, taking it along with him, presents it to Priscilla's father at the same time with his daughter, whom he swears on his knighthood to be "most perfect pure and guiltless innocent of blame" since he had first seen her, and delivered her from fear of the discourteous knight, the owner of the head,

————— who her had reft,
And by outrageous force away did bear.

It will be observed that he does not say he had delivered her from the knight, but only from the fear of him, which he had done by bringing her the news of his having been slain by Tristram. It does not seem to trouble Calidore, or the poet either, that a false impression has in this way been left upon the mind of the old lord. Everything passes off smoothly and prosperously :—

Most joyful man her sire was her to see,
And hear the adventure of her late mischance;
And thousand thanks to Calidore for fee
Of his large pains in her deliverance
Did yield; ne less the lady did advance.*
Thus having her restored trustily,
As he had vowed, some small continuance
He there did make, and then most carefully
Unto his first exploit he did himself apply.

Pursuing his way he chances to come where "in covert shade" a jolly knight rests unarmed, solacing himself with his lady love, who is also

————— full fair to see,
And courteous withal, becoming her degree.

The two lovers are much abashed, but Calidore himself is much more so, that he should have so rudely lighted

* Nor did the lady less commend him.

upon them, and "troubled their quiet love's delight;" but his courteous apologies, framed with "gentle words and goodly wit," soon allay all unpleasant feeling, and the strange knight, having asked him to sit down beside him, entertains him with a very interesting account of adventures in which he has been engaged—leaving the fair Serena (such is the lady's name) to find in the meanwhile such amusement for herself as she can. She, "allured with mildness of the gentle weather, and pleasure of the place," wanders about the fields as liking leads her, gathering flowers to make a garland for her head, and suspecting no ill, when suddenly out of the neighbouring forest comes rushing the Blatant Beast, and, catching her up, bears her away in his great wide mouth. Her cries, however, rouse the two knights from their absorbing conversation; and Calidore, overtaking the monster, soon compels him to drop his prey,

And to betake himself to fearful flight;
For he durst not abide with Calidore to fight.

Who natheless, when he the lady saw
There left on ground, though in full evil plight,
Yet knowing that her knight now near did draw,
Stayed not to succour her in that affright,
But followed fast the monster in his flight:
Through woods and hills he followed him so fast,
That he nould let him breathe nor gather sprite,
But forced him gape and gasp, with dread aghast,
As if his lungs and lights were nigh asunder brast.

Sir Calepine (that is the name of the stranger knight) lifts up his lady from the ground where she lies, wounded by the animal's teeth in both her sides and covered with blood, and, sustaining her in his tender arms, brings her out of her swoon, and then, setting her on his horse, supports her there with careful hands, while he walks softly by her side till they can find some place of shelter. At length, as "Phœbus with his fiery train unto his inn" begins "to draw apace," waxing weary of travelling so long on foot in that painful manner, and laden besides with his armour, he chances to see, "down in a

dale foreby a river's side," a fair and stately house in which he hopes that he may find succour. But when he reaches the river he finds that it will be hardly possible to cross it on foot, especially encumbered as he is. While he is deliberating what he shall do, he sees an armed and mounted knight approach, "with a fair lady linked by his side," also on her palfrey. Saluting this knight, Calepine beseeches him of courtesy that in the circumstances he will take him up behind him; but the other tauntingly replies:—

"Perdy, thou peasant knight mightst rightly read
Me then to be full base and evil born,
If I would bear behind a burden of such scorn.

"But, as thou hast thy steed forlorn with shame,
So fare on foot till thou another gain,
And let thy lady likewise do the same,
Or bear her on thy back with pleasing pain,
And prove thy manhood on the billows vain."

Even his own lady is shocked at this rude speech, and would have taken up Calepine beside herself in her pity for his sick love.

Sir Calepine her thanked; yet, inly wroth
Against her knight, her gentleness refused,
And carelessly into the river go'th,
As in despite to be so foul abused
Of a rude churl, whom often he accused
Of foul discourtesy, unfit for knight;
And, strongly wading through the waves unused,
With spear in the one hand stayed himself upright,
With the other stayed his lady up with steady might.

And all the while that same discourteous knight
Stood on the further bank beholding him;
At whose calamity, for more despite,
He laughed, and mocked to see him like to swim.
But whenas Calepine came to the brim,
And saw his carriage past that peril well,
Looking at that same carl with countenance grim,
His heart with vengeance inwardly did swell,
And forth at last did break in speeches sharp and fell:

“Unknightly knight, the blemish of that name,
 And blot of all that arms upon them take,
 Which is the badge of honour and of fame,
 Lo! I defy thee; and here challenge make,
 That thou for ever do those arms forsake,
 And be for ever held a recreant knight,
 Unless thou dare, for thy dear lady's sake
 And for thine own defence, on foot alight
 To justify thy fault gainst me in equal fight.”

The dastard, that did hear himself defied,
 Seemed not to weigh his threatful words at all,
 But laughed them out, as if his greater pride
 Did scorn the challenge of so base a thrall;
 Or had no courage, or else had no gall.

In the end, turning his steed about, the knight rides away with his lady to the house which Calepine had seen in the dale, and which is his own castle; although it must be supposed that Calepine does not know this, when, having followed him, he arrives there at the fall of day, and, drawing to the gate, with prayers and mild entreaty asks lodging for his suffering charge. The rude porter, however, sternly refuses him admission, the established order of the place being that no one shall there lodge who shall not first have fought with its lord. Calepine confesses that he has no disposition, especially now when day is spent and he has himself as well as the lady such need of rest, to combat with the host to whom he is to be indebted for the courtesy of a night's entertainment, unless indeed he were enforced thereunto; “but yet,” says he,

—————“aread to me, how hight thy lord,
 That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of the Ford.”

His name, the porter tells him, is Sir Turpin,

—————“one of mickle might
 And manhood rare, but terrible and stern
 In all assays to every errant knight,
 Because of one that wrought him foul despite.”

Calepine replies that it is seldom seen that courtesy and manhood disagree; “but,” he adds,

——“go thy ways to him, and fro me say
That here is at his gate an errant knight,
That house-room craves; yet would be loth to assay
The proof of battle now in doubtful night,
Or courtesy with rudeness to requite:
Yet, if he needs will fight, crave leave till morn,
And tell withal the lamentable plight
In which this lady languisheth forlorn,
That pity craves, as he of woman was yborn.”

Turpin, when this message is brought him, is seated at table with his gentler wife, whose name is Blandina; but her persuasions have no force to move him from “his currish will;” Calepine must remain with his poor love without doors:—

Which answer when the groom returning brought
To Calepine, his heart did inly flame
With wrathful fury for so foul a shame,
That he could not thereof avenged be;
But most for pity of his dearest dame,
Whom now in deadly danger he did see;
Yet had no means to comfort, nor procure her glee.

But all in vain; for why? no remedy
He saw the present mischief to redress,
But the utmost end perforce for to aby^v
Which that night's fortune would for him address.
So down he took his lady in distress,
And laid her underneath a bush to sleep,
Covered with cold, and wrapt in wretchedness;
Whiles he himself all night did nought but weep,
And wary watch about her for her safeguard keep.

The next morning, as soon as it is day, angry and greedy for revenge as he is, he yet “for the feeble lady's sake,” determines to make no longer stay, and he sets out again, as before, walking on foot by her side and sustaining her on his steed. But he has not gone a great way when he perceives an armed knight fast riding after them, evidently with no friendly intent. When he approaches, he proves to be the same person who had so

abused him yesterday at the river, that is, Turpin. Couching his spear, he calls upon Calepine to stand and either abide his vengeance or ask pardon for his lewd, that is, unmannerly, words and deeds; and then runs at him as if "he would devour his life at once." Calepine, situated as he is, can only endeavour to shun his assault; he flies round and round, while the other chases him;

But his best succour and refuge was still
Behind his lady's back; who to him cried,
And called oft with prayers loud and shrill,
As ever he to lady was affianced,*
To spare her knight, and rest with reason pacified.

But the more she calls upon him, the more furiously does Turpin pursue his victim, till at length he succeeds in sending his spear through Calepine's shoulder, so that the blood gushes out like a spring from a hill-side.

Yet ceased he not for all that cruel wound,
But chased him still for all his lady's cry;
Not satisfied till on the fatal ground
He saw his life poured forth despitiously;
The which was certes in great jeopardy,
Had not a wondrous chance his rescue wrought,
And saved from his cruel villainy:
Such chances oft exceed all human thought:
That in another Canto shall to end be brought.

Canto IV. (40 stanzas).—The chance that effects the rescue of Calepine is the approach of "a salvage man" who dwells in the neighbouring forest, drawn to the place by Serena's piteous shrieks. The salvage, though he has never till this hour tasted of pity or known gentleness, is yet moved by the furious and insatiable cruelty of Turpin, still

Chasing the gentle Calepine around,
Ne sparing him the more for all his grievous wound;
and he resolves to deliver the unhappy knight if he may.

* Affianced, pledged in honour.

Yet arms or weapon had he none to fight,
Ne knew the use of warlike instruments,
Save such as sudden rage him lent to smite ;
But naked, without needful vestiments
To clad his corpse with meet habiliments,
He cared not for dint of sword nor spear,
No more than for the stroke of straws or bents :⁷
For from his mother's womb, which him did bear,
He was invulnerable made by magic lear.

Instantly, without stopping to consider anything, he rushes upon Turpin, who, being prepared for his assault, " with the push of his sharp-pointed spear " meets him with a stroke " so strong and hard full on the breast," that he forces him to " recoil and reel arear ;" yet neither blood nor wound follows. The only effect is to infuriate the wild man still more, so that he flies again upon him with the madness of a tiger that has missed his prey—

Regarding neither spear that mote him slay,
Nor his fierce steed that mote him much dismay :
The salvage nation doth all dread despise.

Seizing hold of his shield, he clings to it with so firm a grasp that all the knight's efforts are vain to wrest it from him ; he is almost pulled from his steed in the struggle ; and, having also now in this close encounter no use of his long spear, he has nothing for it but to relinquish both spear and shield, and to betake himself to flight.

But after him the wild man ran apace,
And him pursued with importune speed,
For he was swift as any buck in chase ;
And, had he not in his extremest need
Been helped through the swiftness of his steed,
He had him overtaken in his flight,
Who, ever as he saw him nigh succeed,
Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
And shrieked out ; a thing uncomely for a knight.

The salvage man then, seeing his labour vain, returns to

⁷ Rushes, bent-grass.

Calepine and his lady. Poor Serena, suffering from her own wounds, with her knight now also bleeding and disabled, and further alarmed by this new danger,—that their deliverer may prove anything but a deliverer in the end,—against which she has no defence, can only recommend herself to God, and him implore

To send her succour, being of all hope forlore.

The wild man, however, comes up to her “creeping like a fawning hound,” and showing his compassion by kissing his hands and other signs ; for all the language he has is a confused murmur of words without sense. Approaching likewise to the bleeding Calepine, he makes “great moan after his salvage mood,” and then runs into the forest and procures an herb, the juice of which being poured into the wound soon staunches it. Then, taking up Turpin’s shield and spear, he leads the way to where he has his dwelling :—

Far in the forest, by a hollow glade
Covered with mossy shrubs, which spreading broad
Did underneath them make a gloomy shade,
Where foot of living creature never trode,
Ne scarce wild beasts durst come, there was this wight’s
abode.

Thither he brought these unacquainted guests ;
To whom fair semblance, as he could, he showed
By signs, by looks, and all his other gests :^z
But the bare ground with hoary moss bestrowed
Must be their bed ; their pillow was unsewed ;
And the fruits of the forest was their feast :
For their bad steward neither ploughed nor sowed,
Ne fed on flesh, ne ever of wild beast
Did taste the blood, obeying nature’s first behest.

Yet, howsoever base and mean it were,
They took it well, and thanked God for all.

Here, therefore, they remain for some space :—

^z Proceedings, actions.

During which time that wild man did apply
His best endeavour and his daily pain
In seeking all the woods both far and nigh
For herbs to dress their wounds; still seeming fain
When ought he did, that did their liking gain.

The knight's wound is soon healed; but the lady's no herb can be found that will cure, seeing that it is "inwardly unsound."

One day, after Calepine has become quite strong again, he goes abroad unarmed "to take the air, and hear the thrush's song," when he is startled by a sight of pity and horror—an infant borne away in the bloody jaws of a bear, and piercing the air with its shrieks. He is instantly after the savage beast, and is all the better for being without the burthen of his arms;

For having long time, as his daily weed,
Them wont to wear, and wend on foot for need,
Now wanting them he felt himself so light,
That like an hawk, which feeling herself freed
From bells and jesses which did let her flight,
Him seemed his feet did fly and in their speed delight.

When the bear is overtaken he drops his prey, and turns upon his pursuer; but the bold knight snatching up a stone, thrusts it into his gaping throat and nearly chokes him, and then, closing with him, squeezes him to death. When he takes up the babe and examines it, he finds, to his surprise, that it is unwounded and unhurt; but, looking about for a path by which to return, he can descry none. Turning now in one direction, now in another, he spends the whole day in wandering about to no purpose, the infant also evermore crying for food, to his infinite perplexity. At last, about sunset, he makes his way out of the forest into the open country; and now he hears

————— under the forest's side
A voice, that seemed of some womankind,
Which to herself lamenting loudly cried,
And oft complained of fate, and fortune oft defied.

Coming up to her, Calepine entreats her to tell him the

cause of her distress. Even if he cannot aid her, he observes, it may relieve her only to communicate her grief; and, besides, who can tell?

“ Oftimes it haps that sorrows of the mind
Find remedy unsought, which seeking cannot find.”

On this she proceeds to relate her story. Her name is Matilde, and she is the wife of bold Sir Bruin, who has lately conquered the country where they are from the giant Cormorant, whom, however, he has not slain, although he has so daunted him by three great overthrows that there is no danger of his giving any further disturbance while his conqueror lives. But with these happy fortunes the fates have mingled one evil: the heavens have not vouchsafed to grant to Sir Bruin and his spouse “ the gladful blessing of posterity,” so that it is probable that after his death all will again return into the possession of the giant. Her lord in particular, Matilde adds, grieves and laments on this account; yet it has been prophesied that

—————“ *there should to him a son
Be gotten, not begotten; which should drink
And dry up all the water which doth run
In the next brook, by whom that fiend should be fordone.*”

For a time Sir Bruin had drawn from this prophecy a hope that he should yet have a son who would quite annihilate the giant; but now the latter, concludes Matilde,

—————“ *gins to despise
The good Sir Bruin growing far in years,
Who thinks from me his sorrow all doth rise.
Lo! this my cause of grief to you appears;
For which I thus do mourn, and pour forth ceaseless
tears.*”

Calepine is greatly touched by this relation; but after a few moments it occurs to him that he has it in his power to remedy what the fair lady complains of. Assuring her that, whatever she may think of his proposal, it is at least well meant, he proceeds:—

“ If that the cause of this your languishment
Be lack of children to supply your place,
Lo ! how good fortune doth to you present
This little babe, of sweet and lovely face,
And spotless spirit in which ye may enchase
Whatever forms ye list thereto apply,
Being now soft and fit them to embrace ;
Whether ye list him train in chivalry,
Or nursele up^a in lore of learn'd philosophy.

“ And, certes, it hath oftentimes been seen,
That of the like, whose lineage was unknown,
More brave and noble knights have raised been
(As their victorious deeds have often shown,
Being with fame through many nations blown),
Than those which have been dandled in the lap.
Therefore some thought that those brave imps were
SOWN
Here by the gods, and fed with heavenly sap,
That made them grow so high to all honourable hap.”

Matilde, “ hearkening to his senseful speech,” considers the scheme to be a very reasonable one ; so she gladly accepts the babe,

And, having over it a little wept,
She bore it thence, and ever as her own it kept.

Right glad was Calepine to be so rid
Of his young charge whereof he skilled nought ;
Ne she less glad ; for she so wisely did,
And with her husband under hand so wrought,
That when that infant unto him she brought,
She made him think it surely was his own ;
And it in goodly thewes so well upbrought,
That it became a famous knight well known,
And did right noble deeds ; the which elsewhere are
shown.

But Calepine, now being left alone
Under the greenwood's side in sorry plight,
Withouten arms or steed to ride upon,

^a Nurse up, educate.

Or house to hide his head from heaven's spite ;
Albe that dame, by all the means she might,
Him oft desired home with her to wend,
And offered him, his courtsy to requite,
Both horse and arms, and whatso else to lend,
Yet he them all refused, though thanked her as a friend ;

And, for exceeding grief which inly grew,
That he his love so luckless now had lost,
On the cold ground maugre himself he threw
For fell despite, to be so sorely crost ;
And there all night himself in anguish tost,
Vowing that never he in bed again
His limbs would rest, ne lig in ease embost,^b
Till that his lady's sight he mote attain,
Or understand that she in safety did remain.

Upton suspects that in this episode of the infant rescued from the bear, Spenser designed an allusion to the fabulous origin assigned by the Irish to the Macmahons, whose name is said to signify *sons of a bear*, and to have been given to them as descended from the noble English family of the Fitzursulas. He has mentioned the English descent of the Macmahons in his 'View of the State of Ireland.' As for the deeds of the rescued infant, after he became a famous knight, being shown or told elsewhere, that intimation must be supposed to refer to some future portion of the Fairy Queen.

Canto V. (41 stanzas).—"O what an easy thing is to descry the gentle blood," says the poet, however it may be warped and misshapen by the force of adverse circumstances ; even then, however unapt to all virtue it may seem,

Yet will it show some sparks of gentle mind,
And at the last break forth in his own proper kind.

So this wild man, though he was born and bred in the woods among savage beasts,

^b Lie in ease concealed.

Ne ever saw fair guise, ne learned good,
Yet showed some token of his gentle blood
By gentle usage of that wretched dame :
For certes he was born of noble blood,
However by hard hap he hither came ;
As ye may know, when time shall be to tell the same.

Unfortunately this part of the story must now remain for ever unknown ; but the conduct of the man of the woods meanwhile is all that is noble and kind. When he finds that the good Sir Calepine does not reappear, he goes forth into the forest in the hope that he may find him lying asleep, or at least may learn what has befallen him. " He sought him far and near, yet him no where he spied." Returning to Serena, he intimates his want of success and his sorrow

By speaking signs, as he them best could frame,
Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,
Now beating his hard head upon a stone,
That ruth it was to see him so lament.

When he sees the misery of Serena, who throws herself upon the ground, careless of her bleeding wounds, and groaning and convulsed " as if her vital powers were at strife with stronger death," he lifts her up, and tries in every way he can both to staunch the flowing blood, and to restore her to her senses ; and at last when, having lost all hope of his return, she takes Calepine's steed, and, weak as she is, mounts it in order to set out and try what of good fortune will bring her, her host will not suffer her to go forth alone, but, seizing the knight's arms, fastens them about himself in such rude manner as he can—all except the sword, which Calepine had put away, and insists upon attending her.

So forth they travelled, an uneven pair,
That mote to all men seem an uncouth sight ;
A salvage man matched with a lady fair,
That rather seemed the conquest of his might
Gotten by spoil than purchased aright :
But he did her attend most carefully,
And faithfully did serve both day and night

Withouten thought of shame or villainy,
Ne ever showed sign of foul disloyalty.

One day as they were thus journeying, while the salvage man has laid his arms on the ground to assist Serena in putting something to rights about the furniture of her horse, there come riding up a knight and his squire, all armed to point, and seeming, by their attire and bearing, to be two knights errant. They are, in fact, Prince Arthur and young Timias, who have now at length met again. After Timias had recovered the favour of Belphebe in the manner that has been already related (in the eighth Canto of the fourth Book), although he ever after dwelt in her sovereign liking, yet many foes still endeavoured to destroy him, among which were three mightier than the rest—Despetto (Despite), Decetto (Deceit), and Defetto (Defamation);—the first eminent both in strength and height, the second more wise than strong, the third more spiteful than either strong or wise. Finding their divided efforts all in vain to work his ruin or to injure him, they conspired together, and, one day as he was hunting in the wood, sent the Blatant Beast to allure him “from his dear beloved dame” into danger;

For well they wist that squire to be so bold,
That no one beast in forest wild or tame
Met him in chase, but he it challenge would,
And pluck the prey oftimes out of their greedy hold.

As they had calculated, Timias, as soon as the monster caught his eye, set upon it, and speedily forced it to turn and take to flight, but not before it had, in a moment when he was off his guard, inflicted a bite upon him with its malignant tooth. It drew him on in pursuit, moreover, through brakes and briers, till, almost wearied out, he found himself in a woody glade, where it escaped from his view; and here lay his three foes in ambush, all now ready to fall upon him.

Sharply they all at once did him assail,
Burning with inward rancour and despite,

And heaped strokes did round about him hail
With so huge force, that seemed nothing might
Bear off their blows from piercing thorough quite :
Yet he them all so warily did ward,
That none of them in his soft flesh did bite ;
And all the while his back for best safeguard
He leant against a tree, that backward onset barred.

Like a wild bull, that, being at a bay,
Is baited of a mastiff and a hound
And a cur-dog, that do him sharp assay
On every side, and beat about him round ;
But most that cur, barking with bitter sound,
And creeping still behind, doth him incumber,
That in his chafe he digs the trampled ground,
And threats his horns, and bellows like the thunder :
So did that squire his foes disperse and drive asunder.

But his utmost exertions were all needed, for the three
sought to encompass him, and attack him at once from
every point : Defetto creeping behind him ; Decetto also
trying to get at him by stratagem and circumvention ;
while stout Despetto, "in his greater pride," confronted
him, and fought him face to face. He is beginning to
give way, when suddenly he hears in the forest

A trampling steed, that with his neighing fast
Did warn his rider be upon his guard ;
With noise whereof the squire, now nigh aghast,
Revived was, and sad despair away did cast.

A knight was soon visible, hurrying on with the evident
intention of aiding the one against the three, who all
thereupon fled away into the wood. It was Prince Arthur
himself, who now, turning to Timias, at once knew him
to be "his own true squire." To his questions, Timias
answered only with tears, shutting up for the present
the sorrows of the past in his own breast ; but gracious
expressions of mutual joy, nevertheless, were not wanting,
and the two were soon riding again side by side as of
old. How long after they had thus met it was that they
came upon Serena and her salvage attendant we are not

informed. At first, when Timias observed the arms of Calepine,

he to them stept
 Thinking to take them from that hilding^c hound ;
 But he it seeing lightly to him leapt,
 And sternly with strong hand it from his handling kept.
 Gnashing his grinded teeth with grisly look,
 And sparkling fire out of his furious eyne,
 Him with his fist unwares on the head he strook,
 That made him down unto the earth incline ;
 Whence soon upstarting, much he gan repine,
 And, laying hand upon his wrathful blade,
 Thought therewithal forthwith him to have slain ;
 Who it perceiving hand upon him laid,
 And greedily him griping his avengement stayed.

Serena now calls aloud to Prince Arthur to part them, which he does with some difficulty. She then briefly relates the loss of Calepine, whose love erewhile she was ; and, explaining how much she has been indebted to the humanity and perfect gentleness of the salvage man, requests that no harm may be done to him. In the end they all set forward together, to find, if possible, some place of harbour where both Serena and Timias may be taken care of ;

For now her wounds corruption gan to breed ;
 And eke this squire, who likewise wounded was
 Of that same monster late, for lack of heed
 Now gan to faint, and further could not pass
 Through feebleness, which all his limbs oppressed has.

On the way Serena gives the prince an account of the usage Calepine and she had met with from Turpin, on whom he vows to lose no time in taking revenge ; and with this and other talk they relieve the weary way,

Till towards night they came unto a plain,
 By which a little hermitage there lay,
 Far from all neighbourhood, the which annoy it may.

And nigh thereto a little chapel stood,
Which being all with ivy overspread
Decked all the roof, and, shadowing the rood,
Seemed like a grove fair branched over head :
Therein the hermit, which his life here led
In straight observance of religious vow,
Was wont his hours and holy things to bed ;^d
And therein he likewise was praying now,
Whenas these knights arrived, they wist not where nor
how.

When they pass in the hermit breaks off his devotions,
and advances to meet them “with stayed steps and grave
beseeming grace,” and all the courtesies of one of gentle
descent : it is said that in his youth he had been a man
of great renown in arms ;

But being aged now, and weary too
Of war's delight and world's contentious toil,
The name of knighthood he did disavow ;
And, hanging up his arms and warlike spoil,
From all this world's encumbrance did himself assoil.

He thence them led into his hermitage,
Letting their steeds to graze upon the green :
Small was his house, and, like a little cage,
For his own turn ; yet inly neat and clean,
Decked with green boughs and flowers gay beseen :
Therein he them full fair did entertain
Not with such forged shows, as fitter been
For courting fools that courtesies would feign,
But with entire affection, and appearance plain.

They on their part enjoy their fare, homely as it is, and
then retire well contented to bed ; but neither Serena
nor Timias can take any rest all night, for pain of the
wounds they have both received from the Blatant Beast.

So all that night they passed in great disease,
Till that the morning, bringing early light
To guide men's labours, brought them also ease,
And some assuagement of their painful plight.
Then up they rose, and gan themselves to dight

^d To bid, to repeat while he tells his beads.

Unto their journey ; but that squire and dame
 So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
 Endure to travel, nor one foot to frame :
 Their hearts were sick ; their sides were sore ; their feet
 were lame.

Therefore the prince, whom great affairs in mind
 Would not permit to make there longer stay,
 Was forced there to leave them both behind
 In that good hermit's charge, whom he did pray
 To tend them well : So forth he went his way,
 And with him eke the salvage (that whilere
 Seeing his royal usage and array
 Was greatly grown in love of that brave peer)
 Would needs depart ; as shall declared be elsewhere.

Canto VI. (44 stanzas).—Meanwhile the story proceeds with the cure of Timias and Serena, which, however, is by no means of easy accomplishment.

No wound, which warlike hand of enemy
 Inflicts with dint of sword so sore doth light
 As doth the poisonous sting, which infamy
 Infixeth in the name of noble wight :
 For, by no art nor any leech's might,
 It ever can recured be again ;
 Ne all the skill, which that immortal sprite
 Of Podalirius did in it retain,
 Can remedy such hurts ; such hurts are hellish pain.

Such are the wounds inflicted on the bodies of this squire and dame by the Blatant Beast ; and they have become much worse than they were at first, from having been neglected. The hermit, nevertheless, does his best "with many kinds of medicines meet to tame the poisonous humour" that rankles in them ;

For he right well in leech's craft was seen ;
 And, through the long experience of his days,
 Which had in many fortunes tossed been
 And passed through many perilous assays,
 He knew the diverse went^e of mortal ways,
 And in the minds of men had great insight ;
 Which with sage counsel, when they went astray,

^e Course.

He could inform, and them reduce aright;
And all the passions heal, which wound the weaker
sprite.

For whilome he had been a doughty knight,
As any one that lived in his days,
And proved oft in many perilous fight,
In which he grace and glory won always,
And in all battles bore away the bays:
But being now attached with timely age,
And weary of this world's unquiet ways,
He took himself unto this hermitage,
In which he lived alone, like careless bird in cage.

But, on searching the wounds of his two patients, he finds at length that internal putrefaction has commenced, so that they seem past help of mere surgery, and rather requiring moral discipline, their corruption, in fact, proceeding from ill regulated passion. So, proceeding on the rule or old law, "Give salve to every sore, but counsel to the mind," he takes the two one day into his cell, and, knowing as he does wondrous well the art of words, proceeds to address such advice to them as the case requires. It is not from him, he tells them, but from themselves, that they must hope for remedy; if they would recover their health, they must begin by bridling in their outward senses from whatever stirs up frail affection, it being from them that all the evil originally springs, which at first might easily be suppressed, but, being allowed to grow strong, brings anguish into the inner parts, scatters contagious poison through the veins, and never rests till it has done its work of utter destruction. "For," he continues,

— "that beast's teeth, which wounded you tofore,
Are so exceeding venomous and keen,
Made all of rusty iron rankling sore,
That, where they bite, it booteeth not to ween
With salve, or antidote, or other mean,
It ever to amend: ne marvel ought;
For that same beast was bred of hellish strene,¹

¹ Race.

And long in darksome Stygian den upbrought,
Begot of foul Echidna, as in books is taught.

“Echidna is a monster direful dread,
Whom gods do hate, and heavens abhor to see;
So hideous is her shape, so huge her head,
That even the hellish fiends affrighted be
At sight thereof, and from her presence flee:
Yet did her face and former^s parts profess
A fair young maiden, full of comely glee;
But all her hinder parts did plain express
A monstrous dragon, full of fearful ugliness.

“To her the gods, for her so dreadful face,
In fearful darkness, furthest from the sky
And from the earth, appointed have her place
Mongst rocks and caves, where she enrolled doth lie
In hideous horror and obscurity,
Wasting the strength of her immortal age.”

There Typhaon, he who has often made the heavens
themselves to tremble, was her companion; and their
offspring was

“This hellish dog, that hight the Blatant Beast;
A wicked monster, that his tongue doth whet
Gainst all, both good and bad, both most and least,
And pours his poisonous gall forth to infest
The noblest wights with notable defame:
Ne ever knight that bore so lofty crest,
Ne ever lady of so honest name,
But he them spotted with reproach, or secret shame.”

Serena at first loses all hope when she is thus informed
that medicine can do nothing for her; Timias, however,
requests the hermit, since it is good counsel that they
need, to give them such as may suit their case:—

“The best,” said he, “that I can you advise,
Is, to avoid the occasion of the ill:

For when the cause, whence evil doth arise,
Removed is, the effect surceaseth still.
Abstain from pleasure, and restrain your will ;
Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight ;
Use scantied diet, and forbear your fill ;
Shun secrecy, and talk in open sight :
So shall you soon repair your present evil plight."

And these wise injunctions the two so well observe that in a short space their malady leaves them, and "the biting of that harmful beast" is also thoroughly healed in both. They then take their leave of the hermit, but determine, in setting out again upon their wanderings, still to keep each other company—the lady dreading to be left alone, the squire too courteous to forsake her in her need.

So both together travelled, till they met
With a fair maiden clad in mourning weed,
Upon a mangy jade unmeetly set,
And a lewd fool her leading thorough dry and wet.

The story of this lady, however, is deferred for the present, while we are told that of the fortune that befell the Briton Prince in his encounter with Turpin.

Arthur, in proceeding upon this adventure, takes no one with him except only the Salvage Man, who will not be prevented from attending him. Arriving at Turpin's castle he finds the gate wide open, and rides straight into the hall. There dismounting, he assumes the appearance of one wearied out with travail and unable to proceed another step, while at the same time his salvage attendant takes his horse and puts him in a stable to feed. Soon a groom makes his appearance, and asks the prince who or what he is who so boldly enters his lord's forbidden hall. The prince, feigning humility, mildly answers that he is a knight errant, who would crave pity on account of many sore wounds he has lately received in fight. But the groom sternly bids him quickly hence avaunt, if he would not pay dear for his audacity; his lord has long hated all errant knights, and

will grant lodging to none such : and therewith he lays hands on the prince to thrust him out of doors. But just at this moment the Salvage Man enters, and, seeing what the villain is about, flies at him with the fierceness of a lion, and with his teeth and nails rends him and tears him to pieces. Attracted by the noise the other inmates rise in great uproar, and, when they see their fellow lying dead, fall all at once upon the two strangers. They are, however, driven back, and most of them are struck to the ground and slain. The few that are left alive run with the evil tidings to their lord, who, coming to the place, and seeing the ground all strewn with the dead, and the knight and the Salvage Man streaming with their blood, addresses himself to the former in words of rage and scorn, and at the same time makes ready for fight, as do also his forty yeomen by whom he is accompanied. They assail the prince all at once and from all sides ; in especial, their craven coward leader tries to get behind him that he may murder him before he is aware of his danger ; “ for cowardice doth still in villainy delight.” But, perceiving his intent, the prince turns upon him, as might a bull surrounded by many assailants upon a cur trying to bite his heels ; he cannot long stand the storm of blows that now falls upon him, but first gives ground, and then, as the prince still presses him hard, at last fairly turns round and takes to flight. Still, however, the prince continues to pursue him, while, as he keeps looking back, terror ever adds new wings to his speed. At last he follows him into the chamber where his love, Blandina, is sitting all alone, and there he smites him senseless to the ground by a stroke with his sword on the head ;

Yet, whether thwart or flatly it did light,
The tempered steel did not into his brainpan bite.

The lady on seeing him fall shrieks aloud, and, covering him with her garment, while she falls down on her knees, beseeches the prince to spare him with repeated prayers and vows ; so that, in compassion for her wretch-

edness, he lowers his uplifted hand without giving him a second blow. Still, even after his safety is thus assured, and his protectress has left him again exposed to sight, the miserable craven will not rise, but lies quaking and quivering on the floor till half dragged up by Blandina; and then he stands before them ghastly and full of dread, like a troubled ghost. In bitter scorn the prince addresses him:—

“ Vile cowerd dog, now do I much repent,
That ever I this life unto thee lent,
Whereof thou caitiff so unworthy art,
That both thy love for lack of hardiment,
And eke thyself for want of manly heart,
And eke all knights hast shamed with this knightless
part.”

He adds shame to shame, he tells him, and crime to crime by this his coward fear; it was reproach enough to him to have established his wicked custom of stripping knights and ladies of their arms or upper garments; yet not even that evil practice did he maintain with manhood, but only with guile. “And lastly,” continues the indignant prince,

——— “in approvance of thy wrong,
To show such faintness and foul cowardice
Is greatest shame; for oft it falls, that strong
And valiant knights do rashly enterprise
Either for fame, or else for exercise,
A wrongful quarrel to maintain by fight;
Yet have through prowess and their brave emprise
Gotten great worship in this worldes sight:
For greater force there needs to maintain wrong then
right.

“ Yet, since thy life unto this lady fair
I given have, live in reproach and scorn!
Ne ever arms ne ever knighthood dare
Hence to profess; for shame is to adorne
With so brave badges one so basely borne;
But only breath, sith that I did forgive!
So having from his craven body torn

Those goodly arms, he them away did give,
And only suffered him this wretched life to live.

He now bethinks him of the peril in which he had left his salvage attendant, who he fears must by this time be slain among such a press and throng of foes; but, descending to the hall, he there finds him environed about with slaughtered bodies, and still laying about him with unabated vigour. He has got possession of some of the weapons of his numerous adversaries, of which he is making good use; but when the prince makes signs to him to stay his hand he instantly obeys, and, laying his weapons down, follows him up to Blandina's chamber. There, however, as soon as he sees Turpin sitting apparently at his ease, he seizes hold of him to tear him in pieces; but again is at once quieted by the prince's command.

All things being thus peacefully arranged, the prince rests him for the night in the castle;

Where him Blandina fairly entertained
With all the courteous glee and goodly feast
The which for him she could imagine best:
For well she knew the ways to win good will
Of every wight, that were not too infest;^h
And how to please the minds of good and ill,
Through tempering of her words and looks by wondrous skill.

Yet were her words and looks but false and feigned,
To some hid end to make more easy way,
Or to allure such fondlings whom she trained
Into her trap unto their own decay:
Thereto, when needed, she could weep and pray,
And when her listed she could fawn and flatter;
Now smiling smoothly like to summer's day,
Now glooming sadly, so to cloak her matter;
Yet were her words but wind, and all her tears but water.

^h Mortally hostile.

Whether such grace were given her by kind,
As women wont their guileful wits to guide ;
Or learned the art to please, I do not find :
This well I wot, that she so well applied
Her pleasing tongue, that soon she pacified
The wrathful prince, and wrought her husband's peace.

Turpin, nevertheless, meditates revenge, and lies in wait all night, with his weapons ready, to fall upon the prince while he is asleep ; but for very cowardice he lets the night pass away without venturing to make the attempt ; and by an early hour in the morning the prince is arisen, and again gone forth on the great enterprise from which no other adventure can ever divert him long.

Canto VII. (50 stanzas).—Still hoping to find an opportunity of effecting his base and malignant purpose, Turpin, as soon as Arthur is out of sight, arms himself in haste and sets out after him, keeping however at a safe distance till fit time and place present themselves. At last he chances to meet two stranger knights, both armed alike, and united, as it turns out, in a compact to share between them whatever adventure and whatever spoil fortune may send. To them, after courteous salutation, he makes his complaint of great discourtesy done both to himself and to his lady by a knight who rides not a long way before them ; and he intimates that if they will aid him in avenging himself they shall both accomplish a knightly deed and obtain a goodly guerdon for their pains. Believing what he tells them to be all true, and “being fresh and full of youthly sprite,” as well as “desirous of the offered meed,” the two knights are well pleased to hear of an opportunity of making the first trial of their skill in fight. So, spurring on under Turpin's guidance, they soon come in sight of the prince, riding softly, “with portance sad,” and thinking of his love never yet beheld more than of any danger about to befall him, while his wild attendant foots it at as gentle a pace by his side.

Then one of them aloud unto him cried,
Bidding him turn again ; false traitor knight,

Foul woman-wronger ! for he him defied.
With that they both at once with equal spite
Did bend their spears, and both with equal might
Against him ran ; but the one did miss his mark,
And being carried with his force forthright
Glanced swiftly by ; like to that heavenly spark,
Which gliding through the air lights all the heavens
dark.

But the other, aiming better, did him smite
Full in the shield with so impetuous power,
That all his lance in pieces shivered quite,
And scattered all about fell on the floor :
But the stout prince with much more steady stour
Full on his beaver did him strike so sore,
That the cold steel through piercing did devour
His vital breath, and to the ground him bore,
Where still he bathed lay in his own bloody gore.

As when a castⁱ of falcons make their flight
At an hernshaw, that lies aloft on wing,
The whiles they strike at him with heedless might,
The weary fowl his bill doth backward wring ;
On which the first, whose force her first doth bring,
Herself quite through the body doth engore,
And falleth down to ground like senseless thing ;
But the other, not so swift as she before,
Fails of her souse, and passing by doth hurt no more.

The other knight, who had been carried past the prince,
now turns round again to attempt a second onset ; he is not
a little astonished to see his friend lying lifeless on the
ground, but this does not prevent him from letting drive
with the most ambitious of aims—only, however, to be
again balked as before ; the steel-head can find no stead-
fast hold, but merely touches the prince's armour and
glances by. Not so the prince's more knowing spear : it
takes this second adversary, and, pitching him forth
above a lance's length from his horse's back, makes him
strike against "the cold hard earth" with a force that
well nigh breaks all his bones in pieces. The prince
leaps down to him to give him the last fatal stroke with
his sword ; but when he sees the flaming steel uplifted

ⁱ Couple.

over him he cries aloud for mercy, and promises, if his conqueror will spare his life, to reveal to him a dangerous plot contrived against his own. Then he tells how a stranger knight had by the promise of a great reward set himself and his companion upon the attempt which has prospered so ill in their hands.

The prince much mused at such villainy,
And said: "Now sure ye well have earned your meed;
For the one is dead, and the other soon shall die,
Unless to me thou hither bring with speed
The wretch that hired you to this wicked deed."

To this proposal the prostrate man gladly assents, and, having sworn by his sword to rest "neither day nor week" (one of the boldest and most tyrannical of Spenser's subjugations of the sense to the sound) till he shall have found the knight of whom he has spoken, he is permitted to rise, and straightway proceeds to where he had left Turpin. The latter is not a little astonished and alarmed at his changed appearance, and also at the absence of his friend; and the other confesses that his victory has not been an easy one:—

"Perdy," said he, "in evil hour it fell,
That ever I for meed did undertake
So hard a task as life for hire to sell."

As for his friend and fellow-adventurer, he lies upon "the cold bare ground, slain of that errant knight with whom he fought," but whom he himself, he adds, afterwards slew. Turpin now accompanies him to the spot, and the first sight that meets them is the dead body of the other knight.

Much did the craven seem to moan his case,
That for his sake his dear life had forgone;
And, him bewailing with affection base,
Did counterfeit kind pity where was none:
For where's no courage, there's no ruth nor moan.
Thence passing forth, not far away he found
Whereas the prince himself lay all alone,
Loosely displayed upon the grassy ground,
Possessed of sweet sleep that lulled him soft in swoond.

Weary of travel in his former fight,
 He there in shade himself had laid to rest,
 Having his arms and warlike things undight,
 Fearless of foes that mote his peace molest;
 The whiles his salvage page, that wont be prest,^j
 Was wandered in the wood another way,
 To do some thing, that seemed to him best;
 The whiles his lord in silver slumber lay,
 Like to the evening star adorned with dewy ray.

At first Turpin thinks that Arthur is dead; but a nearer approach quickly undeceives him. Trembling in every limb and vein, he now endeavours in vain to tempt the other to break his oath, and to join with him in despatching the prince while he sleeps. While they are still debating, the Salvage Man makes his appearance from the wood, and his eye immediately falls on his lord lying asleep on the ground. Then

— when he saw those two so near him stand,
 He doubted much what mote their meaning be;
 And, throwing down his load out of his hand,
 (To weet, great store of forest fruit which he
 Had for his food late gathered from the tree,
 Himself unto his weapon he betook,
 That was an oaken plant, which lately he
 Rent by the root; which he so sternly shook,
 That like an hazel wand it quivered and quook.

On this the prince awakening starts up, and, snatching his sword, lays hold of Turpin with the left hand by the collar:—

Therewith the cowherd, deaded with affright,
 Fell flat to ground, ne word unto him said,
 But, holding up his hands, with silence mercy prayed.

But mercy is of course out of the question in such a case. The indignant prince, having first set his foot on the vile neck of the wretch as he lies grovelling “upon the numbled grass,” then lets him get to his feet, and, while he stands before him an abject thrall, upbraids him with

^j That is, wont to be in readiness.

his crimes and his cowardice, and, calling him recreant, —the last term of contempt,—proceeds formally to degrade him by taking from him his knightly banneral, or pennon borne on his lance. Finally, he hangs him on a tree by the heels, and so “baffles,” or disfigures, him that all who pass may read the baseness of his crime in the baseness of his punishment.

And now we come to a very remarkable passage. Having thus disposed of Turpin, the poet suddenly addresses his readers,—

But turn we now back to that lady free,
Whom late we left riding upon an ass,
Led by a carle and fool which by her side did pass.

This is the “fair maiden clad in mourning weed,” who it may be remembered was met, as related in the beginning of the preceding Canto, by Timias and Serena some time after they had set out together from the house of the hermit. There, however, she was represented as attended only by a fool. What makes this episode especially interesting is the conjecture which has been thrown out, and which seems extremely probable, that the lady is Spenser’s own Rosalind, by whom he had been jilted, or at least rejected, more than a quarter of a century before his unforgetting resentment is supposed to have taken this revenge. It is pretty evident, at any rate, that the picture is drawn from the life; some of the circumstances that are mentioned can hardly have been introduced except with the design of indicating a particular individual. There is a *gusto* in the writing, too, which is very like the inspiration of a strong personal feeling. And, as has been already remarked,* the description will answer very well for what we know of Rosalind, who was certainly a person moving in a superior class, and educated and accomplished as well as beautiful, but most probably of humble birth. Spenser himself in the Shepherd’s Calendar calls her “the widow’s daughter of the glen;” and, although his an-

* See Vol. I. p. 46.

notator E. K. asserts that this is "rather said to colour and conceal the person than simply spoken," and adds that she was well known to be "a gentlewoman of no mean house," his expressions may very well refer to some family of rank to which she had become allied, and not to her birth or descent. Aubrey, the antiquary, who lived in the latter part of the seventeenth century, states, on the authority of Dryden, the poet, that Rosalind was a kinswoman of the lady of Sir Erasmus Dryden, of Canons Ashby, in Northamptonshire, the poet's grandfather.* The pedigree, or family history, of the Drydens, if closely examined, might perhaps furnish a clue to the mystery.

The story of the lady encountered by Serena and Timias is thus given :—

She was a lady of great dignity,
And lifted up to honourable place,
Famous through all the land of Faïry :
Though of mean parentage and kindred base,
Yet decked with wondrous gifts of nature's grace,
That all men did her person much admire,
And praise the feature of her goodly face ;
The beams whereof did kindle lovely fire
In the hearts of many a knight, and many a gentle
squire :

But she thereof grew proud and insolent,
That none she worthy thought to be her fere,^k
But scorned them all that love unto her meant ;
Yet was she loved of many a worthy peer :
Unworthy she to be beloved so dear,
That could not weigh of worthiness aright :
For beauty is more glorious bright and clear .
The more it is admired of many a wight,
And noblest she that served is of noblest knight.

But this coy damsel thought contrariwise,
That such proud looks would make her praised more ;

* See 'Letters Written to Eminent Persons,' &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Lon. 1813. II. 541.

^k Mate.

And that, the more she did all love despise,
The more would wretched lovers her adore.
What cared she who sighed for her sore,
Or who did wail or watch the weary night?
Let them that list their luckless lot deplore;
She was born free, not bound to any wight,
And so would ever live, and love her own delight.

Through such her stubborn stiffness and hard heart,
Many a wretch for want of remedy
Did languish long in life-consuming smart,
And at the last through dreary dolour die:
Whilst she, the lady of her liberty,
Did boast her beauty had such sovereign might,
That with the only twinkle of her eye
She could or save or spill whom she would hight:¹
What could the gods do more, but do it more aright?

But lo! the gods, that mortal follies view,
Did worthily revenge this maiden's pride;
And, nought regarding her so goodly hue,
Did laugh at her that many did deride,
Whilst she did weep, of no man mercified:^m
For on a day, when Cupid kept his court,
As he is wont at each Saint Valente,
Unto the which all lovers do resort,
That of their love's success they there may make report;

It fortun'd then, that when the rolls were read,
In which the names of all Love's folk were filed,
That many there were missing; which were dead,
Or kept in bands, or from their loves exiled,
Or by some other violence despoiled.
Which whenas Cupid heard, he waxed wroth;
And, doubting to be wronged or beguiled,
He bade his eyes to be unblindfold both,
That he might see his men, and muster them by oath.

Then found he many missing of his crew,
Which wont do suit and service to his might;
Of whom what was becomen no man knew.
Therefore a jury was empaneled straight

¹ Whomsoever she chose to name, or select.

^m Pitied.

To inquire of them, whether by force or sleight,
 Or their own guilt, they were away conveyed :
 To whom foul Infamy and fell Despite
 Gave evidence, that they were all betrayed
 And murdered cruelly by a rebellious maid.

Fair Mirabella was her name, whereby
 Of all those crimes she there indicted was :
 All which when Cupid heard, he by and by
 In great displeasure willed a *capias*
 Should issue forth to attach that scornful lass.
 The warrant straight was made, and therewithal
 A bailiff errant forth in post did pass,
 Whom they by name there Portamore did call ;
 He which doth summon lovers to Love's judgment hall.

Having been brought to the bar and there arraigned, in
 her stubborn pride she would neither plead nor answer
 aught ; judgment was therefore about to pass according
 to law ; when, humbled at last, she cried out for mercy.
 At this,

The son of Venus, who is mild by kind,
 But where he is provoked by peevishness,

moved with pity refrained from pronouncing so severe a
 doom as he might, but still imposed upon her this pe-
 nance, that she should wander " through this world's
 wide wilderness " in company of her two present attend-
 ants till she had saved as many lovers as she had de-
 stroyed.

So now she had been wandering two whole years
 Throughout the world, in this uncomely case,
 Wasting her goodly hue in heavy tears,
 And her good days in dolorous disgrace ;
 Yet had she not in all these two years' space
 Saved but two ; yet in two years before,
 Through her despiteous pride, whilst love lacked place,
 She had destroyed two and twenty more.
 Aye me, how could her love make half amends therefor !

And she is still travelling thus on her weary way when
 he is met by Timias and Serena, all in foul disfigure-
 ment ; while " that Mighty Man," the carle, perpetually

assails her with all the evil terms and cruel annoyances
he can think of or invent ;

————— and eke that angry fool
Which followed her, with cursed hands unclean
Whipping her horse, did with his smarting tool
Oft whip her dainty self, and much augment her dool.

Ne ought it mote avail her to entreat
The one or the other better her to use ;
For both so wilful were and obstinate
That all her piteous plaint they did refuse,
And rather did the more her beat and bruise :
But most the former villain, which did lead
Her tireling^a jade, was bent her to abuse ;
Who, though she were with weariness nigh dead,
Yet would not let her light, nor rest a little stead :

For he was stern and terrible by nature,
And eke of person huge and hideous,
Exceeding much the measure of man's stature,
And rather like a giant monstrous :
For sooth he was descended of the house
Of those old giants, which did wars darrain^o
Against the heaven in order battailous ;
And sib^p to great Orgoglio, which was slain
By Arthur, whenas Una's knight he did maintain.^q

His looks were dreadful, and his fiery eyes,
Like two great beacons, glared bright and wide,
Glancing askew,^r as if his enemies
He scorned in his overweening pride ;
And stalking stately, like a crane, did stride
At every step upon the tiptoes high ;
And, all the way he went, on every side
He gazed about and stared horribly,
As if he with his looks would all men terrify.

He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
As no whit dreading any living wight ;

^a Tired or wearied is, probably, the meaning both her
and in B. III., C. 1, s. 17.

^o Wage.

^p Related.

^q Maintain, or enact the part of. See Book I., Canto 8

^r Askance.

But in a jacket, quilted richly rare
Upon checklaton,* he was strangely dight;
And on his head a roll of linen plight,
Like to the Moors of Malabar, he wore,
With which his locks, as black as pitchy night,
Were bound about, and voided^t from before;
And in his hand a mighty iron club he bore.

This was Disdain, who led that lady's horse
Through thick and thin, through mountains and through
 plains,
Compelling her, where she would not, by force,
Hauling her palfrey by the hempen reins:
But that same fool, which most increased her pains,
Was Scorn; who, having in his hand a whip,
Her therewith yerks; and still, when she complains,
The more he laughs, and does her closely quip,
To see her sore lament, and bite her tender lip.

Roused to indignation by this spectacle, Timias, stepping up to Disdain, without stopping to parley deals him such a blow as forces him to drop the halter and also to reel back; but, recovering himself immediately, the carle in return lets drive at the squire so furiously that he can only preserve himself from destruction by the utmost activity and dexterity in shifting from side to side. As a mastiff, who has got at bay a savage bull, beats round and round about to avoid the brute's murderous horns and to spy out where he may get any advantage,

So did the squire, the whiles the carle did fret
And fume in his disdainful mind the more,
And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound swore.

At last, however, the squire's foot slips, he is struck to the ground by the carle's iron club, and when he recovers his senses he finds himself a captive. Disdain now, binding both his hands, leads him along by the rope;

* Cloth of gold.

^t Removed.

Ne ought that fool for pity did him spare,
 But with his whip him following behind
 Him often scourged, and forced his feet to find :
 And otherwhiles with bitter mocks and mowes^a
 He would him scorn, that to his gentle mind
 Was much more grievous than the other blows :
 Words sharply wound, but greatest grief of scorning
 grows.

Meanwhile Serena, thinking him slain when she saw
 him fall under the villain's club, has sought safety in
 flight.

Canto VIII. (51 stanzas).—Pursuing the story of
 Mirabella, the poet thus re-commences :—

Ye gentle ladies, in whose sovereign power
 Love hath the glory of his kingdom left,
 And the hearts of men, as your eternal dower,
 In iron chains, of liberty bereft,
 Delivered hath unto your hands by gift ;
 Be well aware how ye the same do use,
 That pride do not to tyranny you lift ;
 Lest, if men you of cruelty accuse,
 He from you take that chieftdom which ye do abuse.

And as ye soft and tender are by kind,
 Adorned with goodly gifts of beauty's grace,
 So be ye soft and tender eke in mind ;
 But cruelty and hardness from you chase,
 That all your other praises will deface,
 And from you turn the love of men to hate :
 Ensamble take of Mirabella's case,
 Who from the high degree of happy state
 Fell into wretched woes, which she repented late.

Proud and hard-hearted as she was, or had formerly
 been, she is touched with compassion by the "thraldom
 of the gentle squire," fallen into such misery for her
 sake ; but it is to no purpose that she entreats her mer-
 ciless attendants to cease tormenting him ; they only
 misuse and beat him the more. But unexpected deli-
 verance is at hand : as the reader will feel assured when

^a Making of mouths.

he is informed that they have met Prince Arthur accompanied by the young knight to whom he had lately given his life, and whose name we are now told is Sir Enias. It appears that Disdain and Scorn know who the prince is; for when they see him and his companion, it is stated, they begin to scourge and drag away at Timias with increased vehemence, "as if it should them grieve to see his punishment." The squire, at sight of his lord, hangs his head for shame that he should be thus led along with an hempen cord like a dog. Sir Enias immediately proposes to attack the two villains, and, the prince consenting, he dismounts and going up to Disdain bids him defiance. His answer is a blow of the villain's iron club, which only his agility in stepping aside as it descends prevents from annihilating him; by a dexterous stroke of his sword in requital he succeeds in drawing blood from his powerful adversary; but when he attempts to repeat the blow the latter beats back the weapon with his club, and the next moment has his foot upon Sir Enias's neck. The fool upon this also comes running up, and helps to keep down the prostrate knight. But now the prince strikes in; and, leaving Sir Enias to the fool Disdain, addresses himself to this new opponent. He sends strokes about him in all directions with his iron club with incredible velocity and fury; but the prince manages to avoid them all. At last the caitiff collects all his strength in one mighty effort, resolved to make an end of him at once "without ruth or remorse:"—

His dreadful hand he heaved up aloft,
And with his dreadful instrument of ire
Thought sure have pounded him to powder soft,
Or deep emboweled in the earth entire;
But fortune did not with his will conspire:
For, ere his stroke attained his intent,
The noble child, preventing his desire,
Under his club with wary boldness went,
And smote him on the knee that never yet was bent

It never yet was bent, ne bent it now,
All be the stroke so strong and puissant were,

That seemed a marble pillar it could bow ;
But all that leg, which did his body bear,
It cracked throughout, (yet did no blood appear,)
So as it was unable to support
So huge a burden on such broken gear,
But fell to ground like to a lump of durt ;
Whence he assayed to rise, but could not for his hurt.

When the prince, however, is about to cut off his head, Mirabella calls aloud to him to stay his hand for the love of God, for if the villain shall be slain her own life will perish with his. Staying his hand as she desires, but taking care not to let Disdain rise from the ground, he asks her to explain what her strange words may mean. Bursting forth into tears, it is some time before her passionate grief will allow her to speak ; she then exclaims in her agony that neither heavens nor men can deliver her from her deserved doom, laid on her by the God of Love for punishment of her pride and hard-heartedness. In the prime of her youth, " when first the flower of beauty gan to bud," she had been sued and sought of many a gentle knight ; and many had been brought to the door of death for sorrow that she " would not on them rue."

" But let them love that list, or live or die ;
Me list not die for any lover's dool :
Ne list me leave my loved liberty
To pity him that list to play the fool :
To love myself I learned had in school.
Thus I triumphed long in lover's pain,
And, sitting careless on the scorner's stool,
Did laugh at those that did lament and plain :
But all is now repaid with interest again.

" For lo ! the winged god, that woundeth hearts,
Caused me be called to account therefore ;
And for revengement of those wrongful smarts,
Which I to others did inflict afore,
Adeemed* me to endure this penance sore ;

* Adjudged.

That in this wise, and this unmeet array,
With these two lewd companions, and no more,
Disdain and Scorn, I through the world should stray,
Till I have saved so many as I erst did slay."

But why, the prince asks her, does she bear the bottle which she carries with so much toil before her, and the wallet on her back?

"Here in this bottle," said the sorry maid,
"I put the tears of my contrition,
Till to the brim I have it full defrayed :^w
And in this bag, which I behind me don,
I put repentance for things past and gone.
Yet is the bottle leak,^x and bag so torn,
That all which I put in falls out anon,
And is behind me trodden down of Scorn,
Who mocketh all my pain, and laughs the more I
I mourn."

The prince, hearing all this, wonders much at the wise judgment of Cupid, that can make proud hearts so meekly bend, and so avenge himself on those who despise his godhead. He then suffers Disdain to get again upon his legs, helped up by the fool his comrade.

But being up he looked again aloft,
As if he never had received fall;
And with stern eye-brows stared at him oft,
As if he would have daunted him withal:
And standing on his tiptoes, to seem tall,
Down on his golden feet he often gazed,
As if such pride the other could appal;
Who was so far from being ought amazed,
That he his looks despised, and his boast dispraised.

After all this, turning round to Timias with the intention of unbinding him, he perceives to his amazement that the captive youth is his own gentle squire, and thereupon folds him to his bosom in repeated embraces.

Meanwhile the Salvage Man, when he beheld
That huge great fool oppressing the other knight,

^w Filled. ^x Leaky.

Whom with his weight unwieldy down he held,
He flew upon him like a greedy kite
Unto some carrion offered to his sight ;
And, down him plucking, with his nails and teeth
Gan him to haul, and tear, and scratch, and bite ;
And, from him taking his own whip, therewith
So sore him scourgeth that the blood down followeth.

He is only prevented from whipping him to death by the prince, at the cry of Mirabella, staying his hand ; on which he instantly stops and allows him to rise.

The prince now proposes to the lady that he should rid her for good and all of her villainous attendants ; but this, she tells him, may not be ; she must fulfil the penance enjoined her lest a worse thing befall her. They therefore part company ; she setting out again in one direction attended, or driven, as before by Disdain and Scorn, though both, it is to be hoped, somewhat mitigated by the chastisement they have just received ; the prince, with Timias, Sir Enias, and the Salvage Man in another, following still his great first quest, in which, however, we are told, he soon meets with an adventure that again separates him from all these friends.

Meanwhile the course of the story turns to take up the adventures of the fair Serena, who long continued her flight over hill and dale before she ventured to think herself out of danger. At last dismounting from her palfrey she sate down on the ground, and fell to lamenting her luckless case :

And evermore she blamed Calepine,
The good Sir Calepine, her own true knight,
As the only author of her woful time ;
For being of his love to her so light,
As her to leave in such a piteous plight :
Yet never turtle truer to his make,
Than he was tried unto his lady bright.

For he, in truth, all this while is in peril of his life, and in incessant trouble, all for her. At last, she lays herself adown on the grass, and, tired with travel and oppressed with sorrow, falls asleep. Now, in this wild

desert, to which she has chanced to find her way, there dwells a salvage nation, living only by theft and robbery, and moreover indulging in the accursed practice of eating human flesh, and devouring all strangers whom either shipwreck or other chance may bring into their country.

They towards evening, wandering every way
To seek for booty, came by fortune blind
Whereas this lady, like a sheep astray,
Now drowned in the depth of sleep all fearless lay.

Delighted with her fresh and healthy appearance, the only question with the cannibals is

Whether to slay her there upon the place,
Or suffer her out of her sleep to wake,
And then her eat at once, or many meals to make.

It is determined to let her sleep out her fill, simply on the consideration that a good sleep will improve her condition, or make her the fatter and tenderer: and they agree that, when she awakes, as she has been sent them by the grace of God, to their God they will present her blood, and reserve her dainty flesh to feast on themselves.

So round about her they themselves did place
Upon the grass, and diversely dispose,
As each thought best to spend the lingering space:
Some with their eyes the daintiest morsels chose;
Some praise her paps; some praise her lips and nose,
Some whet their knives, and strip their elbows bare:
The priest himself a garland doth compose
Of finest flowers, and with full busy care
His bloody vessels wash and holy fire prepare.

The damsel wakes; then all at once upstart,
And round about her flock, like many flies,
Whooping and hallowing on every part,
As if they would have rent the brazen skies.

Poor Serena is of course in distraction and despair; she cries aloud, and tears her golden locks and her snowy breasts; "but all boots not;" they strip her first of her

jewels, then of all her attire. Other emotions now inflame them as they feed their eyes on "her ivory neck, her alabaster breast," and all the rest of her discovered loveliness; but the priest warns them to respect what is devoted to the gods:

So, being stayed, they her from thence directed
Unto a little grove not far aside,
In which an altar shortly they erected
To slay her on. And now the eventide
His broad black wings had through the heavens wide
By this disspread, that was the time ordained
For such a dismal deed, their guilt to hide:
Of few green turfs an altar soon they feigned,
And decked it all with flowers which they nigh hand
obtained.

The victim, already as it were dead with fright, stands before the altar; the priest has muttered his charm and gone through the other forms of his devilish ceremonial, and is in the act of raising his bared arm with the murderous knife; amid the shouts of the surrounding multitude, the bagpipes and horns begin "to shrill and shriek aloud," and, mingling with the voices of the people, fill the air with terror and make the very wood tremble. But sudden deliverance, as usual, is at hand. Calepine, after travelling long and far in search of his lost love—"on foot in heavy arms," it is said, although he had, it may be recollected, left his arms behind him and they had been taken possession of by the Salvage Man—had at last lain down and fallen asleep this same evening in the close neighbourhood of the very grove where all this is going on. Awakened by the noise he starts up, and, catching hold of his arms, makes straight for the place whence it seems to proceed.

There by the uncertain glimpse of starry night,
And by the twinkling of their sacred fire,
He mote perceive a little dawning sight
Of all which there was doing in that quire:
Mongst whom a woman spoiled of all attire
He spied lamenting her unlucky strife,
And groaning sore from grieved heart entire:

Many toils and perils has Calidore undergone, pursuing the Blatant Beast, day and night, with only such rest as nature absolutely requires, "through hills, through dales, through forests, and through plains:"—

Him first from court he to the cities coursed,
And from the cities to the towns him pressed,
And from the towns into the country forced,
And from the country back to private farms he scorsed.^a

From thence into the open fields he fled,
Whereas the herds^b were keeping of their neat,
And shepherds singing, to their flocks that fed,
Lays of sweet love and youth's delightful heat:
Him thither eke for all his fearful threat
He followed fast, and chased him so nigh,
That to the folds, where sheep at night do seat,
And to the little cots, where shepherds lie
In winter's wrathful time, he forced him to fly.

Here one day he falls upon a company of shepherds, playing on their pipes and carolling, while their flocks feed beside them among the budded brooms. To his inquiry if they have seen such a beast as he describes, which he says has fled from him in the direction of where they are, they answer that none such has been seen by them, nor any other evil thing, that might disturb or endanger their happy peace;

But if that such there were (as none they kenned)
They prayed high God them far from them to send.

Then one of them, seeing him perspiring with fatigue, offers him drink and also somewhat to eat if he be hungry. He, nothing nice where is no need, accepts their gentle offer; so they pray him to sit down, and place before him a homely meal, of which he feeds his full. And now the poet, who throughout this book has never yet ventured far into the air, spreads his wings for one of his long flights. The strain of unbroken music that follows is of great though quiet beauty. Calidore, looking up, sees close by

^a Changed his course.

^b Tenders of sheep or cattle.

—— a fair damsel, which did wear a crown
Of sundry flowers with silken ribands tied,
Yclad in home-made green that her own hands had
dyed.

Upon a little hillock she was placed
Higher than all the rest, and round about
Environed with a girland, goodly graced,
Of lovely lasses ; and them all without
The lusty shepherd swains sat in a rout,
The which did pipe and sing her praises due,
And oft rejoyce, and oft for wonder shout,
As if some miracle of heavenly hue
Were down to them descended in that earthly view.

And soothly sure she was full fair of face,
And perfectly well shaped in every limb,
Which she did more augment with modest grace
And comely carriage of her countenance trim,
That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim :
Who, her admiring as some heavenly wight,
Did for their sovereign goddess her esteem,
And, carolling her name both day and night,
The fairest Pastorella her by name did hight.

Ne was there herd, ne was there shepherd's swain,
But her did honour ; and eke many a one
Burnt in her love, and with sweet pleasing pain
Full many a night for her did sigh and groan :
But most of all the shepherd Corydon
For her did languish, and his dear life spend ;
Yet neither she for him nor other none
Did care a whit, ne any liking lend :
Though mean her lot, yet higher did her mind ascend.

Her whiles Sir Calidore there viewed well,
And marked her rare demeanour, which him seemed
So far the mien of shepherds to excel,
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed
To be a prince's paragon esteemed,
He was unwares surprised in subtile bands
Of the blind boy ; ne thence could be redeemed

By any skill out of his cruel hands ;
Caught like the bird which gazing still on others stands.

So stood he still long gazing thereupon,
Ne any will had thence to move away,
Although his quest were far afore him gone :
But, after he had fed, yet did he stay
And sate there still, until the flying day
Was far forth spent, discoursing diversly
Of sundry things, as fell, to work delay ;
And evermore his speech he did apply
To the herds, but meant them to the damsel's fantasy

By this the moisty night approaching fast
Her dewy humour gan on the earth to shed,
That warned the shepherds to their homes to haste
Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,
For fear of wetting them before their bed :
Then came to them a good old aged sire,
Whose silver locks bedecked his beard and head,
With shepherd's hook in hand and fit attire,
That willed the damsel rise ; the day did now expire.

He was to wit, by common voice, esteemed
The father of the fairest Pastorel,
And of herself in very deed so deemed ;
Yet was not so ; but, as old stories tell,
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
In the open fields an infant left alone ;
And, taking up, brought home and nursed well
As his own child ; for other he had none ;
That she in tract of time accounted was his own.

She at his bidding meekly did arise,
And straight unto her little flock did fare :
Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
And each his sundry sheep with several care
Gathered together, and them homeward bare :
Whilst every one with helping hands did strive
Amongst themselves, and did their labours share,
To help fair Pastorella home to drive
Her fleecy flock : but Corydon most help did give

But Melibee (so hight that good old man)
Now seeing Calidore left all alone,

And night arrived hard at hand, began
Him to invite unto his simple home ;
Which though it were a cottage clad with loam,
And all things therein mean, yet better so
To lodge than in the salvage fields to roam.
The knight full gladly soon agreed thereto,
Being his heart's own wish ; and home with him did go.

There he was welcomed of that honest sire,
And of his aged beldame homely well ;
Who him besought himself to disattire,
And rest himself till supper time befell ;
By which home came the fairest Pastorel,
After her flock she in their fold had tied ;
And, supper ready dight, they to it fell
With small ado, and nature satisfied,
The which doth little crave contented to abide.

Tho^d when they had their hunger slaked well,
And the fair maid the table ta'en away ;
The gentle knight, as he that did excel
In courtesy and well could do and say,
For so great kindness as he found that day
Gan greatly thank his host and his good wife ;
And, drawing thence his speech another way,
Gan highly to commend the happy life
Which shepherds lead, without debate or bitter strife

“ How much,” said he, “ more happy is the state
In which ye, father, here do dwell at ease,
Leading a life so free and fortunate
From all the tempests of these worldly seas,
Which toss the rest in dangerous disease ;
Where wars, and wrecks, and wicked enmity
Do them afflict, which no man can appease
That certes I your happiness envy,
And wish my lot were placed in such felicity !”

“ Surely, my son,” then answered he again,
“ If happy, then it is in this intent,
That having small yet do I not complain
Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,
But do myself, with that I have, content ;

^d Then.

So taught of nature, which doth little need
Of foreign helps to life's due nourishment:
The fields my food, my flock my raiment breed;
No better do I wear, no better do I feed.

"Therefore I do not any one envy,
Nor am envied of any one therefore:
They, that have much, fear much to lose thereby,
And store of cares doth follow riches' store.
The little that I have grows daily more
Without my care, but only to attend it;
My lambs do every year increase their score,
And my flock's father daily doth amend it,
What have I, but to praise the Almighty that doth
send it?

"To them, that list, the world's gay shows I leave,
And to great ones such follies do forgive;
Which oft through pride do their own peril weave,
And through ambition down themselves do drive
To sad decay, that might contented live,
Me no such cares nor cumbrous thoughts offend,
Ne once my mind's unmoved quiet grieve;
But all the night in silver sleep I spend,
And all the day, to what I list, I do attend.

"Sometimes I hunt the fox, the vowed foe
Unto my lambs, and him dislodge away;
Sometime the fawn I practise from the doe,
Or from the goat her kid, how to convey;
Another while I baits and nets display
The birds to catch or fishes to beguile;
And when I weary am, I down do lay
My limbs in every shade to rest from toil;
And drink of every brook, when thirst my throat doth
boil.

"The time was once, in my first prime of years,
When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,
That I disdained among mine equal peers
To follow sheep and shepherds' base attire;
For further fortune then I would inquire:
And, leaving home, to royal court I sought,
Where I did sell myself for yearly hire,
And in the prince's garden daily wrought:
There I beheld such vainness as I never thought.

“ With sight whereof soon cloyed, and long deluded
With idle hopes which them do entertain,
After I had ten years myself excluded
From native home, and spent my youth in vain,
I gan my follies to myself to plain,
And this sweet peace, whose lack did then appear :
Tho, back returning to my sheep again,
I from thenceforth have learned to love more dear
This lowly quiet life which I inherit here.”

Whilst thus he talked, the knight with greedy ear
Hung still upon his melting mouth attent ;
Whose senseful words empierced his heart so near,
That he was wrapt with double ravishment,
Both of his speech that wrought him great content,
And also of the object of his view,
On which his hungry eye was always bent ;
That twixt his pleasing tongue, and her fair hue,
He lost himself, and like one half-entranced grew.

Yet to occasion means to work his mind,
And to insinuate his heart's desire,
He thus replied ; “ Now surely, sire, I find,
That all this world's gay shows which we admire,
Be but vain shadows to this safe retire
Of life, which here in lowliness ye lead,
Fearless of foes, or fortune's wrackful ire,
Which tosseth states, and under foot doth tread
The mighty ones afraid of every change's dread.

“ That even I, which daily do behold
The glory of the great mongst whom I won,
And now have proved what happiness ye hold
In this small plot of your dominion,
Now loath great lordship and ambition ;
And wish the heavens so much had graced me,
As grant me live in like condition ;
Or that my fortunes might transposed be
From pitch of higher place unto this low degree.”

“ In vain,” said then old Melibee, “ do men
The heavens of their fortunes' fault accuse ;
Sith they know best what is the best for them :
For they to each such fortune do diffuse,
As they do know each can most aptly use.

For not that, which men covet most, is best;
Nor that thing worst, which men do most refuse;
But fittest is, that all contented rest
With that they hold; each hath his fortune in his
breast.

"It is the mind, that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor:
For some, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;
And other, that hath little, asks no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise;
For wisdom is most riches: fools therefore
They are, which fortunes do by vows devise;
Sith each unto himself his life may fortunise."

"Since then in each man's self," said Calidore,
"It is to fashion his own life's estate,
Give leave awhile, good father, in this shore
To rest my bark, which hath been beaten late
With storms of fortune and tempestuous fate,
In seas of troubles and of toilsome pain;
That, whether quite from them for to retreat
I shall resolve or back to turn again,
I may here with yourself some small repose obtain."

He concludes by intimating that he does not mean either to be chargeful to his host, or that his being with them shall make any change in their way of living; their humble food shall be his daily feast, and this their cabin both his bower, or chamber, and hall; but the old man thrusts away his offered gold: if he covet to try "this simple sort of life that shepherds lead," he is welcome to make their cottage his own.

So there that night Sir Calidore did dwell,
And long while after, whilst him list remain,
Daily beholding the fair Pastorel,
And feeding on the bait of his own bane:
During which time he did her entertain
With all kind courtesies he could invent;
And every day, her company to gain,
When to the field she went, he with her went:
So for to quench his fire he did it more augment.

But she, that never had acquainted been
With such quaint usage, fit for queens and kings,
Ne ever had such knightly service seen ;
But, being bred under base shepherds' wings,
Had ever learned to love the lowly things,
Did little whit regard his courteous guise,
But cared more for Colin's carollings
Than all that he could do, or e'er devise ;
His lays, his loves, his looks, she did them all despise.

Which Calidore perceiving, thought it best
To change the manner of his lofty look ;
And doffing his bright arms himself addressed
In shepherd's weed ; and in his hand he took,
Instead of steel-head spear, a shepherd's hook ;
That who had seen him then, would have bethought
On Phrygian Paris by Plexippus' brook,
When he the love of fair Benone sought,*
What time the golden apple was unto him brought.

So being clad, unto the fields he went
With the fair Pastorella every day,
And kept her sheep with diligent attent,
Watching to drive the ravenous wolf away,
The whilst at pleasure she mote sport and play ;
And every evening helping them to fold :
And otherwhiles, for need, he did assay
In his strong hand their rugged teats to hold,
And out of them to press the milk : Love so much could.

All this irritates the jealousy of Corydon, who complains to the other shepherds of Pastorella's loving a stranger more than she does him, and whenever he finds himself in company with Calidore shows his ill humour and impatience in every look and gesture. The knight, on the other hand, so far from feeling any such malice, or grudging him his fair opportunities, does all he can to grace his rival with the object of their common affection ;

* The well-known name of Paris's love was Oenone, and Benone here is probably a typographical error. But no fountain with a name resembling Plexippus is mentioned in ancient story.

And oft, when Corydon unto her brought
Or little sparrows stolen from their nest,
Or wanton squirrels in the woods far sought,
Or other dainty thing for her addrest,
He would commend his gift, and make the best :
Yet she no whit his presents did regard,
Ne him could find to fancy in her breast :
This new-come shepherd had his market marred.
Old love is little worth when new is more preferred.

One day when they are met to hold their merry sports,
As they are wont in fair sunshiny weather,
The whiles their flocks in shadows shrouded be,

they fall to dance, and it is agreed that Colin Clout shall pipe, "as one most fit," and that Calidore shall lead the ring, as standing highest in Pastorella's favour :

Thereat frowned Corydon, and his lip closely bit.

But the courteous Calidore takes his rival, who has been accustomed to lead the dance, and sets him in his place ; and when Pastorella, taking a garland of flowers from her own head, places it on that of the knight, he transfers that too to Corydon, who thereupon suddenly waxes quite frolic from seeming to have no life in him at all. Another time when Corydon challenges him to a wrestling match, Pastorella being appointed judge, and a garland being the meed of victory, he gives the aspiring shepherd such a fall as all but breaks his neck ;

Then was the oaken crown by Pastorel
Given to Calidore as his due right ;
But he, that did in courtesy excel,
Gave it to Corydon, and said he won it well.

In this way does the gentle knight, rising above the untaught clowns about him in all his deeds, not only establish himself in their good will and favour, but at last succeed in sowing the seeds of true love in the mind of the rustic beauty that has won his heart.

Thus Calidore continued there long time
To win the love of the fair Pastorel ;

Which having got, he used without crime
 Or blameful blot; but managed so well,
 That he, of all the rest which there did dwell,
 Was favoured and to her grace commended:
 But what strange fortunes unto him befell,
 Ere he attained the point by him intended,
 Shall more conveniently in other place be ended.

It is strange that the editors of the *Fairy Queen* should not have perceived that Pastorella is Frances Walsingham, daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, whom Sir Philip Sidney, who is Calidore, married. Sir Francis Walsingham appears also as Melibee, or Melibae, in another of Spenser's poems, *The Ruins of Time*, to be afterwards noticed. The character here given to the old shepherd is exactly suitable to Sir Francis, who, for all his great employments, died (6th April, 1590) so poor that his friends had to bury him privately in the night to prevent his body being seized by his creditors. Lord Henry Howard (afterwards Earl of Northampton), in a dedication addressed to Walsingham in 1583, declares, "that the sweetness of his disposition, the frankness of his mind, the credit of his place, the level of his long experience, and the depth of his judgment, were means sufficient and strong enough to draw the minds of all persons well disposed both to love and honour him." His daughter, and only child, two or three years after Sidney's death became the wife of the Earl of Essex, Elizabeth's celebrated favourite, who was thought in marrying her to descend below his rank. Accordingly, she is here represented as of an apparently humble condition, though, as we shall find, it is afterwards made to appear that she is really of high descent. This is the poet's way of hinting that as the daughter of Walsingham, although he was only a simple knight, she was a match for any nobleman. Her name, Pastorella, carries an obvious allusion to the *Arcadia*.

Canto X. (44 stanzas.)—This Canto commences as follows:—

Who now does follow the foul Blatant Beast,
 Whilst Calidore does follow that fair maid,

Unmindful of his vow, and high beheast
Which by the Fairy Queen was on him laid,
That he should never leave, nor be delayed
From chasing him, till he had it achieved?
But now, entrapped of Love which him betrayed,
He mindeth more how he may be relieved
With grace from her whose love his heart hath sore
engrieved.

That from henceforth he means no more to sue
His former quest, so full of toil and pain;
Another quest, another game in view
He hath, the guerdon of his love to gain;
With whom he minds for ever to remain,
And set his rest amongst the rustic sort,
Rather than hunt still after shadows vain
Of courtly favour, fed with light report
Of every blast, and sailing always in the port.

Nor, proceeds the narrative, was Calidore to be greatly
blamed for thus stooping to so lowly a life; for whoso
had once tasted, as he had done,

The happy peace which there doth overflow,
And proved the perfect pleasures which do grow
Amongst poor hinds, in hills, in woods, in dales,

would never more delight in the painted show and false
bliss by which men are befooled in courts. For what is
the best of their glory to one sight that Calidore here
beheld? a sight, the glance of which would daze the
dimmed eyes of the admirers of mere courtly splendour,
so that they should never be able again to endure that
sunshine—a sight to which nothing in that world of
beauty can for a moment be compared—

Save only Gloriana's heavenly hue,
To which what can compare?

And then comes another brilliant burst:—

One day, as he did range the fields abroad,
Whilst his fair Pastorella was elsewhere,
He chanced to come, far from all people's trode,
Unto a place, whose pleasance did appear
To pass all others on the earth which were:

For all that ever was by Nature's skill
 Devised to work delight was gathered there;
 And there by her were poured forth at fill,
 As if, this to adorn, she all the rest did pill.
 It was an hill placed in an open plain,
 That round about was bordered with a wood
 Of matchless height, that seemed the earth to disdain;
 In which all trees of honour stately stood,
 And did all winter as in summer bud,
 Spreading pavilions for the birds to bower,
 Which in their lower branches sung aloud;
 And in their tops the soaring hawk did tower,
 Sitting like king of fowls in majesty and power:

And at the foot thereof a gentle flood,
 His silver waves did softly tumble down,
 Unmarred with ragged moss or filthy mud;
 Ne mote wild beasts, ne mote the ruder clown
 Thereto approach; ne filth mote therein drown:
 But nymphs and fairies by the banks did sit
 In the wood's shade which did the waters crown,
 Keeping all noisome things away from it,
 And to the water's fall tuning their accents fit.

And on the top thereof a spacious plain
 Did spread itself, to serve to all delight,
 Either to dance, when they to dance would fain,
 Or else to course-about their bases light;*
 Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure might
 Desired be, or thence to banish bale:
 So pleasantly the hill with equal height
 Did seem to overlook the lowly vale;
 Therefore it rightly cleeped was Mount Acidale.

They say that Venus, when she did dispose
 Herself to pleasance, used to resort
 Unto this place, and therein to repose
 And rest herself as in a gladsome port,
 Or with the Graces there to play and sport;
 That even her own Cytheron,† though in it
 She used most to keep her royal court,

* The meaning seems to be to practise the sport called Prison-base, or Prison-bars.

† He means the island Cythera.

And in her sovereign majesty to sit,
She in regard hereof refused and thought unfit.

Unto this place whenas the elfin knight
Approached, him seemed that the merry sound
Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on height,
And many feet fast thumping the hollow ground,
That through the woods their echo did rebound.
He nigher drew, to weet what mote it be:
There he a troop of ladies dancing found
Full merrily, and making gladful glee,
And in the midst a shepherd piping he did see.

He durst not enter into the open green,
For dread of them unwares to be descried,
For breaking of their dance, if he were seen;
But in the covert of the wood did bide,
Beholding all, yet of them unespied:
There he did see, that pleased much his sight,
That even he himself his eyes envied,
An hundred naked maidens lily white
All ranged in a ring, and dancing in delight.

All they without were ranged in a ring,
And danced round; but in the midst of them
Three other ladies did both dance and sing,
The whilst the rest them round about did hem,
And like a girland did in compass stem;
And in the midst of those same three was placed
Another damsel, as a precious gem
Amidst a ring most richly well enchased,
That with her goodly presence all the rest much graced.

Look! how the crown, which Ariadne wore
Upon her ivory forehead that same day
That Theseus her unto his bridal bore,
When the bold Centaurs made that bloody fray
With the fierce Lapiths which did them dismay,
Being now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright heaven doth her beams display,
And is unto the stars an ornament,
Which round about her move in order excellent.

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
Whose sundry parts were here too long to tell:

But she, that in the midst of them did stand,
 Seemed all the rest in beauty to excel,
 Crowned with a rosy girland that right well
 Did her beseeem: and ever, as the crew
 About her danced, sweet flowers that far did smell
 And fragrant odours they upon her threw;
 But, most of all, those three did her with gifts endue.

Those were the Graces, daughters of delight,
 Handmaids of Venus, which are wont to haunt
 Upon this hill, and dance there day and night:
 Those three to men all gifts of grace do grant;
 And all, that Venus in herself doth vaunt,
 Is borrowed of them: but that fair one,
 That in the midst was placed paravaunt,^e
 Was she to whom that shepherd piped alone;
 That made him pipe so merrily, as never none.

She was, to weet, that jolly shepherd's lass,
 Which piped there unto that merry rout;
 That jolly shepherd, which there piped, was
 Poor Colin Clout (who knows not Colin Clout?),
 He piped apace, whilst they him danced about.
 Pipe, jolly shepherd, pipe thou now apace
 Unto thy love that made thee low to lout;
 Thy love is present there with thee in place;
 Thy love is there advanced to be another Grace.

As Colin Clout is Spenser, so of course this pre-eminently beautiful shepherdess, advanced to be a fourth grace, as Elisa, or Queen Elizabeth, is made to be in the 'Shepherd's Calendar,' written many years before,* is the Irish beauty who had at last supplanted Rosalind in the possession of his heart, and who was now his wife. Surely never was woman crowned by Love and Poetry with a garland comparable to this.

Much, we are told, did Calidore wonder at the strange sight that has been described, "whose like before his eye had never seen," and long he stood astonished, and, wrapt in delight, wist not what to think;

^e Prominently, conspicuously.

* See Vol. I., p. 61.

Whether it were the train of Beauty's Queen,
Or nymphs, or fairies, or enchanted show,
With which his eyes mote have deluded been.
Therefore, resolving what it was to know,
Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did go.

But, soon as he appeared to their view
They vanished all away out of his sight,
And clean were gone, which way he never knew,
All save the shepherd, who, for fell despite
Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quite,
And made great moan for that unhappy turn :
But Calidore, though no less sorry wight
For that mishap, yet seeing him to mourn,
Drew near, that he the truth of all by him mote learn :

And, first him greeting, thus unto him spake ;
" Hail, jolly shepherd, which thy joyous days
Here ledest in this goodly merry-make,
Frequented of these gentle nymphs always,
Which to thee flock to hear thy lovely lays !
Tell me what mote these dainty damsels be,
Which here with thee do make their pleasant plays :
Right happy thou, that mayest them freely see !
But why, when I them saw, fled they away from me ?"

He himself, the shepherd answers, is not so happy, or fortunate, as his questioner is the reverse ; for those whom he has chased away he never will be able by any art to recall : they will come to none except to such as " they of themselves list so to grace." Calidore is sorry that he should have been so unlucky, but requests to know who or what the ladies are.

Tho gan that shepherd thus for to dilate :
" Then wot, thou shepherd, whatso'er thou be,
That all those ladies, which thou sawest late,
Are Venus' damsels, all within her fee,
But differing in honour and degree ;
They all are Graces which on her depend ;
Besides a thousand more which ready be
Her to adorn, whenso she forth doth wend ;
But those three in the midst do chief on her attend.

"They are the daughters of sky-ruling Jove,
By him begot of fair Eurynome,
The Ocean's daughter, in this pleasant grove,
As he, this way coming from feastful glee
Of Thetis' wedding with Aeacidee,*
In summer's shade himself here rested weary.
The first of them hight mild Euphrosyne,
Next fair Aglaia, last Thalia merry;
Sweet goddesses all three, which me in mirth do cherry!†

"These three on men all gracious gifts bestow,
Which deck the body or adorn the mind.
To make them lovely or well-favoured show;
As comely carriage, entertainment kind,
Sweet semblant, friendly offices that bind,
And all the complements of courtesy:
They teach us, how to each degree and kind
We should ourselves demean, to low, to high,
To friends, to foes; which skill men call civility.

"Therefore they always smoothly seem to smile,
That we likewise should mild and gentle be;
And also naked are, that without guile
Or false dissemblance all them plain may see,
Simple and true from covert malice free;
And eke themselves so in their dance they bore,
That two of them still forward seemed to be,
But one still towards showed herself afore;
That good should from us go, than come, in greater
store.‡

"Such were those goddesses which ye did see:
But that fourth maid, which there amidst them traced,
Who can aread what creature mote she be,
Whether a creature, or a goddess graced
With heavenly gifts from heaven first enraced!
But, whatso sure she was, she worthy was
To be the fourth with those three other placed:

* Aeacides (Peleus).

† Cherish.

‡ That good should go out from us in greater plenty than
it comes to us.

Yet was she certes but a country lass;
Yet she all other country lasses far did pass.

“ So far, as doth the Daughter of the Day
All other lesser lights in light excel;
So far doth she in beautiful array
Above all other lasses bear the bell;
Ne less in virtue that beseems her well
Doth she exceed the rest of all her race;
For which the Graces, that here wont to dwell,
Have for more honour brought her to this place,
And graced her so much to be another Grace.

“ Another Grace she well deserves to be,
In whom so many graces gathered are,
Excelling much the mean of her degree;
Divine resemblance, beauty sovereign rare,
Firm chastity, that spite ne blemish dare!
All which she with such courtesy doth grace,
That all her peers cannot with her compare,
But quite are dimmed when she is in place:
She made me often pipe, and now to pipe apace.

“ Sun of the world, great glory of the sky,
That all the earth dost lighten with thy rays,
Great Gloriana, greatest majesty!
Pardon thy Shepherd, mongst so many lays
As he hath sung of thee in all his days,
To make one minim^b of thy poor handmaid,
And underneath thy feet to place her praise;
That, when thy glory shall be far displayed
To future age, of her this mention may be made!”

The shepherd's speech ended, Calidore again expresses his regret, and asks pardon that he should have rashly sought that which he might not see. In such discourse the two pass many an hour, as chance brings them together; and the knight becomes so attached both to the shepherd, for the delight with which his talk feeds his greedy fancy, and to the place, that he is inclined to remain there. But soon the envenomed sting that has fixed itself in his heart begins to rankle afresh; and nothing

^b Little song.

will avail him but "to return again to his wound's worker." So, "like as the wounded whale to shore flies from the main," he repairs again to the "rustic won," where his Pastorella is; and renews his dutiful service, sparing neither pains nor peril

By which he might her to his love allure,
And liking in her yet untamed heart procure.

The jealousy of Corydon also re-awakens, and he resumes his contentious rivalry and emulation. One day, as they are all three together in the greenwood gathering strawberries, a tiger suddenly makes his appearance, and rushes with open mouth at Pastorella. Corydon, being the first to hear her cries, runs in haste to her rescue, but, when he sees the monster, flies for fear. Calidore, though armed only with his shepherd's hook, strikes the tiger to the ground, and then, cutting off its head, presents it to the still trembling maid, who showers on him a thousand thanks. And from this day she begins to show him daily more favour, and to feel for him a stronger liking, regarding Corydon at the same time as fit only to keep sheep. Calidore, however, still abstains from treating his rival with anything of contempt; but, as for Pastorella,

So well he wooed her, and so well he wrought her,
With humble service, and with daily suit,
That at the last unto his will he brought her;
Which he so wisely well did prosecute,
That of his love he reaped the timely fruit,
And joyed long in close felicity:
Till Fortune, fraught with malice, blind and brute,
That envies lovers' long prosperity,
Blew up a bitter storm of foul adversity.

It chanches one day, when Calidore is absent hunting in the woods, that the place where these shepherds dwell is invaded by a band of lawless people, called Brigants, that live neither by plough nor spade, but only by plundering their neighbours; they despoil the cottages, murder the inmates, and drive away their flocks. Among the rest old Melibee is stript of all he has in the world,

and all his people are led away captive : Pastorella, too, is carried off—

Fair Pastorella, sorrowful and sad,
Most sorrowful, most sad, that ever sight,¹
Now made the spoil of thieves and brigants bad,
Which was the conquest of the gentlest knight
That ever lived, and the only glory of his might.

Corydon, too, is among the captives ; all of which are conveyed by the thieves under cover of night to where they have their dwelling.

Their dwelling in a little island was,
Covered with shrubby woods, in which no way
Appeared for people in nor out to pass,
Nor any footing find for overgrown grass :

For underneath the ground their way was made
Through hollow caves, that no man mote discover
For the thick shrubs, which did them always shade
From view of living wight, and covered over ;
But Darkness dread and daily Night did hover
Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt ;
Ne lightened was with window, nor with lover,¹
But with continual candle-light, which dealt
A doubtful sense of things, not so well seen as felt.

Here the Brigants keep all their prisoners with continual watch and ward till they can sell them for slaves. Pastorella thinks herself in hell.

But for to tell the doleful dreariment
And pitiful complaints which there she made,
(Where day and night she nought did but lament
Her wretched life shut up in deadly shade,
And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade
Like to a flower that feels no heat of sun,
Which may her feeble leaves with comfort glade ;^k)
And what befell her in that thievish won,
Will in another Canto better be begun.

¹ Sighed.

^j Opening in the roof ; the French *l'ouverte*, or *louver*.

^k Glad, gladden.

Canto XI. (51 stanzas).—The interruption that has thus befallen the loves of Calidore and Pastorella is only after the due course of nature or of human things :—

The joys of love, if they should ever last
Without affliction or disquietness
That worldly chances do amongst them cast,
Would be on earth too great a blessedness,
Liker to heaven than mortal wretchedness :
Therefore the winged god, to let men weet
That here on earth is no sure happiness,
A thousand sours hath tempered with one sweet,
To make it seem more dear and dainty, as is meet.

But Pastorella, torn from her home and her loved Calidore, and detained in bondage among these thieves in their dark den, has not yet experienced the worst of her fate. Her beauty, that “like the fair morning clad in misty fog did show,” inflames the captain of the brigants. Treating her with kindness, he tries to gain her love with looks, with words, with gifts, and by all the means he may; sometimes he mingles threats with his vows of fond affection; but all is alike in vain: he cannot move her constant mind, though he suffers her not to rest with his importunities either by night or day. Only, after a time, seeing how completely she is in his power, she thinks it prudent to pretend to show him some small shadow of favour, in the hope of thereby perhaps acquiring a little more liberty or ease: “a little well is lent that gaineth more withal;” but at last she finds no other way of repelling him except by feigning illness. While she is thus laid aside, the merchants arrive who are used to trade with the thieves for their captives. Old Melibee and Corydon, and many others, are brought forward and exhibited; but when the fair shepherdess is called for, the captain angrily makes answer that she is his own peculiar prize and property, taken by himself, and to be partaken with none: besides, he intimates she is at present too much indisposed to be disposed of. When the merchants see her, however, though it is only by an imperfect candle-light, they prefer her infinitely to all the

others: unless they may have her too, they will have none. The captain declares that his love shall not be sold; the others insist that she shall; swords are drawn, "and the mad steel about doth fiercely fly;" many are slain; the candle-light is quenched; it is a scene of universal confusion;

All on confused heaps themselves assay,
And snatch, and bite, and rend, and tug, and tear.

The captives are put to death by the stronger party (which that is, is not said) lest they should join the weaker; old Melibee, his aged wife (of whom we now hear for the first time), and many more; only Corydon effects his escape, and makes off with himself with his characteristic expedition—"ne stayeth leave to take before his friends do die." But all the while Pastorella is defended by the captain, till he too at length is laid prostrate, when she, falling with him, is wounded in the arm by the same blow that deprives him of life; and there she lies covered with a heap of carcasses, and still enclosed in his dying embrace. His death, however, brings the fray to an end; and, relighting the candles, the survivors proceed to count the slain.

Their captain there they cruelly found killed,
And in his arms the dreary dying maid,
Like a sweet angel twixt two clouds upheld;¹
Her lovely light was dimmed and decayed
With cloud of death upon her eyes displayed;
Yet did the cloud make even that dimmed light
Seem much more lovely in that darkness laid,
And twixt the twinkling of her eye-lids bright
To spark out little beams, like stars in foggy night.

Finding life not quite extinct, they apply themselves to revive her, and she is at length restored to a sense of her misery. She is then left in charge of one of their number, "the best of many worst;" and here too the story leaves her for a while to return to Calidore and his adventures.

¹ Upheld.

When he came back from the wood, and saw what had happened in his absence—"his shepherd's cottage spoiled quite, and his love reft away"—he fell almost distracted ;

That even his heart, for very fell despite,
And his own flesh he ready was to tear :
He chafed, he grieved, he fretted, and he sight,
And fared like a furious wild bear,
Whose whelps are stolen away, she being elsewhere.

Ne wight he found to whom he might complain,
Ne wight he found of whom he might inquire ;
That more increased the anguish of his pain :
He sought the woods, but no man could see there ;
He sought the plains, but could no tidings hear :
The woods did nought but echoes vain rebound ;
The plains all waste and empty did appear ;
Where wont the shepherds oft their pipes resound,
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.

At last, roaming up and down, he meets his old friend Corydon, all in rags, and with the hair of his head all "upstaring," or raised, "as if he did from some late danger fly." To Calidore's eager questions—where were they all?—where was his Pastorella?—with tears, and sobs, and deep-drawn sighs, he ejaculates, alas that ever he should have lived to see this day—that he should not have died before he had seen Pastorella die.

"Die ! out alas !" then Calidore did cry,
"How could the Death dare ever her to quell !"

Corydon then gives him an account of the conflict among the robbers, and his own escape, relating how Pastorella had been defended by the captain ;

"But what could he gainst all them do alone ?
It could not boot ; needs must she die at last !"

Calidore, however, after the first gush of his grief, resolves to make an attempt to save her if she be yet alive, or, if he can neither rescue nor avenge her, at the least to share her fate. With no little difficulty he prevails on Corydon to show him the way to the place ; and they set out together, attired as shepherds, and appearing to

carry only shepherds' hooks, but Calidore with arms concealed under his clothes. When they have advanced a little way, they see some sheep feeding on a hill before them, which, on a nearer approach, they find to be some of their own that had been carried away by the robbers, certain of whom are now lying asleep in the shade of the bushes beside them. Corydon is for killing the sleeping shepherds, and making off with the flock, but Calidore

—— that in his mind had closely made
A further purpose, would not so them slay,
But gently waking them gave them the time of day.

Then, sitting down beside them on the green, they enter into talk; and when they have told that they are poor herdsmen who have fled from their masters, and are in quest of others, the robbers propose to hire them if they will consent to take charge of their flocks;

For they themselves were evil grooms, they said,
Unwont with herds to watch or pasture sheep,
But to foray the land, or scour the deep.
Thereto they soon agreed, and earnest took
To keep their flocks for little hire and cheap;
For they for better hire did shortly look:
So there all day they bode, till light the sky forsook.

They are now taken into the thieves' den, and here, growing in great acquaintance, soon learn, to Calidore's infinite joy, that Pastorella still lives. Ere long Calidore, taking advantage of the dead of night, when all the thieves are sound asleep, after a late foray, having lately managed to provide himself with a sword, though of the poorest description, rises and proceeds "to the captain's nest,"—Corydon, in his extreme fear and perplexity, hardly daring to accompany him, and yet still less daring to remain behind. When they come to the cave they find the entrance fast; but Calidore, with resistless force, breaks through doors and locks, and then encountering the thief, whom the noise has awakened, slays him with little ado. Pastorella, for whom he calls aloud,

comes, scarcely knowing whether she be alive or dead, and "like to one distraught and robbed of reason," at the well-known voice. A thousand times, we are told, they folded themselves in each other's arms, "and kissed a thousand more." But by this time all the other thieves have been roused, and come pressing into the cave: that is nothing to Calidore at such a moment as this. Taking his stand in the entrance, he slays them man by man as they present themselves, till no more dare to attempt to force their way against the point of his unfailing weapon, and across the barricade of carcases. Nor does it matter more that when he comes forth all of them that are left assail him at once, gathering about him like flies in a hot summer's day upon some beast's bare sore, and seeking to overwhelm him from every side:

— he doth with his raging brand divide
Their thickest troops, and round about him scattereth
wide.

Like as a lion mongst an herd of deer,
Disperseth them to catch his choicest prey;
So did he fly amongst them here and there,
And all that near him came did hew and slay,
Till he had strewed with bodies all the way;
That none his danger daring to abide
Fled from his wrath, and did themselves convey
Into their caves, their heads from death to hide,
Ne any left that victory to him envied.

Then, returning to Pastorella, he brings her forth once more to the joyous light; and afterwards, ransacking those thievish dens, he lays at her feet the choicest of the spoils and treasures there concealed, and, making over all the flocks that had been reft from Melibee and his wife to Corydon, leaves the place, bearing away for his own reward his love alone.

Canto XII. (41 stanzas).—Setting out now on the last stage of his journey, in company with the Knight of Courtesy, the poet begins:—

Like as a ship, that through the ocean wide
Directs her course unto one certain coast,

Is met of many a counter wind and tide,
With which her winged speed is let and crost,
And she herself in stormy surges tost;
Yet, making many a board^m and many a bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compass lost;
Right so it fares with me in this long way,
Whose course is often stayed, yet never is astray.

All that has for so long delayed Sir Calidore from his proper quest, "though out of course, yet hath not been mis-said," for it has shown his courtesy "even unto the lowest and the least;" but now we return to his pursuit and final conquest of the Blatant Beast, who has been all this while ranging about, with none to stop or to restrain him.

First, however, he brings Pastorella to the castle of Belgard, the seat of his friend the good Sir Bellamour;

Who whilome was, in his youth's freshest flower,
A lusty knight as ever wielded spear,
And had endured many a dreadful stour
In bloody battle for a lady dear,
The fairest lady then of all that living were.

The name of this lady was Claribel; her father, the lord of many islands, and renowned both for his riches and still more for his might, had designed to marry his daughter to his neighbour the Prince of Pictland; but she, bound in heart to Bellamour, married him secretly, upon which her father, seizing both, had them laid in separate dungeons, yet had not been able to prevent Sir Bellamour from obtaining occasional access to his love, who at length brought forth a maiden child, which, to save its life, she gave to her female attendant to be brought up without the knowledge of its parents, and which that trusty damsel took away into the open fields, and, laying it down on the ground, withdrew a little space, and watched behind some bushes till she saw a

^m *To make a board* is to turn a ship to the windward, in tacking: the expression therefore is equivalent to *making many a tack*.

shepherd, drawn by its cries, come and take it up. But, ere she left the little babe, she had unwrapped it in the full light, and, looking upon it with watery eyes,

Upon the little breast, like crystal bright,
She mote perceive a little purple mould,
That like a rose her silken leaves did fair unfold.

The shepherd carried the infant home to his wife, and the high-born foundling was brought up as their child, and bore their name. Meanwhile, after years had passed away, the fortunes of Bellamour and Claribel had suddenly changed from storm to sunshine: the death of Claribel's father had not only released them from durance, but given them the inheritance of all his wealth; and, when Calidore now came to visit them with Pastorella, they had long been living in peace and freedom, as well as in undiminished affection. Calidore and Bellamour had long ago been companions in fight; or perhaps the expression, "they twain long since had fought in field," may mean that they had proved their prowess against each other, and become friends after having been foes; nor does a less strong affection draw Claribel to Pastorella, so that they all greatly enjoy themselves together, till, Pastorella now beginning to wax well and strong, Calidore, leaving her in their charge, departs to resume his pursuit of the Blatant Beast.

He has not been absent long when Pastorella is found to be the lost daughter of her host and hostess. This discovery is made by Claribel's old handmaid Melissa, who, having now been appointed to attend upon Pastorella, one morning,

when this maiden fair
Was dighting her, having her snowy breast
As yet not laced, nor her golden hair
Into their comely tresses duly drest,
Chanced to espy upon her ivory chest
The rosy mark, which she remembered well
That little infant had, which forth she kest,ⁿ

ⁿ Cast.

The daughter of her Lady Claribell,
The which she bore the whiles in prison she did dwell.

Running to her lady in extreme agitation, "My lief,"
that is "My dear," she exclaims,

—"ye know that long ago,
Whilst ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gave
A little maid, the which ye childed tho:"
The same again if now ye list to have,
The same is yonder lady, whom High God did save."

On her breast she has with these eyes seen "the little
purple rose which thereon grew"—"whereof," says she,
"her name ye then to her did give." Her countenance
and her years, besides, go to confirm the proof. The
mother flies and, tearing open Pastorella's dress, also
recognizes the mark, and folds her daughter to her
bosom :

"And livest thou, my daughter, now again?
And art thou yet alive, whom dead I long did fain?"^e

And again,

A thousand times she her embraced near,
With many a joyful kiss and many a melting tear.

But only she who "is the mother of one child, which
having thought long dead she finds alive" could describe
this mother's joy. Finally, Bellamour also, having all
the facts recounted to him, readily and gladly acknow-
ledges fair Pastorella for his own.

Upton has a fancy, in which possibly there may be
something, that Belgard Castle is Belvoir Castle, the seat
of the Earls (now Dukes) of Rutland, and that even the
name *Bellamour* may contain an allusion to the name of
that noble family, *Manners*, or in French *Moeurs*. He
conceives the descent of the family of *Manners* from the
House of York, through the first earl's grandmother
Anne Plantagenet, Duchess of Exeter, a sister of King

° Brought forth then.
P Fondly desire, or regret.

Edward IV., to be pointed at in the description of Claribel's father; and the Prince of Pictland, to whom he wished to marry her, to be the king of Scotland. The said prince is called the neighbour of Claribel's father; and it may be noticed that the first Earl of Rutland, the favourite of Henry VIII., was Warden of the Scottish Marches. Another of this noble family, Upton observes—meaning Roger, the fifth earl—married the daughter of Sir Philip Sidney; “but how far,” he adds, “the story told of Pastorella, who found her parents in Belvoir (Belgard?) Castle, may allude to this alliance I neither affirm nor deny.” Upton's last conjecture, however, would carry more appearance of probability if Sidney had married a daughter of the Earl of Rutland instead of the earl marrying his daughter. It is true, indeed, as Upton remarks, that “in these kind of historical allusions Spenser usually perplexes the subject; he leads you on, and then designedly misleads you: for he is writing a fairy poem, not giving you the detail of an historian.”

All this while Calidore has without ever resting been pursuing through all places the Blatant Beast, tracking it by the spoliation it makes wheresoever it comes. He finds that the monster has passed through all other estates, and is now at last come to the clergy, among whom he is making such havoc as “endless were to tell.” The elfin knight, having left no other place unsearched, at length finds him in a monastery tearing down and destroying with might and main. He has broken into the cloisters, through which he is chasing the monks into their gloomy dormitories, and searching all their cells and other secret places, in which what heaps of filth he comes upon were irksome to report. Nothing regarding either religion or their holy office, the more of their corruptions he discovers the more he tears and tosses away, ransacking all their dens from the greatest to the least. Thence he breaks into the church, and robs the chancel, and overthrows the desks, and befouls the altars, and casts to the ground the images, “for all their goodly hue.” Here, however, seeing Calidore after him, he

starts off with a speed inspired by his recollection of their former encounter ; but the knight pursues with still swifter footstep. And at last

Him in a narrow place he overtook,
And fierce assailing forced him turn again :
Sternly he turned again, when he him strook
With his sharp steel, and ran at him amain
With open mouth, that seemed to contain
A full good peck within the utmost brim,
All set with iron teeth in ranges twain,
That terrified his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus grisly grim :

And therein were a thousand tongues empight^a
Of sundry kinds and sundry quality ;
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night ;
And some of cats, that wrawling^r still did cry
And some of bears, that groined^s continually ;
And some of tigers, that did seem to gren
And snar^t at all that ever passed by :
But most of them were tongues of mortal men,
Which spake reproachfully, not caring where nor when.

And them amongst were mingled here and there
The tongues of serpents, with three-forked stings,
That spat out poison, and gore-bloody gear,
At all that came within his ravenings ;
And spake licentious words and hateful things
Of good and bad alike, of low and high,
Ne kesars spared he a whit nor kings ;
But either blotted them with infamy,
Or bit them with his baneful teeth of injury.

Calidore beats the monster back as he attempts to bite him, at the same time

— spitting forth the poison of his spite,
That foamed all about his bloody jaws.

^a Fixed. ^r Wauling. ^s Grunted, growled.

^t Snarl. Perhaps it should be "gnar."

Then rearing aloft his front feet, he ramps or rises up upon him as if to rend him with his claws; but the knight advances his shield, and, putting forth all his strength, forces him backward till he gets him upon the ground, and there he holds him down, even as a bullock which has been felled by the butcher is held down till he be thoroughly subdued. It is in vain that he rages and roars and foams out blood in his struggles to raise himself:—

He grinned, he bit, he scratched, he venom threw,
And fared like a fiend right horrible in hue:

Or like the hell-born Hydra, which they feign
That great Alcides whilome overthrew,
After that he had laboured long in vain
To crop his thousand heads, the which still new
Forth budded, and in greater number grew.
Such was the fury of this hellish beast,
Whilst Calidore him under him down threw;
Who nathemore his heavy load released,
But aye, the more he raged, the more his power increased.

When he finds force will avail him nothing, he sets his hundred tongues agoing, reviling and railing at his adversary with every sharpest and bitterest term of reproach—

Oft interlacing many a forged lie,
Whose like he never once did speak, nor hear,
Nor ever thought thing so unworthily:

but for all this Calidore only strains him the tighter. At last, when he has almost choked him, he takes “a muzzle strong of surest iron made with many a link,” and therewith shuts up his mouth and his blasphemous tongue,

For never more defaming gentle knight,
Or unto lovely lady doing wrong;

and, thereunto attaching a great long chain, draws him after him.

Like as whilome that strong Tirynthian swain^a
Brought forth with him the dreadful dog of hell
Against his will fast bound in iron chain,
And roaring horribly did him compel
To see the hateful sun, that he might tell
To grisly Pluto, what on earth was done,
And to the other damned ghosts which dwell
For aye in darkness which day-light doth shun :
So led this knight his captive with like conquest won.

Yet greatly did the beast repine at those
Strange bands, whose like till then he never bore,
Ne ever any durst till then impose ;
And chafed inly, seeing now no more
Him liberty was left aloud to roar :
Yet durst he not draw back, nor once withstand
The proved power of noble Calidore ;
But trembled underneath his mighty hand,
And like a fearful dog him followed through the land.

Him through all Fairy Land he followed so,
As if he learned had obedience long,
That all the people, whereso he did go,
Out of their towns did round about him throng,
To see him lead that beast in bondage strong ;
And seeing it, much wondered at the sight :
And all such persons, as he erst did wrong,
Rejoiced much to see his captive plight,
And much admired the beast, but more admired the
knight.

Long, the poet adds in conclusion, did the monster
remain thus suppressed and tamed by the mastering
might of doughty Calidore ; but unfortunately he broke
his chain and regained his liberty at last ; and

Thenceforth more mischief and more scathe he wrought
To mortal men than he had done before ;
Ne ever could, by any, more be brought
Into like bands, ne mastered any more :
All be that, long time after Calidore,
The good Sir Pelleas him took in hand ;
And after him Sir Lamorack of yore ;

^a Hercules.

And all his brethren born in Britain land ;
Yet none of them could ever bring him into band.

So now he rangeth through the world again,
And rageth sore in each degree and state ;
Ne any is that may him now restrain,
He growen is so great and strong of late,
Barking and biting all that him do bate,
All be they worthy blame, or clear of crime ;
Ne spareth he most learned wits to rate,
Ne spareth he the gentle poet's rhyme ;
But rends, without regard of person or of time.

Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,
Hope to escape his venomous despite,
More than my former writs, all were they cleanest
From blameful blot, and free from all that wite^v
With which some wicked tongues did it backbite,
And bring into a mighty peer's displeasure,
That never so deserved to endite.
Therefore do you, my rhymes, keep better measure,
And seek to please ; that now is counted wise men'
threasure.

The "mighty peer" here spoken of is understood to be the Lord Treasurer Burghley ; the poet's former writings that had brought him into Burghley's displeasure were probably those parts of the *Shepherd's Calendar* in which he had reflected on Bishop Aylmer, and the proceedings of the government in the suspension of Archbishop Grindal.*

^v Blame.

* See Vol. I., pp. 72—75.

THE TWO CANTOS OF MUTABILITY.

To the Six Books of the Fairy Queen as published in the author's life-time, were added in the third edition of the poem, which appeared in 1609, two Cantos (besides two stanzas of a third Canto), with the title of "Two Cantos of Mutability, which, both for form and matter, appear to be parcel of some following Book of the Fairy Queen, under the Legend of Constancy." There is no preface to this edition, and the editor is unknown; so that their internal evidence is all the evidence we have for the authenticity of these new Cantos. That, however, is so strong as to be quite conclusive; the poetry has none of the marks of imitation, and is not only perfectly in Spenser's manner throughout, but much of it in his very highest style. Taken as a whole, these two Cantos of Mutability, as they are called, may vie with any other two Cantos of the Fairy Queen. They are numbered Cantos VI. and VII.; and it must be supposed that they were found so numbered in the author's manuscript. To which Book they may belong we have no means of knowing; nor even with absolute certainty the subject of the Book. But the Legend of Constancy seems a probable enough title; and the Book is commonly referred to as the Seventh Book.

Canto VI. (55 stanzas).—The poet begins by proposing the subject of the Canto as follows:—

What man that sees the ever-whirling wheel
Of Change, the which all mortal things doth sway,
But that thereby doth find, and plainly feel,
How Mutability in them doth play
Her cruel sports to many men's decay?
Which that to all may better yet appear,
I will rehearse, that whilome I heard say,

How she at first herself began to rear
Gainst all the gods, and the empire sought from them
to bear.

First, however, he will unfold her antique race and descent, as he has found it registered in the records of Fairy Land. She is sprung from the old Titans who whilome strove with Saturn's son for the sovereignty of heaven, and many of whose stem, worsted although they were in this contest, long continued to survive, and some of whom afterwards were placed by Jove himself in great power and high authority ; such, for example, as Hecate,

And dread Bellona, that doth sound on high
Wars and alarums unto nations wide,
That makes both heaven and earth to tremble at her
pride.

To such rule and dominion likewise did this Titaness, Mutability, aspire ; desiring, even like those other two, to be worshipped as a goddess : and first she sought to obtain such acknowledgment of her divinity on earth, where with this aim she gave such proof of her great power,

That not men only (whom she soon subdued)
But eke all other creatures her bad doings rued.

For whatever Nature had in the beginning established in meet order and good estate she perverted, and loosened from its proper laws ; all the world's fair frame she altered quite ; all that God had blessed she made accursed.

Ne she the laws of Nature only brake,
But eke of justice, and of policy ;
And wrong of right, and bad of good did make,
And death for life exchanged foolishly :
Since which, all living wights have learned to die,
And all this world is woxen daily worse.
O piteous work of Mutability,
By which we all are subject to that curse,
And death, instead of life, have sucked from our nurse !

And now having subdued the earth she begins to think

of attempting the heavens, "and Jove himself to shoulder from his right." First she passes through the regions of the thin and unresisting air and fire; thence she climbs to the palace of the Moon, and enters its silver gates without leave either given or asked of the hoary old sire, Time, who sits by them with his hour-glass in his hand;

Ne stayed till she the highest stage had scanned,
Where Cynthia did sit, that never still did stand.

Her sitting on an ivory throne she found,
Drawn of two steeds, the one black, the other white,
Environed with ten thousand stars around,
That duly her attended day and night;
And by her side there ran her page, that hight
Vesper, whom we the evening star intend;
That with his torch, still twinkling like twilight,
Her lightened all the way where she should wend,
And joy to weary wandering travellers did lend.

Beholding the glory of this goodly palace,—

Made of the heaven's substance, and upheld
With thousand crystal pillars of huge height—

the Titaness burns with envious ambition to displace its mistress, and to gain to herself the kingdom of the night and of the waxing and waning waters. She therefore boldly orders the goddess to descend and allow her to seat herself in that ivory throne, as the more worthy of rule whether over men or gods or the infernal powers.

But she, that had to her that sovereign seat
By highest Jove assigned, therein to bear
Night's burning lamp, regarded not her threat,
Ne yielded ought for favour or for fear;
But, with stern countenance and disdainful cheer
Bending her horned brows, did put her back;
And, boldly blaming her for coming there,
Bade her at once from heaven's coast to pack,
Or at her peril bide the wrathful thunder's wrack.

Yet nathemore the giantess forbore;
But, boldly pressing on, raught * forth her hand

* Reached.

To pluck her down perforce from off her chair ;
And, therewith lifting up her golden wand,
Threatened to strike her if she did withstand :
Whereat the Stars, which round about her blazed,
And eke the Moon's bright waggon still did stand,
All being with so bold attempt amazed,
And on her uncouth habit and stern look still gazed.

Meanwhile the lower world, which nothing knew
Of all that chanced here, was darkened quite ;
And eke the heavens, and all the heavenly crew
Of happy wights, now unpurveyed of light,
Were much afraid, and wondered at that sight ;
Fearing lest Chaos broken had his chain,
And brought again on them eternal night ;
But chiefly Mercury, that next doth reign,
Ran forth in haste unto the King of Gods to plain.

All ran together with a great outcry
To Jove's fair palace fixed in heaven's height ;
And, beating at his gates full earnestly,
Gan call to him aloud with all their might,
To know what meant that sudden lack of light.
The Father of the Gods, when this he heard,
Was troubled much at their so strange affright,
Doubting lest Typhon were again upreared,
Or other his old foes that once him sorely feared.*

Forthwith Jove sends the Son of Maia down to the circle
of the Moon, with orders that if it be any one on earth
below who is molesting her with magic charms he be
seized and thrown down to hell ; if the disturbance come
from heaven, that the author be instantly arrested and
brought before him. The winged-footed god beats his
plumes so fast that he soon comes to where the Titaness
is still striving to pull fair Cynthia from her seat ; struck
with dread as well as wonder at her strange appearance
and haughty hardihood he pauses for a moment, but at
last recovering himself he commands her either to cease
molesting the Moon, and to suffer her to walk at large, or
to come with him and answer for her doings before high
Jove :

* Frightened.

And therewithal he on her shoulder laid
His snaky-wreathed mace, whose awful power
Doth make both gods and hellish fiends afraid :
Whereat the Titaness did sternly lour,
And stoutly answered ; That in evil hour
He from his Jove such message to her brought,
To bid her leave fair Cynthia's silver bower ;
Sith she his Jove and him esteemed nought,
No more than Cynthia's self ; but all their kingdoms
sought.

The heavens' herald stays not to reply, but, returning to make report to Jove, finds him seated in highest state in the highest sky with all the gods congregated around him ; what Hermes relates exceedingly amazes them all, save Jove ; he with unchanged countenance unfolds to them the cause and meaning of what they have heard. They may remember that when the cursed offspring of Earth sought to assail the eternal towers of heaven they were effectually defeated and destroyed ; yet a remnant of their race escaped and still survives ; and " of that bad seed is this bold woman bred," who now with bold presumption seeks to drive not only fair Phœbe from her silver throne, but also himself, the lord of heaven, from his high empire. It is for them, the sons of God, now to advise in what way her assault is to be best encountered—whether by open force or cunning counsel. Then, bending his black eyebrow, with whose beck he wields the world, he makes sign to them to speak in their several degrees. But meanwhile the Titaness, having advised with herself what course were best for her to take, has resolved to break in upon her enemies while they are still consulting and divided in opinion. So forth she goes, and, mounting through the sky to the palace of Jove, boldly enters in. At sight of her all the other gods rise in amazement ; but Jove, all fearless, remains unmoved, and, commanding them to resume their seats, disposes himself in his own sovereign throne with increased grace and majesty ; so that even the haughty Titaness, bold as she is, quakes at heart and stands dumb, till Jove himself addresses her ;—

“Speak, thou frail woman, speak with confidence;
 Whence art thou, and what dost thou here now make?
 What idle errand hast thou earth’s mansion to forsake?”

Half confused and daunted, “yet gathering spirit of her nature’s pride,” she boldly replies, that by her mother’s side she is the daughter of her that is the mighty mother of all the gods, “great Earth, great Chaos’ child;” but by the father’s she is greater in blood than all the gods. For Titan and Saturn were both sons of Uranus, but Titan the elder: him his younger brother, by guile and the aid of the Corybantes, thrust from his right; “since which,” she adds,

—————“thou, Jove, injuriously hast held
 The heavens’ rule from Titan’s sons by might;”

and she concludes by calling upon the heavens to witness the truth of all she has affirmed.

Whilst she thus spake, the gods that gave good ear
 To her bold words, and marked well her grace
 (Being of stature tall as any there
 Of all the gods, and beautiful of face
 As any of the goddesses in place),
 Stood all astonished; like a sort^y of steers.
 Mongst whom some beast of strange and foreign race
 Unwares is chanced, far straying from his peers:
 So did their ghastly gaze bewray their hidden fears.

Till, having paused awhile, Jove thus bespake;
 “Will never mortal thoughts cease to aspire
 In this bold sort to heaven claim to make,
 And touch celestial seats with earthly mire?
 I would have thought that bold Procrustes’ hire,
 Or Typhon’s fall, or proud Ixion’s pain,
 Or great Prometheus tasting of our ire,
 Would have sufficed the rest for to restrain,
 And warned all men, by their example, to refrain:

“But now this off-scum of that cursed fry
 Dare to renew the like bold enterprise,

And challenge the heritage of this our sky ;
 Whom what should hinder, but that we likewise
 Should handle as the rest of her allies,
 And thunder-drive to hell ?" With that he shook
 His nectar-dewed locks, with which the skies
 And all the world beneath for terror quook,
 And eft^z his burning levin-brand in hand he took.

But when he looked on her lovely face,
 In which fair beams of beauty did appear
 That could the greatest wrath soon turn to grace,
 (Such sway doth beauty even in heaven bear,)
 He stayed his hand ; and, having changed his cheer,
 He thus again in milder wise began ;
 " But ah ! if gods should strive with flesh yfere,^a
 Then shortly should the progeny of man
 Be rooted out, if Jove should do still what he can !"

He proceeds to say that she, " fair Titan's child," has probably been excited to her present attempt merely by some vain curiosity to see what has never been seen by mortal eyes, or perhaps has been inflamed by the example of her sister Bellona, with the desire "to bandy crowns and kingdoms to bestow ;" and sure she is not the less deserving of the two. But, for the empire of heaven, that has been won by conquest and confirmed by the eternal doom of Fate, and neither Titanic progeny nor other living wight may challenge right or interest there.

" Then cease thy idle claim, thou foolish girl ;
 And seek by grace and goodness to obtain
 That place, from which by folly Titan fell."

" Cease, Saturn's son," replies the Titaness with equal scorn,

—————" to seek, by proffers vain
 Of idle hopes, to allure me to thy side,
 For to betray my right before I have it tried."

Jove she deems no fair judge in the case ; she appeals to

^z Also.

^a Together.

the highest of all the divinities, the acknowledged progenitor alike of gods and men, the great deity Nature.

Thereat Jove waxed wroth, and in his sprite
Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceal;
And bade Dan Phœbus scribe her appellation seal.

The time and place for the trial, at which all parties shall appear before great Nature's presence, are now appointed: it was, namely, says the poet,

— upon the highest heights
Of Arlow hill (who knows not Arlow hill?)
That is the highest head, in all men's sights,
Of my old father Mole.

Arlow, or Arlo, which is also mentioned by Spenser in his 'View of Ireland,'* is understood to be what is now called Galtee More, the loftiest of the eastern range of the Ballyhowra hills, called by him the mountains of Mole, forming the northern boundary of his estate of Kilcolman, in the county of Cork. One of the defiles of Galtee More is still called the Glen of Aharlow. The Mulla is a stream, vulgarly called the Awbeg, which flows from the Ballyhowra hills. The poet now suddenly breaks off into an episode in celebration of these hills and streams:—

And, were it not ill fitting for this file
To sing of hills and woods mongst wars and knights,
I would abate the sternness of my style,
Mongst these stern stounds to mingle soft delights;
And tell how Arlow, through Diana's spites,
(Being of old the best and fairest hill
That was in all this Holy Island's heights,)
Was made the most unpleasant and most ill:
Meanwhile, O Clio, lend Calliope thy quill.

* "All those counties which, lying near unto any mountains or Irish deserts, had been planted with English, were shortly displanted and lost. As, namely, in Munster, all the lands adjoining unto Slewlogher, Arlo, and the Bog of Allon."

Whilome when Ireland flourished in fame
 Of wealth and goodness, far above the rest
 Of all that bear the British Islands' name,
 The gods then used, for pleasure and for rest,
 Oft to resort thereto, when seemed them best:
 But none of all therein more pleasure found
 Than Cynthia, that is sovereign queen profest
 Of woods and forests, which therein abound,
 Sprinkled with wholesome waters more than most on
 ground:

But mongst them all, as fittest for her game,
 (Either for chase of beasts with hound or bow,
 Or for to shroud in shade from Phæbus' flame,
 Or bathe in fountains that do freshly flow
 Or from high hills or from the dales below,)
 She chose this Arlow; where she did resort
 With all her nymphs enranked on a row,
 With whom the woody gods did oft consort;
 For with the nymphs the satyrs love to play and sport.

Among the nymphs was one named Molanna,
 —— daughter of old Father Mole,
 And sister unto Mulla fair and bright—

the same Mulla, to whose bed the false Bregog (another stream flowing from the Ballyhowra hills) once on a time secretly stole, as told and made well known by the Shepherd Colin, that is, by Spenser himself (namely, in his *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*).

But this Molanna, were she not so shole,^b
 Were no less fair and beautiful than she:
 Yet, as she is, a fairer flood may no man see.

For first she springs out of two marble rocks,
 On which a grove of oaks high-mounted grows,
 That as a girland seems to deck the locks
 Of some fair bride, brought forth with pompous shows
 Out of her bower, that many flowers strows;
 So through the flowery dales she tumbling down
 Through many woods and shady coverts flows
 That on each side her silver channel crown,
 Till to the plain she come, whose valleys she doth drown.

^b Shallow. J.

The Molanna is a stream, now called the Brackbawn, which descends from the Tipperary or western range of the Ballyhowra hills.

In her sweet streams Diana used oft,
After her sweaty chase and toilsome play,
To bathe herself; and, after, on the soft
And downy grass her dainty limbs to lay
In covert shade, where none behold her may,
For much she hated sight of living eye.

“Foolish God Faunus,” however, giving way to a foolish longing, applied to this her maid, Molanna,

To tell what time he might her lady see
When she herself did bathe, that he might secret be;

and allured her to grant him his request, not only by gifts of “queen apples and red cherries from the tree,” but by promising that he would undertake to get the Fanchin, whom she has long ardently loved, to return her affection, and would also be her debtor for many more good turns, the least of them exceeding the little gratification in procuring which he wished her to give him her aid. The Fanchin (now the Funcheon) is another of these streams.

The simple maid did yield to him anon;
And eft^c him placed where he close might view
That never any saw, save only one,^d
Who, for his hire to so fool-hardy due,^e
Was of his hounds devoured in hunter's hue.
Tho,^f as her manner was on sunny day,
Diana, with her nymphs about her, drew
To this sweet spring; where, doffing her array,
She bathed her lovely limbs, for Jove a likely prey.

Faunus was immensely delighted; but his foolish joy, after a little while, could not keep from breaking out into an audible laugh:—

^c Soon.

^d Actæon.

^e Pay, or requital, due to one so fool-hardy.

^f Then.

————— a foolish Faun indeed,
That couldst not hold thyself so hidden blest,
But wouldest needs thine own conceit aread !
Babblers unworthy been of so divine a meed.

The goddess, all abashed with that noise,
In haste forth started from the guilty brook ;
And, running straight whereas she heard his voice,
Enclosed the bush about, and there him took
Like darred^s lark, not daring up to look
On her whose sight before so much he sought.
Thence forth they drew him by the horns, and shook
Nigh all to pieces, that they left him nought ;
And then into the open light they forth him brought.

Like as an huswife, that with busy care
Thinks of her dairy to make wondrous gain,
Finding whereas some wicked beast unware
That breaks into her dair' house, there doth drain
Her creaming pans, and frustrate all her pain ;
Hath, in some snare or gin set close behind,
Entrapped him, and caught into her train,
Then thinks what punishment were best assigned,
And thousand deaths deviseth in her vengeful mind :

So did Diana and her maidens all
Use silly Faunus, now within their bail ;^h
They mock and scorn him, and him foul miscall ;
Some by the nose him plucked, some by the tail,
And by his goatish beard some did him hale :
Yet he (poor soul !) with patience all did bear ;
For nought against their wills might countervail :
Ne ought he said, whatever he did hear ;
But, hanging down his head, did like a momeⁱ appear.

After various penances had been proposed, they agreed to clad him in deer-skins, and make a beast of chase of him ; and Diana, moreover, forced him to confess which of her nymphs it was that had betrayed her ; upon which they all laid hold upon poor Molanna at once.

^s Dazzled by the mirror used in taking them, called a darring-glass, or daring-glass.

^h Enclosure, power.

ⁱ A speechless blockhead.

But him (according as they had decreed)
 With a deer's skin they covered, and then chaste;
 With all their hounds, that after him did speed;
 But he, more speedy, from them fled more fast
 Than any deer; so sore him dread aghast.^k
 They after followed all with shrill outcry,
 Shouting as they the heavens would have brast;^l
 That all the woods and dales, where he did fly,
 Did ring again, and loud re-echo to the sky.

Having followed him till they were weary, they then returned to Molanna, and by command of their mistress overwhelmed her with stones;

— yet Faunus, for her pain,
 Of her beloved Fanchin did obtain
 That her he would receive unto his bed.
 So now her waves pass through a pleasant plain,
 Till with the Fanchin she herself do wed,
 And, both combined, themselves in one fair river spread.

Nathless Diana, full of indignation,
 Thenceforth abandoned her delicious brook:
 In whose sweet stream, before that bad occasion,
 So much delight to bathe her limbs she took:
 Ne only her, but also quite forsook
 All those fair forests about Arlow hid;
 And all that mountain, which doth overlook
 The richest champain that may else be rid;^m
 And the fair Shure, in which are thousand salmons bred.

Them all, and all that she so dear did weigh,
 Thenceforth she left; and, parting from the place,
 Thereon an heavy hapless curse did lay;
 To weet, that wolves, where she was wont to space,
 Should harboured be and all those woods deface,
 And thieves should rob and spoil that coast around
 Since which, those woods, and all that goodly chase
 Doth to this day with wolves and thieves abound:
 Which too-too true that land's in-dwellers since have
 found.

Canto VII. (59 stanzas).—The poet now, after a short

^j Chased.

^k Frightened.

^l Burst.

^m Read, spoken of.

invocation to the "greater muse," Clio, proceeds to relate the trial of the appeal of the Titaness at the bar of Nature.

The appointed day being come, all the gods are assembled upon Arlow hill, both those of heaven and those of land and sea ;

Only the infernal powers might not appear ;
As well for horror of their countenance ill,
As for the unruly fiends which they did fear ;
Yet Pluto and Proserpina were present there.

All other creatures, also, having life give their attendance, according to their sundry kinds ; so that Arlow with all its heights and hollows can scarcely contain them all, and only the most strenuous exertions of Nature's sergeant, Order, prevent the utmost confusion.

Then forth issued (great goddess) great Dame Nature, ✓
With goodly port and gracious majesty,
Being far greater and more tall of stature
Than any of the gods or powers on high ;
Yet certes by her face and physnomy,
Whether she man or woman inly were,
That could not any creature well descry ;
For, with a veil that wimpled ^a everywhere,
Her head and face was hid that mote to none appear.

That, some do say, was so by skill devised,
To hide the terror of her uncouth hue
From mortal eyes that should be sore agrized ;^o
For that her face did like a lion shew,
That eye of wight could not endure to view :
But others tell that it so beauteous was,
And round about such beams of splendour threw,
That it the sun a thousand times did pass,
Ne could be seen but like an image in a glass.

That well may seemen true ; for well I ween
That this same day, when she on Arlow sat,
Her garment was so bright and wondrous sheen,
That my frail wit cannot devise to what
It to compare, nor find like stuff to that :
As those three sacred saints, though else most wise,
Yet on Mount Tabor quite their wits forgot

^a Gathered itself close.

^o Revolted.

When they their glorious lord in strange disguise
Transfigured saw ; his garments so did daze their eyes.

In a fair plain upon an equal hill
She placed was in a pavilion ;
Not such as craftsmen by their idle skill
Are wont for princes' states ^p to fashion ;
But the earth herself, of her own motion,
Out of her fruitful bosom made to grow
Most dainty trees, that, shooting up anon,
Did seem to bow their blooming heads full low
For homage unto her, and like a throne did show.

But it is so hard for any living wight to describe all her
array that even " Old Dan Geoffrey " (Chaucer)—

————— in whose gentle sprite
The pure well-head of poesy did dwell—

in his *Fowls' Parley* (meaning his *Assembly of Fowls*)
dares not to attempt it, but refers his readers to Alan,
that is, Alanus de Insulis, who he thought had handled
the theme with some success in his *Plaint of Kind*—a
Latin treatise by this Alanus, entitled *De Planctu Na-*
turae, which exists in manuscript, but which Spenser
from what he adds—

Which who will read set forth so as it ought,
Go seek he out that Alan where he may be sought—

apparently had never seen. The description proceeds :—

And all the earth far underneath her feet
Was dight with flowers, that voluntary grew
Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet ;
Ten thousand mores ^q of sundry scent and hue,
That might delight the smell or please the view,
The which the nymphs from all the brooks thereby
Had gathered, they at her footstool threw ;
That richer seemed than any tapestry,
That princes' bowers adorn with painted imagery.

And Mole himself, to honour her the more,
Did deck himself in freshest fair attire ;

^p Canopies, pavilions.

^q Roots.

And his high head, that seemeth always hoar
With hardened frosts of former winter's ire,
He with an oaken girland now did tire,^r
As if the love of some new nymph late seen
Had in him kindled youthful fresh desire,
And made him change his grey attire to green :
Ah ! gentle Mole, such joyance hath thee well beseen.

Was never so great joyance since the day
That all the gods whilome assembled were
On Hæmus' hill in their divine array,
To celebrate the solemn bridal cheer
Twixt Peleus and Dame Thetis pointed^{*} there ;
Where Phœbus' self, that god of poets hight,
They say, did sing the spousal hymn full clear,
That all the gods were ravished with delight
Of his celestial song and music's wondrous might.

Before this great Grandmother of all things—

Great Nature, ever young, yet full of eld ;
Still moving, yet unmoved from her stead ;
Unseen of any, yet of all beheld ;
Thus sitting in her throne—

comes Dame Mutability, and, bent low before her mighty presence, begins with all meekness and humility to state her plea. To her, greatest of divinities, or rather alone great, who distributes right indifferently to all, she comes for right an humble suppliant. " Of all," she proceeds, " thou art the equal mother :"—

" To thee therefore of this same Jove I plain,
And of his fellow gods that feign to be,
That challenge to themselves the whole world's reign,
Of which the greatest part is due to me,
And heaven itself by heritage in fee :
For heaven and earth I both alike do deem,
Sith heaven and earth are both alike to thee ;
And gods no more than men thou dost esteem :
For even the gods to thee, as men to gods, do seem.

^r Attire.

^{*} Appointed.

^t This wedding, however, according to the ancient poets, was celebrated not on Mount Hæmus, but on Mount Pelion.

Jove himself cannot deny that the place of Prince of the Gods which he has usurped is hers by lawful inheritance, duly derived from her great grandsire Titan. Yet spite of him, and all the gods beside, she does in truth possess the sovereignty of the world. Is not Earth herself, first of all, though seeming of them all the most immovable and permanent, yet continually undergoing change, both in part and in the whole ?

“ For all that from her springs, and is ybred,
 However fair it flourish for a time,
 Yet see we soon decay ; and, being dead,
 To turn again into their earthly slime :
 Yet out of their decay and mortal crime,
 We daily see new creatures to arise,
 And of their Winter spring another Prime,
 Unlike in form, and changed by strange disguise :
 So turn they still about, and change in restless wise.

“ As for her tenants : that is, man and beasts ;
 The beasts we daily see massacred die,
 And thralls and vassals unto men’s beheasts ;^u
 And men themselves do change continually,
 From youth to eld, from wealth to poverty,
 From good to bad, from bad to worst of all :
 Ne do their bodies only flit and fly ;
 But eke their minds (which they immortal call)
 Still change and vary thoughts, as new occasions fall.

“ Ne is the water in more constant case ;
 Whether those same on high, or these below :
 For the ocean moveth still from place to place ;
 And every river still doth ebb and flow ;
 Ne any lake, that seems most still and slow,
 Ne pool so small, that can his smoothness hold,
 When any wind doth under heaven blow ;
 With which the clouds are also tossed and rolled,
 Now like great hills ; and straight, like sluices, them
 unfold.

“ So likewise are all watery living wights
 Still tossed and turned with continual-change,

^u Commands.

Never abiding in their stedfast plights :
The fish, still floating, do at random range,
And never rest, but evermore exchange
Their dwelling places, as the streams them carry :
Ne have the watery fowls a certain grange
Wherein to rest, ne in one stead do tarry ;
But flitting still do fly, and still their places vary.

“ Next is the air : which who feels not by sense
(For of all sense it is the middle mean)
To flit still, and with subtile influence
Of his thin spirit all creatures to maintain
In state of life ? O weak life ! that does lean
On thing so tickle as the unsteady air,
Which every hour is changed, and altered clean
With every blast that bloweth foul or fair :
The fair doth it prolong ; the foul doth it impair.

“ Therein the changes infinite behold,
Which to her creatures every minute chance ;
Now boiling hot ; straight freezing deadly cold ;
Now fair sun-shine, that makes all skip and dance ;
Straight bitter storms, and baleful countenance
That makes them all to shiver and to shake :
Rain, hail, and snow do pay them sad penance,
And dreadful thunder-claps (that make them quake)
With flames and flashing lights that thousand changes
make.

“ Last is the fire ; which, though it live for ever,
Ne can be quenched quite, yet, every day,
We see his parts, so soon as they do sever,
To lose their heat and shortly to decay ;
So makes himself his own consuming prey ;
Ne any living creatures doth he breed ;
But all, that are of others bred, doth slay ;
And with their death his cruel life doth feed ;
Nought leaving but their barren ashes without seed.

“ Thus all these four (the which the groundwork be
Of all the world and of all living wights)
To thousand sorts of change we subject see :
Yet are they changed by other wondrous sleights
Into themselves, and lose their native mights ;

The fire to air, and the air to water sheer,^v
 And water into earth; yet water fights
 With fire, and air with earth, approaching near!
 Yet all are in one body, and as one appear.

“So in them all reigns Mutability;
 However these, that gods themselves do call,
 Of them do claim the rule and sovereignty;
 As Vesta, of the fire ethereal;
 Vulcan, of this with us so usual;
 Ops, of the earth; and Juno, of the air;
 Neptune, of seas; and Nymphs, of rivers all:
 For all those rivers to me subject are;
 And all the rest, which they usurp, be all my share.”

And she concludes by pressing the Goddess, in order to prove all this to be true, to vouchsafe to call into her presence all other personages who pretend to hold any part of the dominion of the world, when it will be clearly seen that they are one and all subject to her. Let, for example, the Times and Seasons be summoned. To this proposition Nature assents; and Order by her command calls them in.

So forth issued the Seasons of the year:
 First, lusty Spring all dight in leaves of flowers
 That freshly budded and new bloosmes did bear,
 In which a thousand birds had built their bowers
 That sweetly sung to call forth paramours;
 And in his hand a javelin he did bear,
 And on his head (as fit for warlike stours)
 A gilt engraven morion he did wear;
 That, as some did him love, so others did him fear.

Then, came the jolly Summer, being dight
 In a thin silken cassock coloured green,
 That was unlined all, to be more light:
 And on his head a girland well beseen
 He wore, from which as he had chafed been
 The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
 A bow and shafts, as he in forest green

Had hunted late the libbard or the boar,
And now would bathe his limbs with labour heated sore

Then came the Autumn all in yellow clad,
As though he joyed in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banished hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore:
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrolled
With ears of corn of every sort, he bore,
And in his hand a sickle he did hold,
To reap the ripened fruits the which the earth had
yold.*

Lastly, came Winter clothed all in frieze,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,
And the dull drops, that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown distil:
In his right hand a tipped staff he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still;
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;
That scarce his loosed limbs he able was to weld.

These, marching softly, thus in order went,
And after them the Months all riding came;
First, sturdy March, with brows full sternly bent
And armed strongly, rode upon a Ram,
The same which over Hellespontus swam;
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,*
Which on the earth he strewed as he went,
And filled her womb with fruitful hope of nourishment.

Next came fresh April, full of lustihead,
And wanton as a kid whose horn new buds:
Upon a Bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floating through the Argolic floods:
His horns were gilden all with golden studs,
And garnished with garlands* goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowers and freshest buds

* Yielded.

* Together.

* *Garlands* (not *girlands*, as usual), probably for the consonancy with *garnished*.

Which the earth brings forth; and wet he seemed in sight

With waves, through which he waded for his love's delight.

Then came fair May, the fairest maid on ground,
Decked all with dainties of her season's pride,
And throwing flowers out of her lap around:
Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride,
The Twins of Leda; which on either side
Supported her like to their sovereign queen:
Lord! how all creatures laughed when her they spied,
And leapt and danced as they had ravished been!
And Cupid self about her fluttered all in green.

And after her came jolly June, arrayed
All in green leaves, as he a player were:
Yet in his time he wrought as well as played,
That by his plough-irons mote right well appear:
Upon a Crab he rode, that him did bear
With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pace,
And backward yode, as bargemen wont to fare
Bending their force contrary to their face;
Like that ungracious crew which feigns demurest grace.

Then came hot July boiling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away:
Upon a Lion raging yet with ire
He boldly rode, and made him to obey:
(It was the beast that whilome did foray
The Nemean forest, till the Amphytrionide
Him slew, and with his hide did him array:)
Behind his back a scythe, and by his side
Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

The sixth was August, being rich arrayed
In garment all of gold down to the ground:
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely maid
Forth by the lily hand, the which was crowned
With ears of corn, and full her hand was found:
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Lived here on earth, and plenty made abound;
But, after Wrong was loved and Justice sold,
She left the unrighteous world, and was to heaven ex-
tollèd.

Next him September marched eke on foot ;
 Yet was he heavy laden with the spoil
 Of harvest's riches, which he made his boot,^y
 And him enriched with bounty of the soil :
 In his one hand, as fit for harvest's toil,
 He held a knife-hook ; and in the other hand
 A pair of Weights, with which he did assoil
 Both more and less, where it in doubt did stand,
 And equal gave to each as justice duly scanned.

Then came October full of merry glee ;
 For yet his nowl^a was totty^a of the must,
 Which he was treading in the wine-fats' sea,
 And of the joyous oil, whose gentle gust
 Made him so frolic and so full of lust :^b
 Upon a dreadful Scorpion he did ride,
 The same which by Diana's doom unjust
 Slew great Orion ; and eke by his side
 He had his ploughing-share and coulter ready tied.

Next was November ; he full gross and fat
 As fed with lard, and that right well might seem ;
 For he had been a fatting hogs of late,
 That yet his brows with sweat did reek and steam,
 And yet the season was full sharp and breem ;^c
 In planting eke he took no small delight :
 Whereon he rode, not easy was to deem ;
 For it a dreadful Centaur was in sight,
 The seed of Saturn and fair Nais, Chiron hight.

And after him came next the chill December :
 Yet he, through merry feasting which he made
 And great bonfires, did not the cold remember ;
 His Saviour's birth his mind so much did glad :
 Upon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,
 The same wherewith Dan Jove in tender years,
 They say, was nourished by the Idæan^{*} maid ;

^y Booty.^a Noddle.^a Wavering.^l ^b Joyous alacrity.^c Chill.

* The common reading is "Iæan," of which nothing can be made. The meaning will be the maid of Mount Ida, in Crete, where Jupiter was nursed.

And in his hand a broad deep bowl he bears,
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peers.

Then came old January, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,^d
And blow his nails to warm them if he may;
For they were numbed with holding all the day
An hatchet keen, with which he felled wood,
And from the trees did lop the needless spray:
Upon an huge great Earth-pot Stean^e he stood,
From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the Roman
flood.

And lastly came cold February, sitting
In an old waggon, for he could not ride,
Drawn of two Fishes for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly slide
And swim away; yet had he by his side
His plough and harness fit to till the ground,
And tools to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting Prime did make them burgeon^f round.
So passed the twelve Months forth, and their due places
found.

And after these there came the Day and Night,
Riding together both with equal pace;
The one on a palfrey black, the other white:
But Night had covered her uncomely face
With a black veil, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the moon and stars were pight,^g
And Sleep and Darkness round about did trace:^h
But Day did bear upon his sceptre's height
The goodly sun encompassed all with beames bright.

Then came the Hours, fair daughters of high Jove
And timely Night; the which were all endued
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle love;
But they were virgins all, and love eschewed
That might foreshlack the charge to them foreshewed
By mighty Jove; who did them porters make
Of heaven's gate (whence all the gods issued)

^d To quail, to faint. ^e Urn.

^f Bud.

^g Fixed.

^h Move, walk.

Which they did daily watch, and nightly wake
By even turns, ne ever did their charge forsake.

And after all came Life; and lastly Death:
Death with most grim and grisly visage seen,
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;
Ne ought to see, but like a shade to ween,
Unbodied, unsouled, unheard, unseen:
But Life was like a fair young lusty boy.
Such as they feign Dan Cupid to have been,
Full of delightful health and lively joy,
Decked all with flowers and wings of gold fit to employ.

When all have passed by, the Titaness again appeals to the mighty mother to say whether in all her creation "Change doth not reign and bear the greatest sway." Does not Time prey on all things? and is not Time himself continually moving? "But who is it," Jove now answers,

— "that Time himself doth move and still compel
To keep his course?"

Does not the influence which produces movement and change proceed alone from the gods? And so do not the gods rule all things, and in them Mutability herself? As for things, Mutability replies, with regard to which we do not perceive how they are moved and swayed, they, the gods, may indeed attribute any power to themselves they choose; but how shall any be persuaded where they can see nothing? But, even were it, as Jove pretends, that all things are moved and ordered by him and his companions, "what," says Mutability,

— "if I can prove, that even ye
Yourselves are likewise changed, and subject unto me?
" And first, concerning her that is the first,
Even you, fair Cynthia; whom so much ye make
Jove's dearest darling, she was bred and nursed
On Cynthus' hill, whence she her name did take;
Then is she mortal born, howso ye crake:¹

¹ Vaunt.

Besides, her face and countenance every day
 We changed see and sundry forms partake,
 Now horned, now round, now bright, now brown and
 grey :

So that *as changeful as the moon* men use to say.

“ Next Mercury ; who though he less appear
 To change his hue, and always seem as one ;
 Ye he his course doth alter every year,
 And is of late far out of order gone :
 So Venus eke, that goodly paragon,
 Though fair all night, yet is she dark all day :
 And Phœbus’ self, who lightsome is alone,
 Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way,
 And fills the darkened world with terror and dismay.

“ Now Mars, that valiant man, is changed most ;
 For he sometimes so far runs out of square,
 That he his way doth seem quite to have lost,
 And clean without his usual sphere to fare ;
 That even these star-gazers stonished are
 At sight thereof, and damn their lying books :
 So likewise grim Sir Saturn oft doth spare
 His stern aspect, and calm his crabbed looks :
 So many turning cranks these have, so many crooks.

Even Jove himself—where was he born ? Some say in
 Crete, some in Thebes, others in other places ; but that it
 was here in this world all are agreed. Then is he too born
 mortal, and subject to her like all the rest. Besides, do not
 the very wills and natures of the gods change ? And, for
 that power or force of theirs by which they pretend that
 all other things are moved, is it not continually checked
 and turned aside by their opposition among themselves ?

“ Besides, the sundry motions of your spheres,
 So sundry ways and fashions as clerks feign,
 Some in short space, and some in longer years ;
 What is the same but alteration plain ?
 Only the starry sky doth still remain :
 Yet do the stars and signs therein still move,
 And even itself is moved, as wizards sayn :^j
 But all that moveth doth mutation love :
 Therefore both you and them to me I subject prove.

^j Say.

"Then since within this wide great universe
Nothing doth firm and permanent appear,
But all things tossed and turned by transverse;
What then should let, but I aloft should rear
My trophy, and from all the triumph bear?
Now judge then, O thou greatest goddess true,
According as thyself dost see and hear,
And unto me adoom that is my due:
That is, the rule of all; all being ruled by you."

So having ended, silence long ensued;
Ne Nature to or fro spake for a space,
But with firm eyes affixed the ground still viewed.
Meanwhile all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting the end of this so doubtful case,
Did hang in long suspense what would ensue,
To whether side should fall the sovereign place:
At length she, looking up with cheerful view,
The silence brake, and gave her doom in speeches few:

"I well consider all that ye have said;
And find that all things stedfastness do hate
And changed be; yet, being rightly weighed,
They are not changed from their first estate;
But by their change their being do dilate;
And, turning to themselves at length again,
Do work their own perfection so by fate:
Then over them Change doth not rule and reign;
But they reign over Change, and do their states maintain.

"Cease therefore, daughter, further to aspire,
And thee content thus to be ruled by me:
For thy decay thou seek'st by thy desire:
But time shall come that all shall changed be,
And from thenceforth none no more change shall see!"
So was the Titaness put down and whist,*
And Jove confirmed in his imperial see.
Then was that whole assembly quite dismiss,
And Nature's self did vanish, whither no man wist.

* Hushed.

Canto VIII.—Of this Canto we have only the two first stanzas :—

When I bethink me on that speech whilere
Of Mutability, and well it weigh ;
Me seems, that though she all unworthy were
Of the heaven's rule ; yet, very sooth to say,
In all things else she bears the greatest sway :
Which makes me loathe this state of life so tickle,
And love of things so vain to cast away ;
Whose flowering pride, so fading and so fickle,
Short Time shall soon cut down with his consuming
sickle !

Then gin I think on that which Nature said,
Of that same time when no more change shall be,
But stedfast rest of all things, firmly stayed
Upon the pillars of Eternity,
That is contrair to Mutability :
For all that moveth doth in change delight :
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With him that is the God of Sabaoth hight :
O ! that great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabbath's
sight !

All will acknowledge that this is Spenser all over, in its faults as well as in its beauties,—that no other could have written it but he—and that he has rarely produced anything finer.

We have now finished a labour which, however it may have been performed, is not likely ever to be attempted again. The Fairy Queen, fragment as it is, is one of the longest poems in the world : the Iliad and the Odyssey, with their twenty-four Books a-piece, are not short poems ; but the Fairy Queen, with its thirty-five thousand lines or thereby, is nearly as long as the Iliad and the Odyssey both, with the Æneid to boot. The close-packing, also, of the incidents and circumstances is as great in Spenser as it is in Homer, and the involution and complexity of the story much greater. In following the course of any of his tangled fictions, no particular

can be passed over, without danger of the suppressed fact rising in some subsequent page to claim its proper place as a link in the chain.

In our analysis our object has been to give all the story and all that is most worthy of note in the poetry. Our selections—which, however, have been made throughout without any reference to the space they might occupy, having been, indeed, for the most part originally marked with no view to the present work—may include about a third of the whole poem, and the interspersed prose abridgment of the rest may be equal in extent to nearly as much more. The poem, therefore, in our account or edition of it, is reduced to somewhat less than two-thirds of its proper dimensions.

Not much may seem to be gained in point of space by such a mode of presenting the poem—although it is to be observed that our compendium, without running much into criticism or commentary, includes enough of explanation to make the text everywhere intelligible. But we believe, nevertheless, that for the generality of readers, and especially for young readers, the Fairy Queen will be found more manageable as we have given it than in its entire form. The advantage of the plan lies in what it gets rid of. To one who is not accustomed to it, Spenser's abundance is often oppressive: it is like wading among unmown grass. The story, besides being somewhat shortened, is certainly clearer, and more easily followed, in our version of it than it is in its original shape; and all superfluities likely on any account to be found wearisome or offensive have been quietly omitted. The student of poetry will of course keep to the work as Spenser wrote it; and our compendium will assuredly withdraw no readers from the original, but may send some to it. Let it be regarded as like an engraved copy on a reduced scale of a great painting; or as only an introduction to the study of the Fairy Queen—a porch to that magnificent temple; still it has its use.

We cannot hope that every reader familiar with the poem will find that we have preserved all his favourite passages; but we do not think that much of what it

contains of poetry of the higher order will be found to have been withheld. We have sought to preserve every golden line, and even every more characteristic quaintness; excluding only what might be deemed either redundant or comparatively commonplace. But in the earlier part of the poem the splendour rolls itself more into masses, which naturally offer themselves for extract, so that something of what may be called its lateral diffusion must of necessity be passed over where the whole text is not given; in the latter Books it runs more into points and small patches of light and colour, which admit of being more easily cut out. Hence such omissions as there are of lines and couplets which some readers might wish to have seen retained will be found to be most frequent in the earlier Books.

Less is lost by such a mode of exhibition as we have adopted in the case of the *Fairy Queen* than would be sacrificed in that of most other great poems. Even in its original state it has no completeness, no wholeness. It is only a succession of parts; and perhaps it never could have been made anything more. Its extent alone makes it, even as it stands, difficult or impossible to be taken in at one view. In any way that one may take with it, it can only be looked at in portions. It is not a single structure, but rather a long street of poetry. If St. Paul's were extended all the way down Ludgate Hill, however rich in all the glories of architecture, it would cease to be an architectural unity, and, whether in the actual pile or as represented in a drawing, it could only be contemplated in detail. So it is with this world, this wilderness, of fairy fiction.

Yet a wilderness only in respect of its mazy vastness, its teeming abundance, its infinite variety. The spirit of the most delicate art is nevertheless at work everywhere. Take the poem even as broken down in our analysis of it: from what other poem could be collected such a store of the most precious treasures of poetry? so much of whatever is most brilliant and beautiful in its inventions? It is not a poem like the *Iliad*, fiery, passionate, dramatic as life itself; it is all more like to a dream than to waking

life. Its descriptions and pictures, it must be confessed, more resemble visions in the clouds than anything to be seen on the earth. And this, we apprehend, is what Coleridge must be understood to mean when he says that Spenser's descriptions are not, in the true sense of the word, picturesque; but then no more are Claude's landscapes picturesque. Both want a peculiar piquancy which is one of the characteristics and constituents of the picturesque as commonly limited. It is essentially a thing of earth rather than of heaven—tending always towards the human, almost towards the domestic—offering nestling-places for the affections—delighting, therefore, more in houses and fields than in mountains and forests, and more in mountains and forests than in sea and sky. Spenser's descriptions are not picturesque, in this sense, because his poetry has so little flesh and blood throughout. Yet he is surely one of the very greatest of painters in words; diffuse and florid, no doubt, rather than energetic and expressive; but of what affluence and prodigality of power and resources in his own style, of what inexhaustible ingenuity and invention, of what flowing freedom of movement, of how deep and exquisite a sense of beauty! He is, indeed, distinctively and pre-eminently the Poet of the Beautiful. Of the purely beautiful, as consisting simply in form and colour, his poetry is the richest storehouse in the literature of the world; and what it contains of this pure essential beauty is not more matchless for its quantity than for the quality of much of it. Nor let it be supposed that this is a narrow realm in which he reigns supreme. The region of form is of boundless extent, comprehending whatever gratifies the senses of sight and sound, or the imagination and fancy as excited through them.

But Spenser's poetry is full also of the spirit of moral beauty. It is not a passionate song, but yet it is both earnest and high-toned, and it is pervaded by a quiet tenderness that is always soothing, often touching. A heart of gentleness and nobleness ever lives and beats in it. With all its unworldliness, too, it breathes throughout a thoughtful wisdom, which looks deep even into

human things, and, oftenest sad and pitying, is yet also sometimes stern. Thus, although the music is in the air, and invisible spirits seem to make it, it wants not many a note betraying its mortal origin.

In all writing the thought and the language are inseparable, or rather are one and the same thing. The language or style is merely the thought expressed, that is to say, brought out and made audible or visible. The same thought cannot be expressed in two ways ; alter the expression and you alter the thought. Let this be kept in view, and it will be understood what verse really is in poetry. It is not, as many people believe, an arbitrary form or shape into which the expression is forced ; it is the form which it naturally and necessarily takes. Verse is in poetry part of the expression, and, as such, part of the thought. Writing may be poetical or imaginative which is not in verse or measured language ; but it is not poetry. In wanting the form, it wants the essence, of poetry, of which such form is merely the natural effluence, expression, exhibition, reflection. The passionate and sensuous thought which constitutes poetry, when it exists in a perfect state, flows in uttering itself into measured language by a law of nature ; and that is the only reason why poetry is written in verse. It could not be written otherwise. It writes itself so. That is its only adequate form of manifestation. A poet's verse is as much a part of his poetry as is his imagination, or his invention, or his passion.

Spenser's verse is the most abundantly musical in English poetry. Even Milton's, more scientific and elaborate, and also rising at times to more volume and grandeur of tone, has not so rich a natural sweetness and variety, or so deep a pathos. His poetry swims in music. He winds his way through stanza after stanza of his spacious song more like one actually singing than writing, borne along, it might seem, almost without effort or thought, reminding us of his own Lady of the Idle Lake in her magic gondelay, that

— away did slide
More swift than swallow shears the liquid sky,

Withouten oar or pilot it to guide,
Or winged canvass with the wind to fly;
Only she turned a pin, and by and by
It cut away upon the yielding wave;
Ne cared she her course for to apply,
For it was taught the way which she would have,
And both from rocks and flats itself could wisely save.

It must be confessed, indeed, that from rocks and flats Spenser does not always wisely save himself: he not unfrequently runs against both the one and the other; but it is wonderful to see how little he minds such an accident when it occurs. He gets always off in some way or other, and he takes apparently not the least trouble or forethought to avoid the same thing another time. On he floats, singing away as if nothing had happened, after the narrowest conceivable escape from being run aground or stove in. His treatment of words upon such occasions is like nothing that ever was seen, unless it might be Hercules breaking the back of the Nemean lion. He gives them any sense and any shape that the case may demand. Sometimes he merely alters a letter or two; sometimes he twists off the head or the tail of the unfortunate vocable altogether. In short, it is evident that he considers his prerogative in such matters to be unlimited. But this fearless, lordly, truly royal style in which he proceeds makes one only feel the more how easily, if he chose, he could avoid the necessity of having recourse to such outrages. After all, they do not occur so frequently as much to mar the beauty of his verse. The more brilliant passages of the poem are for the most part free from them. Perhaps they sometimes heighten the general effect, upon one of his own favourite principles, that "discord oft in music makes the sweeter lay." At the worst, they are little wilfulnesses for which none who love him at all will love him the less. It is to be remembered, too, that when he wrote, the language was still, to a great extent, in a state of uncertainty and fluctuation, and that therefore to take such liberties then was a very different thing from what it would be to do so now.

Distinct and dissimilar in many respects, opposed in some, as are the genius of Spenser and that of Homer, we have yet always felt that there is something in the poetry of the one that recalls that of the other. The fire, the passion, the dramatic life, the narrative rapidity of Homer, Spenser wants; the Homeric is of all poetry that in which there is most flesh and blood, the Spenserian that in which there is the least; Homer is both soul and body, Spenser is only soul, or soul with the body laid asleep as it is in dreams; the Homeric poetry is essentially and intensely of this world, that of Spenser as essentially and intensely not of this world; the one is full of the spirit of sunshine and the open air, the other of that of moonlight and torchlight. Yet, spite of these great differences, is there any other English poetry that is so like the Homeric as that of Spenser?—any other through which an English reader, properly warned in regard to the wide disagreement between them in many respects, could get so near to a just and lively conception of that of Homer? We should say there certainly is not. If the poetry of Spenser have no resemblance to the Homeric, then no English poetry whatever has any such resemblance. The great pervading element that Spenser has in common with Homer is what we may call his perfect sincerity, or at least air of sincerity. This encompasses both the one and the other like an atmosphere; and it gives to both a simplicity and directness, a force and cordiality, of style and manner, making their poetry more like a voice of nature than any fabrication of “slow-endavouring art.” Each entirely believes, or at least writes as if he entirely believed, the magic wonders that he sings. Hence their perfect fearlessness and glorious daring. How should they have any fear? How should the broad rolling river of their song go out of its way to avoid either straits or precipices, more than any other river? They flow on as God bids them, with no misgivings. This is a quality that cannot exist in the same degree in any late age of a country’s literature; nor, among ourselves, had even Chaucer, though earlier, so much of it as Spenser. He was too much of a satirist.

One of Spenser's inventions in the Fairy Queen is his magnificent Stanza, which may be said to be the last new form of verse that has fairly established itself in the language. It has commonly been supposed to have been formed by him upon the ottava rima of the Italians; but an ingenious correspondent has called our attention to the fact that it more nearly resembles a stanza of seven lines occasionally employed by Chaucer both in his Canterbury Tales and in some of his other poems. For the first six lines, indeed, Spenser's stanza of nine lines exactly agrees with Chaucer's of seven; in both, also, the concluding line rhymes with the sixth; Spenser has only extended the stanza by interposing between Chaucer's sixth and his last a seventh rhyming to the fifth, and an eighth rhyming to the sixth; or, in other words, he has repeated the rhymes of the fifth and the sixth in a seventh and an eighth. The resemblance, on the contrary, of the Spenserian stanza to the Italian ottava rima ceases with the first four lines. In the Italian stanza the fifth line, instead of rhyming to the fourth, as in Spenser and Chaucer, rhymes to the third; and the sixth, instead of introducing a new termination as in theirs, rhymes to the fourth. But, our correspondent further observes, the stanza which is most closely conformable to Spenser's is one of eight lines occasionally used by the Scottish poet Dunbar, as, for instance, in his poem of *The Merle and the Nightingale*, which, so far as it goes, exactly agrees with that of the Fairy Queen. Spenser only added a ninth line rhyming to the eighth. This perfect coincidence must, we conceive, be held to prove that it was really upon Dunbar's stanza that that of Spenser was founded. But that by which Spenser chiefly made it his own, and gave it altogether a new musical character, was his prolongation of the final line into an Alexandrine.

SECTION IV.

SPENSER'S REMAINING POETRY AND LIFE.

IN 1591, the year after that in which the first portion of the *Fairy Queen* was published, there was brought out at London, by the same publisher, William Ponsonby, the collection of Spenser's minor pieces to which we have already had repeated occasion to refer,* entitled '*Complaints; containing Sundry Small Poems of the World's Vanity; by Ed. Sp.*' 4to. Of these pieces, the composition of most though not of all of which probably dates before the completion, in some cases it may be before the commencement, of the first part of the *Fairy Queen* as it actually stands, we shall now proceed to give an account.

1. *The Ruins of Time*.—This poem is dedicated, in a short prose address, "To the Right Noble and Beautiful Lady, the Lady Mary Countess of Pembroke," the sister of Sir Philip Sidney, and is in the main design a celebration of that distinguished personage and other members of his family. In his dedication Spenser describes Sidney as having been the hope of all learned men, and the patron of his young muses. This dedication, and also the poem to which it is prefixed, he wrote, it would appear, during his visit to England. Since his coming over, he states, some friends, having the right and power to command him, knowing with how strait bands of duty he was bound both to the deceased brave knight, and "also to that noble house, of which the chief hope then rested in him," had upbraided him that he had suffered their names to sleep in silence and for-

* See Vol. I. pp. 17, &c.

getfulness. To satisfy them, and to avoid the foul blot of unthankfulness, he had conceived the present poem.

It consists of 97 stanzas of seven lines each. Being one day, the poet begins by telling us, by the shore of the Thames near where Verulam formerly stood, he beheld on the other side of the river

A woman sitting sorrowfully wailing,
Rending her yellow locks like wiry gold,
About her shoulders carelessly down trailing,
And streams of tears from her fair eyes forth railing:¹
In her right hand a broken rod she held,
Which towards heaven she seemed on high to weld.

Calling to her, he asked her the cause of her distress, and what might be her name?

"Name have I none," quoth she, "nor any being,
Bereft of both by Fate's unjust decreeing.

"I was that city, which the girland wore
Of Britain's pride, delivered unto me
By Roman victors, which it won of yore;
Though nought at all but ruins now I be,
And lie in mine own ashes, as ye see:
Ver'lam I was: what boots it that I was,
Sith now I am but weeds and wasteful grass?"

Her lamentation flows on for sixty stanzas more, and takes an extensive sweep over all history and the destinies of humanity. As men, she exclaims, creep crying out of the womb, so they go wailing back to the tomb:—

"Why then doth flesh, a bubble-glass of breath,
Hunt after honour and advancement vain,
And rear a trophy for devouring death,
With so great labour and long-lasting pain,
As if his days for ever should remain?
Sith all, that in this world is great or gay,
Doth as a vapour vanish and decay.

"Look back, who list, unto the former ages,
And call to count, what is of them become:

¹ Flowing.

Where be those learned wits and antique sages,
Which of all wisdom knew the perfect sum?
Where those great warriors, which did overcome
The world with conquest of their might and main,
And made one mere^m of the earth and of their reign?

“What now is of the Assyrian Lioness,
Of whom no footing now on earth appears?
What of the Persian Bear’s outrageousness,
Whose memory is quite worn out with years?
Who of the Grecian Libbard now ought hears,
That overran the East with greedy power,
And left his whelps their kingdoms to devour?”

“And where is that same great seven-headed beast,
That made all nations vassals of her pride,
To fall before her feet at her beheast,
And in the neck of all the world did ride?
Where doth she all that wondrous wealth now hide?
With her own weight down pressed now she lies,
And by her heaps her hugeness testifies.”

As Rome was the empress of the universal earth, so was
I, she proceeds, princess of this small northern world:—

“To tell the beauty of my buildings fair,
Adorned with purest gold and precious stone;
To tell my riches, and endowments rare,
That by my foes are now all spent and gone;
To tell my forces, matchable to none;
Were but lost labour, that few would believe,
And, with rehearsing, would me more aggrieve.

“High towers, fair temples, goodly theatres,
Strong walls, rich porches, princely palaces,
Large streets, brave houses, sacred sepulchres,
Sure gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries,
Wrought with fair pillars and fine imageries;
All those, O pity! now are turned to dust,
And overgrown with black oblivion’s rust.

“And where the crystal Thamis wont to slide
In silver channel, down along the lee,

^m Bound, limit.

About whose flowery banks on either side
 A thousand nymphs, with mirthful jollity,
 Were wont to play, from all annoyance free;
 There now no river's course is to be seen,
 But moorish fens, and marshes ever green."

After a few more stanzas comes the often quoted tribute to the great prince of English antiquaries. No man, she proceeds, bewails me but in game,

"Save One, that maugre Fortune's injury,
 And Time's decay, and Envy's cruel tort,
 Hath writ my record in true-seeming sort.

"Camden! the nourice of antiquity,
 And lantern unto late succeeding age,
 To see the light of simple verity
 Buried in ruins, through the great outrage
 Of her own people led with warlike rage:
 Camden! though Time all monuments obscure,
 Yet thy just labours ever shall endure."

But even those highest placed are daily seen, as soon as life has left them, to be forgotten as if they had never been. This reflection ushers in the proper subject of the poem. First is commemorated the poet's great patron, the Earl of Leicester, whose death had taken place on the 4th of September, 1588, at Cornbury Lodge, in Oxfordshire, on his way to Kenilworth. The representative or tutelary genius of old Verulam is here made to express herself as if she had witnessed the event; and it has been suggested that he may have been taken ill at St. Alban's, and that this may have led to Spenser's supposing him to have actually died there. But poetry disregards such literalities. The wailing woman, or whatever she is to be called, proceeds:—

"It is not long, since these two eyes beheld
 A mighty prince of most renowned race,
 Whom England high in count of honour held,
 And greatest ones did sue to gain his grace;
 Of greatest ones he greatest in his place,
 Sate in the bosom of his sovereign,
 And *right and loyal* did his word maintain.

"I saw him die, I saw him die, as one
Of the mean people, and brought forth on bier;
I saw him die, and no man left to moan
His doleful fate, that late him loved dear;
Scarce any left to close his eyelids near;
Scarce any left upon his lips to lay
The sacred sod, or requiem to say.

"O trustless state of miserable men,
That build your bliss on hope of earthly thing,
And vainly think yourselves half happy then,
When painted faces with smooth flattering
Do fawn on you, and your wide praises sing:
And, when the courting masker louteth low,
Him true in heart and trusty to you trow!

"All is but feigned, and with ochre dyed,
That every shower will wash and wipe away;
All things do change that under heaven abide,
And after death all friendship doth decay.
Therefore, whatever man bear'st worldly sway,
Living, on God, and on thyself rely;
For when thou diest, all shall with thee die.

.

"He now is dead, and all his glory gone,
And all his greatness vapoured to nought,
That as a glass upon the water shone,
Which vanished quite, so soon as it was sought:
His name is worn already out of thought,
Ne any poet seeks him to revive;
Yet many poets honoured him alive.

"Ne doth his Colin, careless Colin Clout,
Care now his idle bagpipe up to raise,
Ne tell his sorrow to the listening rout
Of shepherd grooms, which wont his songs to praise:
Praise who so list, yet I will him dispraise,
Until he quit him of this guilty blame:
Wake, shepherd's boy, at length awake for shame."

A few lines are then dedicated to Leicester's elder brother, Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, who had died on the 20th of February, 1589. Apostrophising his widow, Anne, eldest daughter of Francis Russell, Earl

of Bedford, the poet, rather than the imaginary personage through whom he speaks, exclaims,

“Thy lord shall never die, the whiles this verse
Shall live, and surely it shall live for ever:
For ever it shall live, and shall rehearse
His worthy praise, and virtues dying never,
Though death his soul do from his body sever:
And thou thyself herein shalt also live:
Such grace the heavens do to my verses give.”

Then, after brief allusions to Lady Warwick's father, the late Earl of Bedford; to the present young Earl, who had succeeded to the peerage on the death of his grandfather in 1585; and to the sister of Warwick and Leicester, the Lady Mary Sidney, comes the celebration of her illustrious son:—

“Most gentle spirit breathed from above,
Out of the bosom of the Maker's bliss,
In whom all bounty and all virtuous love
Appeared in their native properties,
And did enrich that noble breast of his
With treasure passing all this worldes worth,
Worthy of heaven itself, which brought it forth.

“O noble spirit, live there ever blessed,
The world's late wonder, and the heavens' new joy;
Live ever there, and leave me here distressed
With mortal cares and cumbrous world's annoy!
But, where thou dost that happiness enjoy,
Bid me, O bid me quickly come to thee,
That happy there I may thee always see!

“Yet, whilst the Fates afford me vital breath,
I will it spend in speaking of thy praise,
And sing to thee, until that timely death
By heaven's doom do end my earthly days:
Thereto do thou my humble spirit raise,
And into me that sacred breath inspire,
Which thou there breathest perfect and entire.

“Then will I sing; but who can better sing
Than thine own sister, peerless lady bright,

Which to thee sings with deep heart's sorrowing,
Sorrowing tempered with dear delight,
That her to hear I feel my feeble sprite
Robbed of sense, and ravished with joy ;
O sad joy, made of mourning and annoy !

" Yet will I sing ; but who can better sing
Than thou thyself, thine own self's valiance,
That, whilst thou livedst, mad'st the forests ring,
And fields resound, and flocks to leap and dance,
And shepherds leave their lambs unto mischance,
To run thy shrill Arcadian pipe to hear .
O happy were those days, thrice happy were !

" But now more happy thou, and wretched we,
Which want the wonted sweetness of thy voice,
Whiles thou now in Elysian fields so free,
With Orpheus, and with Linus, and the choice
Of all that ever did in rhymes rejoice,
Conversest, and dost hear their heavenly lays,
And they hear thine, and thine do better praise

" So there thou livest, singing evermore,
And here thou livest, being ever song
Of us, which living loved thee afore,
And now thee worship mongst that blessed throng
Of heavenly poets and heroës strong.
So thou both here and there immortal art,
And every where through excellent desert.

" But such as neither of themselves can sing,
Nor yet are sung of others for reward,
Die in obscure oblivion, as the thing
Which never was ; ne ever with regard
Their names shall of the later age be heard,
But shall in rusty darkness ever lie,
Unless they mentioned be with infamy.

" What booteth it to have been rich alive ?
What to be great ? what to be gracious ?
When after death no token doth survive
Of former being in this mortal house,
But sleeps in dust dead and inglorious,
Like beast, whose breath but in his nostrils is,
And hath no hope of happiness or bliss.

"How many great ones may remembered be,
Which in their days most famously did flourish;
Of whom no word we hear, nor sign now see,
But as things wiped out with a sponge do perish,
Because they living cared not to cherish
No gentle wits, through pride or covetize,
Which might their names for ever memorize.

"Provide therefore, ye princes, whilst ye live,
That of the Muses ye may friended be,
Which unto men eternity do give;
For they be daughters of dame Memory
And Jove, the father of Eternity,
And do those men in golden thrones repose,
Whose merits they to glorify do chose.

"The seven-fold iron gates of grisly hell,
And horrid house of sad Proserpina,
They able are with power of mighty spell
To break, and thence the souls to bring away
Out of dread darkness to eternal day,
And them immortal make which else would die
In foul forgetfulness, and nameless lie.

"So whilome raised they the puissant brood
Of golden-girt Alcmena, for great merit,
Out of the dust, to which the Oetæan wood
Had him consumed, and spent his vital spirit,
To highest heaven, where now he doth inherit
All happiness in Hebe's silver bower,
Chosen to be her dearest paramour.

"So raised they eke fair Leda's warlike twins,
And interchanged life unto them lent,
That, when the one dies the other then begins
To show in heaven his brightness orient;
And they, for pity of the sad wayment,ⁿ
Which Orpheus for Eurydice did make,
Her back again to life sent for his sake.

"For deeds do die, however nobly done,
And thoughts of men do as themselves decay:
But wise words taught in numbers for to run,

ⁿ Lament.

Recorded by the Muses, live for aye;
 Ne may with storming showers be washed away,
 Ne bitter-breathing winds with harmful blast,
 Nor age, nor envy, shall them ever wast.

“ In vain do earthly princes, then, in vain,
 Seek with pyramides, to heaven aspired;
 Or huge colosses, built with costly pain;
 Or brazen pillars, never to be fired;
 Or shrines, made of the metal most desired;
 To make their memories for ever live:
 For how can mortal immortality give?

“ Such one Mausolus made, the world’s great wonder.
 But now no remnant doth thereof remain:
 Such one Marcellus, but was torn with thunder:
 Such one Lysippus, but is worn with rain:
 Such one King Edmond, but was rent for gain.
 All such vain monuments of earthly mass,
 Devoured of Time, in time to nought do pass.

“ But Fame with golden wings aloft doth fly,
 Above the reach of ruinous decay,
 And with brave plumes doth beat the azure sky,
 Admired of base-born men from far away:
 Then whoso will with virtuous deeds assay
 To mount to heaven, on Pegasus must ride,
 And with sweet poet’s verse be glorified.

“ For not to have been dipped in Lethe lake
 Could save the son of Thetis from to die;
 But that blind bard did him immortal make
 With verses dipped in dew of Castalie:
 Which made the Eastern conqueror to cry,
 O fortunate young-man! whose virtue found
 So brave a trump thy noble acts to sound.”

After this noble burst follows a remarkable passage. Sir Francis Walsingham, who had recently died (6th April, 1590), having been noticed under the designation of “ Good Melibae,” it is added that since his decease learning lay unregarded and men of arms wandered unrewarded,—and then the strain goes on:—

“ Those two be those two great calamities,
 That long ago did grieve the noble sprite

Of Salomon with great indignities ;
 Who whilome was alive the wisest wight.
 But now his wisdom is disproved quite ;
 For he, that now welds all things at his will,
 Scorns the one and the other in his deeper skill.

“ O grief of griefs ! O gall of all good hearts !
 To see that virtue should despised be
 Of him, that first was raised for virtuous parts,
 And now, broad spreading like an aged tree,
 Lets none shoot up that nigh him planted be :
 O let the man, of whom the Muse is scorned,
 Nor alive nor dead be of the Muse adorned ! ”

These indignant and bitter lines have always been understood to be pointed at Burghley ; and indeed the reference seems too direct to admit of doubt. The tradition is that Burghley had stepped between the poet and the queen's bounty by exclaiming, when Elizabeth ordered him a hundred pounds as an expression of her admiration of some verses which he had presented, “ What, all this for a song ? ” and also that he for some time exerted his influence to prevent Spenser getting the pension of fifty pounds a year, which was at last conferred upon him in 1591. This story, which had not previously been traced beyond Fuller's *Worthies*, a work published after the Restoration, has lately been confirmed by a notice in a record almost of Spenser's own day ;* and it has no inherent improbability. At all events, it is quite evident that the poet considered himself to have been in some way or other unhandsomely and unjustly treated by Elizabeth's great minister at the time when the present piece was composed, which, it may be remarked, would be just the time to which the common anecdote must be understood to refer—the time immediately preceding the grant of his pension. Mr. Todd conceives that all the offence Burghley had given was probably the contempt

* See Mr. Collier's account, in his *History of Dramatic Poetry*, Vol. I. pp. 320, &c., of the very curious *Diary of a Barrister*, extending from January 1601 to April 1603, which he discovered among the Harleian MSS.

or slight regard he had shown for the Fairy Queen, the first three Books of which had in all likelihood been published shortly before the present poem was written.

Having ended her piteous plaint, the woman, with doleful shrieks, vanished away. The poet muses for some time, lost in terror and pity : at last a succession of strange sights, "like tragic pageants," passes before his eyes. The sixth and last of these, which seems to allude to Leicester and his brother, although the commentators neither explain nor notice the reference, is thus described :—

I saw two bears, as white as any milk,
Lying together in a mighty cave,
Of mild aspect, and hair as soft as silk,
That salvage nature seemed not to have,
Nor after greedy spoil of blood to crave :
Two fairer beasts might not elsewhere be found,
Although the compassed world were sought around.
But what can long abide above this ground
In state of bliss, or stedfast happiness ?
The cave, in which these bears lay sleeping sound,
Was but of earth, and with her weightiness
Upon them fell, and did unwares oppress ;
That, for great sorrow of their sudden fate,
Henceforth all world's felicity I hate.

He then proceeds :—

Much was I troubled in my heavy sprite,
At sight of these sad spectacles forepast,
That all my senses were bereaved quite,
And I in mind remained sore aghast,
Distraught twixt fear and pity ; when at last
I heard a voice, which loudly to me called,
That with the sudden shrill I was appalled.

Behold, said it, and by ensample see,
That all is vanity and grief of mind,
Ne other comfort in this world can be,
But hope of heaven, and heart to God inclined ;
For all the rest must needs be left behind :
With that it bade me to the other side
To cast mine eye, where other sights I spied.

Upon that famous river's further shore,
There stood a snowy swan of heavenly hue,
And gentle kind, as ever fowl afore ;
A fairer one in all the goodly crew
Of white Strymonian brood might no man view :
There he most sweetly sung the prophecy
Of his own death in doleful elegy.
At last, when all his mourning melody
He ended had, that both the shores resounded,
Feeling the fit that him forewarned to die,
With lofty flight above the earth he bounded,
And out of sight to highest heaven mounted,
Where now he is become an heavenly sign ;
There now the joy is his, here sorrow mine.

Whilst thus I looked, lo ! adown the lee
I saw an harp strung all with silver twine,
And made of gold and costly ivory,
Swimming, that whilome seemed to have been
The harp on which Dan Orpheus was seen
Wild beasts and forests after him to lead,
But was the harp of Philisides^o now dead.
At length out of the river it was reared,
And borne above the clouds to be divined,
Whilst all the way most heavenly noise was heard
Of the strings, stirred with the warbling wind,
That wrought both joy and sorrow in my mind :
So now in heaven a sign it doth appear,
The Harp well known beside the Northern Bear.

Soon after this I saw on the other side
A curious coffer made of hebon wood,
That in it did most precious treasure hide,
Exceeding all this baser worldes good :
Yet through the overflowing of the flood
It almost drowned was, and done to nought,
That sight thereof much grieved my pensive thought.
At length, when most in peril it was brought,
'Two angels, down descending with swift flight,
Out of the swelling stream it lightly caught,
And twixt their blessed armes carried quite
Above the reach of any living sight :

So now it is transformed into that star,
In which all heavenly treasures locked are.

Looking aside I saw a stately bed,
Adorned all with costly cloth of gold,
That might for any prince's couch be read,
And decked with dainty flowers, as if it shold
Be for some bride, her joyous night to hold :
Therein a goodly virgin sleeping lay ;
A fairer wight saw never summer's day.
I heard a voice that called far away,
And her awaking bade her quickly dight,
For lo ! her bridegroom was in ready ray
To come to her, and seek her love's delight :
With that she started up with cheerful sight,
When suddenly both bed and all was gone,
And I in languor left there all alone.

Still as I gazed, I beheld where stood
A knight all armed, upon a winged steed,
The same that was bred of Medusa's blood,
On which Dan Perseus, born of heavenly seed
The fair Andromeda from peril freed :
Full mortally this knight ywounded was,
That streams of blood forth flowed on the grass :
Yet was he decked (small joy to him, alas !)
With many garlands for his victories,
And with rich spoils, which late he did purchas
Through brave achievements from his enemies :
Fainting at last through long infirmities,
He smote his steed, that straight to heaven him bore,
And left me here his loss for to deplore.

Lastly I saw an ark of purest gold
Upon a brazen pillar standing high,
Which the ashes seemed of some great prince to hold,
Enclosed therein for endless memory
Of him, whom all the world did glorify :
Seemed the heavens with the earth did disagree,
Whether should of those ashes keeper be.
At last me seemed wing-footed Mercury,
From heaven descending to appease their strife,
The ark did bear with him above the sky,
And to those ashes gave a second life,
To live in heaven, where happiness is rife.

At which the earth did grieve exceedingly,
And I for dole was almost like to die.

The poem concludes with two stanzas by way of *L'Envoi*.

2. *The Tears of the Muses*.—This piece is dedicated to Lady Strange in a short prose address, which we have already had occasion to notice.* It is, we have no doubt, full of allusions to the personages and literary history of the time, all of which, however, with the exception of one which has been forced upon their attention, the modern editors of the poet's works have passed over in profound silence. We shall not be expected to attempt to supply that deficiency in such an undertaking as the present. But one remark we would make. We cannot believe the poem to have been one of Spenser's earlier productions—a work of the year 1580, or thereabout, as Mr. Todd would make it for reasons which he professes to assign, but in which it is difficult to discern any thing like a reason, unless it be one that such a supposition is required for the argument in support of which he resorts to it. Although it is inferior in poetical beauty to the *Ruins of Time*, its style and manner are still those of that poem and of the *Fairy Queen*, not of the *Shepherd's Calendar*. It was probably written about the same time with the *Ruins of Time*, that is to say, during his visit to England, in the year 1590.

It begins,

Rehearse to me, ye sacred Sisters Nine,
The golden brood of great Apollo's wit,
Those piteous plaints, and sorrowful sad tine,
Which late ye poured forth as ye did sit
Beside the silver springs of Helicon,
Making your music of heartbreaking moan.

The request having been enforced at due length, Clio (the Muse of History),—"elder sister of the crew,"—first speaks, or sings, in the following strain:—

* Vol. I. p. 9.

Hear thou great father of the gods on high,
That most art dreaded for thy thunder darts;
And thou our sire, that reign'st in Castalie
And Mount Parnasse, the god of goodly arts:
Hear, and behold the miserable state
Of us thy daughters, doleful desolate.

Behold the foul reproach and open shame,
The which is day by day unto us wrought
By such as hate the honour of our name,
The foes of learning and each gentle thought;
They, not contented us themselves to scorn,
Do seek to make us of the world forlorn.

Ne only they that dwell in lowly dust,
The sons of darkness and of ignorance;
But they, whom thou, great Jove, by doom unjust
Didst to the type of honour erst advance;
They now, puffed up with sdainful insolence,
Despise the brood of blessed sapience.

The sectaries of my celestial skill,
That wont to be the world's chief ornament,
And learned imps that wont to shoot up still,
And grow to height of kingdom's government,
They underkeep, and with their spreading arms
Do beat their buds, that perish through their harms.

It most behoves the honourable race
Of mighty peers true wisdom to sustain,
And with their noble countenance to grace
The learned foreheads, without gifts or gain:
Or rather learn'd themselves behoves to be;
That is the girland of nobility.

But ah! all otherwise they do esteem
Of the heavenly gift of wisdom's influence,
And to be learned it a base thing deem;
Base-minded they that want intelligence;
For God himself for wisdom most is praised,
And men to God thereby are nighest raised.

But they do only strive themselves to raise
Through pompous pride, and foolish vanity;
In the eyes of people they put all their praise,
And only boast of arms and ancestry:

But virtuous deeds, which did those arms first give
To their grandsires, they care not to achieve.

So I, that do all noble feats profess
To register, and sound in trump of gold ;¹
Through their bad doings, or base slothfulness,
Find nothing worthy to be writ, or told :
For better far it were to hide their names,
Than telling them to blazon out their blames.

So shall succeeding ages have no light
Of things forepast, nor monuments of time ;
And all that in this world is worthy high
Shall die in darkness, and lie hid in slime !
Therefore I mourn with deep heart's sorrowing,
Because I nothing noble have to sing.

With these words, we are told, Clio

——— rained such store of streaming tears,
That could have made a stony heart to weep,
And all her sisters rent their golden hairs.

Then the next in order takes up the song of sorrow—
Melpomene (the Muse of Tragedy). Thalia (the Muse
of Comedy) follows. Two things are clear; the first
(which is admitted on all hands), that in what she
is made to utter some particular writer is indicated
by the name, “our pleasant Willy;” the second, that
this writer must have been a comic dramatist. This
last consideration, which would not have escaped any one
reading the whole poem, in which what is put into the
mouth of each muse is distinctly appropriate to her par-
ticular character and the art or science over which she
specially presides, has scarcely been sufficiently attended
to even by the adherents of that interpretation of the
passage which it tends to support. Certainly, at least, it
is decisive against Mr. Todd's notion that “our pleasant
Willy” is Sir Philip Sidney, who could not by any pos-
sibility have been selected as the most distinguished
comic writer of the age. And no other name of sufficient
eminence has been suggested, except that which has be-
come the greatest of all names both in comedy and in
tragedy. It can scarcely, we think, be doubted that “our

pleasant Willy"—"the man whom Nature self had made to mock herself"—was William Shakspeare; and that some temporary cessation of that inimitable pen from which already "large streams of honey and sweet nectar" flowed, is what is alluded to when it is said first that he "is dead of late," and afterwards that his gentle spirit "doth rather choose to sit in idle cell."*

Thalia's lament is as follows:—

Where be the sweet delights of Learning's treasure
That wont with comic sock to beautify
The painted theatres, and fill with pleasure
The listener's eyes and ears with melody;
In which I late was wont to reign as queen,
And mask in mirth with graces well beseen?

O! all is gone; and all that goodly glee,
Which wont to be the glory of gay wits,
Is laid abed, and no where now to see;
And in her room unseemly Sorrow sits,
With hollow brows and grisly countenance,
Marring my joyous gentle dalliance.

And him beside sits ugly Barbarism,
And brutish Ignorance, yclept of late
Out of dread darkness of the deep abysm,
Where being bred, he light and heaven does hate:
They in the minds of men now tyrannise,
And the fair scene with rudeness foul disguise.

All places they with Folly have possest,
And with vain toys the vulgar entertain;
But me have banished, with all the rest
That whilome wont to wait upon my train,
Fine Counterfeisance, and unhurtful Sport,
Delight and Laughter, decked in seemly sort.

All these, and all that else the comic stage
With seasoned wit and goodly pleasance graced,
By which man's life in his likest image
Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced;

* See the same view supported by many other cogent considerations, and by an exposition which throws much light upon the passage about to be quoted from Spenser's poem, in Mr. Knight's 'William Shakspeare, a Biography,' pp. 344-348.

And those sweet wits, which wont the like to frame,
Are now despised, and made a laughing game.

And he, the man whom Nature self had made
To mock herself, and truth to imitate,
With kindly counter under mimic shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late:
With whom all joy and jolly merriment
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.

Instead thereof scoffing Scurrility,
And scornful Folly with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in rhymes of shameless ribaldry
Without regard, or due decorum kept;
Each idle wit at will presumes to make,^p
And doth the learned's task upon him take.

But that same gentle spirit, from whose pen
Large streams of honey and sweet nectar flow,
Scorning the boldness of such base-born men,
Which dare their follies forth so rashly throw;
Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell,
Than so himself to Mockery to sell.

Then Euterpe (who presided over Music); Terpsichore (the Muse of Dancing); Erato (the Muse of Amorous Poetry); Calliope (the Muse of Eloquence); Urania (the Muse of Astronomic Science); Polyhymnia (the Muse of Harmony); successively come forward.

3. *Virgil's Gnat*.—This, which is described as "long since dedicated to the Most Noble and Excellent Lord, the Earl of Leicester, late deceased," is a translation of the Latin poem called *Culex* attributed to Virgil. The story or scheme of the *Culex* is very simple. A shepherd has fallen asleep in the open air; a serpent is on the point of dashing at him, when he is suddenly awakened by a gnat stinging him in the eyelid; in his pain he crushes the gnat to death, but he is enabled also to beat off and destroy the serpent; in the following night the gnat, appearing to him in a dream, reproaches him with the ungrateful return he had made to his deliverer; and the

^p To write poetry.

poem ends by his erecting a tomb or monument to the little animal in expression of his sorrow and regard. Upon this slight frame the writer has worked a profusion of very florid embroidery—or rather, as some think, it has been made to serve as a ground for fanciful embellishments of all kinds by a succession of versifiers. Virgil had probably very little, if any thing, to do with it. The text has come down to us in the most corrupt state, and in many places is entirely unintelligible. As for Spenser's performance, it is not a close version of the Latin, but neither is it licentiously paraphrastic; in the interpretation of such an original he has of necessity taken considerable liberties, and the correctness of many of his renderings may be disputed; but, viewed as an English poem, what he has produced is in the highest degree ingenious and admirable. It may take its place by the side of Shelley's translation of the Homeric Hymn to Mercury.

The Dedication to Leicester is as follows:—

Wronged, yet not daring to express my pain,
To you, great lord, the causer of my care,
In cloudy tears my case I thus complain
Unto yourself, that only privy are.

But if that any Œdipus unware
Shall chance, through power of some divining sprite,
To read the secret of this riddle rare,
And know the purport of my evil plight;
Let him rest pleased with his own insight,
Ne further seek to gloss upon the text:
For grief enough it is to grieved wight
To feel his fault, and not be further vexed.

But whatso by myself may not be shown,
May by this Gnat's complaint be easily known.

This is an enigma of which no satisfactory solution has been, or, perhaps, is likely to be, given. Upton conjectures that the wrong of which the poet means to complain may have been the Earl's displeasure "owing to some officious sedulity in Spenser, who much desired to see his patron married to the Queen of England." Mr. Todd, the editor of the standard edition of Spenser's

works, has, as usual, very little to say; but he observes that "possibly the Earl's displeasure might have been excited in consequence of Spenser's pleading in behalf of Archbishop Grindal, who is believed to have incurred the earl's enmity on account of his determination to prosecute an Italian physician, whom Leicester wished to protect, as a bigamist." The reader must be left to content himself with either, or neither, of these explanations, as he pleases. As for the date of the poem, all that can be said is, that it must be placed somewhere between 1580 and 1588; but, from the character of the style, we should be inclined to consider it as a later composition than *The Shepherd's Calendar* by some years.

The aspect and advance of the serpent are thus powerfully painted :—

He, passing by with rolling wreathed pace,
With brandished tongue the empty air did gride,
And wrapped his scaly boughts with fell despite,
That all things seemed appalled at his sight.

Now, more and more having himself enrolled,
His glittering breast he lifteth up on high,
And with proud vaunt his head aloft doth hold;
His crest above, spotted with purple dye,
On every side did shine like scaly gold;
And his bright eyes, glancing full dreadfully,
Did seem to flame out flakes of flashing fire,
And with stern looks to threaten kindled ire.

Thus wise^a long time he did himself dispace
There round about, whenas at last he spied,
Lying along before him in that place,
That flock's grand captain and most trusty guide;
Eftsoons more fierce in visage, and in pace,
Throwing his fiery eyes on every side,
He cometh on, and all things in his way
Full sternly reads that might his passage stay.

Much he disdains, that any one should dare
To come unto his haunt; for which intent
He inly burns, and gins straight to prepare
The weapons which nature to him hath lent;

^a In this wise.

Felly he hisseth, and doth fiercely stare,
 And hath his jaws with angry spirits rent,
 That all his tract with bloody drops is stained,
 And all his folds are now in length outstrained.

The address of the Gnat to the Shepherd in his dream forms the principal part of the poem, and is in fact a very detailed description of the infernal regions. Here is the graceful close of the poem, the account of the manner in which the Shepherd adorned with all sweet and beautiful things "the tomb of smoothest marble stone," which he erected to his preserver on a "little mount of green turfs edified," by the side of the same river where he had been saved and the Gnat had perished:—

And round about he taught sweet flowers to grow;
 The Rose ingrained in pure scarlet dye;
 The Lily fresh; and Violet below;
 The Marigold; and cheerful Rosemary;
 The Spartan Myrtle, whence sweet gum does flow;
 The purple Hyacinth; and fresh Costmary;
 And Saffron, sought for in Cilician soil;
 And Laurel, the ornament of Phæbus' toil:

Fresh Rhododaphne; and the Sabine flower,
 Matching the wealth of the ancient Frankincense;
 And pallid Ivy, building his own bower;
 And Box, yet mindful of his old offence;
 Red Amaranthus, luckless paramour;
 Oxeye still green; and bitter Patince;
 Ne wants there pale Narcissè, that, in a well
 Seeing his beauty, in love with it fell.

And whatsoever other flower of worth,
 And whatso other herb of lovely hue,
 The joyous Spring out of the ground brings forth,
 To clothe herself in colours fresh and new,
 He planted there; and reared a mount of earth,
 In whose high front was writ as doth ensue:

*To thee, small Gnat, in lieu of his life saved,
 The Shepherd hath thy death's record engraved.*

4. *Prosopopoia; or Mother Hubbard's Tale.*—This remarkable poem is dedicated, as has been already mentioned, to the Lady Compton and Monteagle, who as

well as Lady Strange, was a daughter of Sir John Spenser. To this lady Spenser professes to make a simple present of these his idle labours; "which," he says, "having long sithens composed in the raw conceit of my youth, I lately amongst other papers lighted upon, and was by others, which liked the same, moved to set them forth." "Simple," he adds, "is the device, and the composition mean, yet carrieth some delight, even the rather because of the simplicity and meanness thus personated." We are never bound to take a poet's statement *au pied de lettre*. The present poem may probably have been composed for the greater part not long after the publication of the Shepherd's Calendar; but there can be little doubt that several passages in it are insertions of much later date. And it may very possibly have undergone a general revision immediately before being sent to the press. It is throughout an admirable imitation of Chaucer in his quieter or more familiar manner; there is indeed nothing else nearly so truly Chaucerian in our later English poetry.

Lying ill of a malady produced by the heats of mid-summer, the poet is visited by some friends, who, says he,

Began to comfort me in cheerful wise,
 And means of gladsome solace to devise.
 But seeing kindly sleep refuse to do
 His office, and my feeble eyes forego,
 They sought my troubled sense how to deceive
 With talk, that might unquiet fancies reave;
 And, sitting all in seats about me round,
 With pleasant tales (fit for that idle stound)^r
 They cast in course to waste the weary hours:
 Some told of ladies, and their paramours;
 Some of brave knights, and their renowned squires;
 Some of the fairies and their strange attires;
 And some of giants, hard to be believed;
 That the delight thereof me much relieved.
 Amongst the rest a good old woman was,
 Hight Mother Hubbard, who did far surpass

^r Time, season.

The rest in honest mirth, that seemed her well ;
 She, when her turn was come her tale to tell,
 Told of a strange adventure, that betided
 Betwixt the Fox and the Ape by him misguided ;
 The which for that my sense it greatly pleased,
 All were my spirit heavy and diseased,
 I'll write in terms, as she the same did say,
 So well as I her words remember may.
 No muse's aid me needs hereto to call ;
 Base is the style, and matter mean withal.

Then follows the Tale. Once long ago a Fox and an Ape, disliking the condition in which they found themselves, determined to set out upon their travels in quest of better fortune. The scheme is proposed by the Fox, who also suggests how it should be gone about ; he will disguise himself, he says, in some strange habit, like a pilgrim or a limiter (that is a friar licensed to beg within a certain district), a gypsy or a juggler, and so wander to the world's end :

Wide is the world, I wot, and every street
 Is full of fortunes, and adventures strange,
 Continually subject unto change.

The Ape readily agrees to bear him company ; and they resolve to begin their journey by daybreak the next morning. When they meet again, however, the Ape, who had been thinking over the matter in the best way he could with his modicum of brain, has a question or two to put. Tell me, Sir Reynold, he says, whether you think it will be best for us to take up some particular trade or profession, or shall we vary our device according to circumstances ? Do you intend that we shall be always on the move, or that we shall keep to some one place and service for a number of years ?

"Now surely brother," said the Fox anon,
 "Ye have this matter motioned in season :
 For everything that is begun with reason
 Will come by ready means unto his end ;
 But things miscounselled must needs miswend.
 Thus therefore I advise upon the case,
 That not to any certain trade or place,

Nor any man, we should ourselves apply ;
For why should he that is at liberty
Make himself bond ? Sith then we are free born,
Let us all servile base subjection scorn ;
And, as we be sons of the world so wide,
Let us our fathers' heritage divide,
And challenge to ourselves our portions due
Of all the patrimony, which a few
Now hold in huggermugger in their hand,
And all the rest do rob of good and land.
For now a few have all, and all have nought,
Yet all be brethren ylike dearly bought :
There is no right in this partition,
Ne was it so by institution
Ordaigned first, ne by the law of nature,
But that she gave like blessing to each creature
As well of worldly livelode as of life,
That there might be no difference nor strife,
Nor ought called mine or thine : thrice happy then
Was the condition of mortal men.
That was the golden age of Saturn old,
But this might better be the world of gold :
For without gold now nothing will be got.
Therefore, if please you, this shall be our plot :
We will not be of any occupation ;
Let such vile vassals born to base vocation
Drudge in the world, and for their living droil,*
Which have no wit to live withouten toil ;
But we will walk about the world at pleasure
Like two free men, and make our ease a treasure.
Free men some beggars call, but they be free ;
And they which call them so more beggars be ;
For they do swink ' and sweat to feed the other,
Who live like lords of that which they do gather,
And yet do never thank them for the same,
But as their due by nature do it claim.
Such will we fashion both ourselves to be,
Lords of the world ; and so will wander free.
Whereso us listeth, uncontrolled of any ;
Hard is our hap, if we, amongst so many,
Light not on some that may our state amend ;
Seldom but some good cometh ere the end."

* Work sluggishly.

: Labour.

The Ape approves of the begging plan, after his customary pause of meditation, but still thinks some contrivance ought to be fallen upon to prevent the danger they would incur of being taken up for rogues and vagabonds.

“Right well, dear gossip, ye advised have,”
Said then the Fox, “but I this doubt will save:
For, ere we farther pass, I will devise
A passport for us both in fittest wise,
And by the names of soldiers us protect;
That now is thought a civil begging sect.
Be you the soldier; for you likest are
For manly semblance, and small skill in war:
I will but wait on you, and, as occasion
Falls out, myself fit for the same will fashion.”

The passport ended, both they forward went;
The Ape clad soldierlike, fit for the intent,
In a blue jacket with a cross of red
And many slits, as if that he had shed
Much blood through many wounds therein received,
Which had the use of his right arm bereaved;
Upon his head an old Scotch cap he wore,
With a plume feather all to pieces tore:
His breeches were made after the new cut,
All Portuguese, loose like an empty gut;
And his hose broken high above the heeling,
And his shoes beaten out with travelling.
But neither sword nor dagger he did bear;
Seems that no foes revengement he did fear;
Instead of them a handsome bat he held,
On which he leaned, as one far in eld.
Shame light on him, that through so false illusion,
Doth turn the name of soldiers to abusion,
And that, which is the noblest mystery,
Brings to reproach and common infamy!

They travelled long without meeting with any adventures. At last they encountered a husbandman, or small farmer, who after some talk agreed to take the Ape into his service to keep his sheep, the Fox serving as shepherd's dog. In this employment the two confederates killed and devoured all the lambs as soon as they were dropped—“and when lambs failed the old sheep's lives

they rest ;” so that, when it came to the time that they had to give an account of the flock, they had nothing for it but to make off with themselves under cloud of night, after a last indiscriminate slaughter and filling themselves as full as they could hold. After this they continued their wandering begging life for a long while, cheating numbers of other persons, till at last they grew to be known by everybody, and it became indispensably necessary that they should take to some other way of living. The Fox now got him a gown and the Ape a cassock “sidelong hanging down,” and they set up for clerks or priests. After many other adventures, not related, they met a professional brother belonging to the class of formal priests, who, upon their asking his alms for God’s dear love, flew in a passion, and demanded what license or pass they had for following the vile trade of beggary. Upon this they showed him a copy of the Scriptures ;

Which when the priest beheld, he viewed it near,
As if therein some text he studying were,
But little else, God wot, could thereof skill :
For read he could not evidence, nor will,
Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter,
Ne make one title worse, ne make one better :
Of such deep learning little had he need,
Ne yet of Latin, ne of Greek, that breed
Doubts mongst divines, and difference of texts,
From whence arise diversity of sects,
And hateful heresies, of God abhorred :
But this good sir did follow the plain word,
Ne meddled with their controversies vain ;
All his care was, his service well to sayn,
And to read homilies upon holidays :
When that was done, he might attend his plays ;
An easy life, and fit High God to please.

A conversation, however, ensued between the parties, from which our two friends received much useful light upon the true way of proceeding in their new profession.

“ Ah ! but,” said the Ape, “ the charge is wondrous great,
To feed men’s souls, and hath an heavy threat.”

“ To feed men’s souls,” quoth he, “ is not in man :
For they must feed themselves, do what we can.”

We are but charged to lay the meat before :
 Eat they that list, we need to do no more.
 But God it is that feeds them with his grace,
 The bread of life poured down from heavenly place.
 Therefore said he, that with the budding rod
 Did rule the Jews, *All shall be taught of God.*
 That same hath Jesus Christ now to him raught,
 By whom the flock is rightly fed and taught :
 He is the shepherd, and the priest is he ;
 We but his shepherd swains ordained to be.
 Therefore herewith do not yourself dismay ;
 Ne is the pain so great, but bear ye may :
 For not so great, as it was wont of yore,
 It's now-a-days, ne half so strait and sore :
 They whilome used duly every day
 Their service and their holy things to say,
 At morn and even, besides their anthems sweet,
 Their penny masses, and their complines ^u meet,
 Their diriges, their trentals, and their shrifts,
 Their memories, their singings, and their gifts.
 Now all those needless works are laid away ;
 Now once a week, upon the Sabbath day
 It is enough to do our small devotion,
 And then to follow any merry motion.
 Ne are we tied too fast, but when we list,
 Ne to wear garments base of woollen twist,
 But with the finest silks us to array,
 That before God we may appear more gay,
 Resembling Aaron's glory in his place :
 For far unfit it is, that person base
 Should with vile clothes approach God's Majesty,
 Whom no uncleanness may approachen nigh ;
 Or that all men, which any master serve,
 Good garments for their service should deserve,
 But he that serves the Lord of Hosts Most High,
 And that in highest place to approach him nigh,
 And all the people's prayers to present
 Before his throne, as on ambassage sent
 Both to and fro, should not deserve to wear
 A garment better than of wool or hair.
 Beside, we may have lying by our sides
 Our lovely lasses, or bright shining brides ;

^u Even-song.

We be not tied to wilful chastity,
But have the gospel of free liberty."

By that he ended had his ghostly sermon
The Fox was well induced to be a parson ;
And of the priest eftsoons gan to inquire,
How to a benefice he might aspire.
"Marry, there," said the priest, "is art indeed :
Much good deep learning one thereout may read ;
For that the groundwork is, and end of all,
How to obtain a beneficial.
First, therefore, when ye have in handsome wise
Yourself attired, as you can devise,
Then to some nobleman yourself apply,
Or other great one in the worldes eye,
That hath a zealous disposition
To God, and so to his religion :
There must thou fashion eke a godly zeal,
Such as no carpers may contraire reveal :
For each thing feigned ought more wary be.
There thou must walk in sober gravity,
And seem as saintlike as Saint Radegund :
Fast much, pray oft, look lowly on the ground,
And unto every one do courtsy meek :
These looks (nought saying) do a benefice seek ;
And be thou sure one not to lack ere long.
But if thou list unto the court to throng,
And there to hunt after the hoped prey,
Then must thou thee dispose another way
For there thou needs must learn to laugh, to lie,
To face, to forge, to scoff, to company,
To crouch, to please, to be a beetle-stock
Of thy great master's will, to scorn or mock :
So mayst thou chance mock out a benefice,
Unless thou canst one conjure by device,
Or cast a figure for a bishopric ;
And, if one could, it were but a school trick.
These be the ways, by which without reward
Livings in court be gotten, though full hard."

The Ape and Fox profited so well by the priest's wholesome counsel that they very soon procured a benefice betwixt them, Reynold being ordained priest, and the Ape being appointed his parish-clerk. "Then made they

revel rout and goodly glee." Their misdeeds, however, in no long time compelled them once more to take a hasty nocturnal leave. After long wandering in fields and forests, and getting very thin and weak upon spare or no diet, they one day met the Mule very gaily arrayed, and were by him advised to try their fortune at court.

"From royal court I lately came," said he,
"Where all the bravery that eye may see,
And all the happiness that heart desire,
Is to be found; he nothing can admire,
That hath not seen that heaven's portraiture:
But tidings there is none I you assure,
Save that which common is, and known to all,
That courtiers as the tide do rise and fall."
"But tell us," said the ape, "we do you pray,
Who now in court doth bear the greatest sway:
That, if such fortune do to us befall,
We may seek favour of the best of all."
"Marry," said he, "the highest now in grace
Be the wild beasts, that swiftest are in chase;
For in their speedy course and nimble flight,
The Lion now doth take the most delight;
But chiefly joys on foot them to behold,
Enchased with chain and circulet of gold:
So wild a beast so tame ytaught to be,
And buxom to his bands, is joy to see;
So well his golden circlet him beseemeth;
But his late chain his liege unmeet esteemeth,
For so brave beasts she loveth best to see
In the wild forest ranging fresh and free.
Therefore if fortune thee in court to live,
In case thou ever there wilt hope to thrive,
To some of these thou must thyself apply;
Else, as a thistle-down in the air doth fly,
So vainly shalt thou to and fro be tossed,
And lose thy labour and thy fruitless cost.
And yet full few which follow them I see
For virtue's bare regard advanced be,
But either for some gainful benefit,
Or that they may for their own turns be fit.
Nathless perhaps ye things may handle so,
That ye may better thrive than thousands moe."

"But," said the Ape, "how shall we first come in,
That after we may favour seek to win?"

"How else," said he, "but with a good bold face,
And with big words, and with a stately pace,
That men may think of you in general
That to be in you, which is not at all:
For not by that which is, the world now deemeth,
(As it was wont) but by that same that seemeth.
Ne do I doubt but that ye well can fashion
Yourselves thereto, according to occasion:
So fare ye well, good courtiers may ye be!"
So, proudly neighing, from them parted he.

They shifted so well that the Ape soon got himself
clothed like a gentleman; and, the Fox accompanying
him as his groom, to the court they went;

Where the fond Ape, himself uprearing high
Upon his tiptoes, stalketh stately by,
As if he were some great magnifico,
And boldly doth amongst the boldest go;
And his man Reynold, with fine counterfeisance,[▼]
Supports his credit and his countenance.
Then gan the courtiers gaze on every side,
And stare on him, with big looks basen-wide,[▼]
Wondering what mister wight he was, and whence:
For he was clad in strange accoutrements,
Fashioned with quaint devices never seen
In court before, yet there all fashions been;
Yet he them in newfangleness did pass:
But his behaviour altogether was
Alla Turchesca, much the more admired;
And his looks lofty, as if he aspired
To dignity, and sdained the low degree;
That all which did such strangeness in him see
By secret means gan of his state inquire,
And privily his servant thereto hire:
Who, throughly armed against such coverture,
Reported unto all, that he was sure
A noble gentleman of high regard,
Which through the world had with long travel fared,
And seen the manners of all beasts on ground;
Now here arrived, to see if like he found.

▼ Counterfeiting.

▼ Extended with wonder.

Then follows the passage containing the famous panegyric on "the brave courtier," understood to be designed for Sir Philip Sidney:—

Thus did the Ape at first him credit gain,
Which afterwards he wisely did maintain
With gallant show, and daily more augment
Through his fine feats and courtly compliment;
For he could play, and dance, and vault, and spring,
And all that else pertains to revelling,
Only through kindly aptness of his joints.
Besides he could do many other points,
The which in court him served to good stead:
For he mongst ladies could their fortunes read
Out of their hands, and merry leasings tell,
And juggle finely, that became him well;
But he so light was at legierdemain,
That what he touched came not to light again;
Yet would he laugh it out, and proudly look,
And tell them, that they greatly him mistook.
So would he scoff them out with mockery,
For he therein had great felicity;
And with sharp quips joyed others to deface,
Thinking that their disgracing did him grace:
So, whilst that other like vain wits he pleased,
And made to laugh, his heart was greatly eased.
But the right gentle mind would bite his lip,
To hear the javel^x so good men to nip:
For, though the vulgar yield an open ear,
And common courtiers love to jibe and fear
At everything, which they hear spoken ill,
And the best speeches with ill meaning spill;
Yet the brave courtier, in whose beauteous thought
Regard of honour harbours more than ought,
Doth loathe such base condition to backbite
Any's good name for envy or despite:
He stands on terms of honourable mind,
Ne will be carried with the common wind
Of courts' inconstant mutability,
Ne after every tattling fable fly;

^x Slanderer.

But hears, and sees, the follies of the rest,
And thereof gathers for himself the best :
He will not creep, nor crouch with feigned face,
But walks upright with comely stedfast pace,
And unto all doth yield due courtesy ;
But not with kissed hand below the knee,
As that same apish crew is wont to do :
For he disdains himself to embase thereto.
He hates foul leasings and vile flattery,
Two filthy blots in noble gentery ;
And lothful idleness he doth detest,
The canker-worm of every gentle breast ;
The which to banish with fair exercise
Of knightly feats, he daily doth devise :
Now managing the mouths of stubborn steeds,
Now practising the proof of warlike deeds,
Now his bright arms assaying, now his spear,
Now the nigh-aimed ring away to bear ;
At other times he casts to sue^r the chase
Of swift wild beasts, or run on foot a race
To enlarge his breath (large breath in arms most needful)
Or else by wrestling to wex strong and heedful,
Or his stiff arms to stretch with yewen bow,
And manly legs still passing to and fro,
Without a gowned beast him fast beside,
A vain ensample of the Persian pride ;
Who, after he had won the Assyrian foe,
Did ever after scorn on foot to go.
Thus when this courtly gentleman with toil
Himself hath wearied, he doth recoil
Unto his rest, and there with sweet delight
Of music's skill revives his toiled sprite ;
Or else with love's and ladies' gentle sports,
The joy of youth, himself he recomforts ;
Or lastly, when the body list to pause,
His mind unto the muses he withdraws ;
Sweet lady muses, ladies of delight,
Delights of life, and ornaments of light !
With whom he close confers with wise discourse,
Of nature's works, of heaven's continual course,

Of foreign lands, of people different,
 Of kingdoms' change, of divers government,
 Of dreadful battles of renowned knights;
 With which he kindleth his ambitious sprites
 To like desire and praise of noble fame,
 The only upshot whereto he doth aim:
 For all his mind on honour fixed is,
 To which he levels all his purposes,
 And in his prince's service spends his days,
 Not so much for to gain, or for to raise
 Himself to high degree, as for his grace,
 And in his liking to win worthy place,
 Through due deserts and comely carriage,
 In whatso please employ his personage,
 That may be matter meet to gain him praise;
 For he is fit to use in all assays,
 Whether for arms and warlike amenance,²
 Or else for wise and civil governance.
 For he is practised well in policy,
 And thereto doth his courting most apply:
 To learn the interdeal^a of princes strange,
 To mark the intent of councils, and the change
 Of states, and eke of private men sometime,
 Supplanted by fine falsehood and fair guile:
 Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
 To enrich the storehouse of his powerful wit,
 Which, through wise speeches and grave conference,
 He daily ekes, and brings to excellence.

But those whom the Ape chose for his companions were
 persons of another sort—"young lusty gallants," to
 whom he might display

His witless pleasance, and ill-pleasing vain.
 A thousand ways he them could entertain,
 With all the thriftless games that may be found;
 With mumming and with masking all around,
 With dice, with cards, with balliards far unfit,
 With shuttlecocks, misseeming manly wit,
 With courtesans, and costly riotise,
 Whereof still somewhat to his share did rise:

^a Carriage, conduct.

^a Negotiations.

Ne, them to pleasure, would he sometimes scorn
A pander's coat (so basely was he born).
Thereto he could fine loving verses frame,
And play the poet oft. But ah, for shame,
Let not sweet poet's praise, whose only pride
Is virtue to advance, and vice deride,
Be with the work of losel's wit defamed,
Ne let such verses poetry be named ;
Yet he the name on him would rashly take,
Maugre the sacred muses, and it make
A servant to the vile affection
Of such, as he depended most upon :
And with the sugry sweet thereof allure
Chaste ladies' ears to fantasies impure.
To such delights the noble wits he led
Which him relieved, and their vain humours fed
With fruitless follies and unsound delights.
But, if perhaps into their noble sprites
Desire of honour or brave thought of arms
Did ever creep, then with his wicked charms,
And strong conceits, he would it drive away,
Ne suffer it to house there half a day.
And whenso love of letters did inspire
Their gentle wits, and kindle wise desire,
That chiefly doth each noble mind adorn,
Then he would scoff at learning, and eke scorn
The sectaries thereof, as people base
And simple men, which never came in place
Of world's affairs, but, in dark corners mewed,
Muttered of matters as their books them shewed,
Ne other knowledge ever did attain,
But with their gowns their gravity maintain.
From them he would his impudent lewd speech
Against God's holy ministers oft reach,
And mock divines and their profession :
What else then did he by progression,
But mock high God himself, whom they profess ?
But what cared he for God, or godliness ?
All his care was himself how to advance,
And to uphold his courtly countenance
By all the cunning means he could devise ;
Were it by honest ways, or otherwise,
He made small choice : yet sure his honesty
Got him small gains, but shameless flattery

And filthy brokage, and unseemly shifts,
And borrow base, and some good ladies' gifts.

But his best help in all his knavery was the able co-operation of Reynold, who, among many other rascally and profitable practices, used in various ways to deceive the poor suitors that haunted the court, and pillage them on all sorts of pretences.

So pitiful a thing is suitor's state!
Most miserable man, whom wicked fate
Hath brought to court, to sue for had ywist,^b
That few have found, and many one hath missed!
Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried,
What hell it is, in suing long to bide:
To lose good days, that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy prince's grace, yet want her peers';
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run;
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.
Unhappy wight, born to disastrous end,
That doth his life in so long tendance spend!
Whoever leaves sweet home, where mean estate
In safe assurance, without strife or hate,
Finds all things needful for contentment meek;
And will to court for shadows vain to seek,
Or hope to gain, himself will a daw try:^c
That curse God send unto mine enemy!
For none but such, as this bold Ape unblest,
Can ever thrive in that unlucky quest;
Or such as hath a Reynold to his man,
That by his shifts his master furnish can.

Here Spenser must be understood to speak from his own heart and in his own person: the tone of the passage, so

^b An old proverbial expression.

^c This is probably wrong

earnest, so passionate, so fraught with scorn and bitterness, and also the vivid particularity of the detail, will not allow us to doubt that it describes wrongs and humiliations which he had himself undergone.

Spite of his art, however, the Fox was at last found out and banished; upon which the Ape, left to himself, soon found it necessary to follow him. Having met again, they long wandered about together, suffering much want and hardship, till, coming to a forest, they there saw the Lion sleeping in the shade, with his crown and sceptre lying beside him, and his hide doffed for the heat. The Ape would have run away; but the Fox declared that now if ever was the time for them to make their fortunes:—

“Now,” said he, “whiles the lion sleepeth sound,
May we his crown and mace take from the ground,
And eke his skin, the terror of the wood,
Wherewith we may ourselves, if we think good,
Make kings of beasts, and lords of forests all,
Subject unto that power imperial.”

“Ah! but,” said the Ape, “who is so bold a wretch,
That dare his hardy hand to those outstretch;
Whenas he knows his meed, if he be spied,
To be a thousand deaths, and shame beside?”

“Fond Ape!” said then the Fox, “into whose breast
Never crept thought of honour, nor brave gest,
Who will not venture life a king to be,
And rather rule and reign in sovereign see
Than dwell in dust inglorious and base,
Where none shall name the number of his place?
One joyous hour in blissful happiness,
I choose before a life of wretchedness.
Be therefore counselled herein by me,
And shake off this vile-hearted cowardry.
If he awake, yet is not death the next;
For we may colour it with some pretext
Of this, or that, that may excuse the crime:
Else we may fly; thou to a tree may'st climb,
And I creep under ground; both from his reach:
Therefore be ruled to do as I do teach.”

The Ape, that erst did nought but chill and quake,
Now gan some courage unto him to take,

And was content to attempt that enterprise,
 Tickled with glory and rash covetise.
 But first gan question, whither should assay
 Those royal ornaments to steal away?
 "Marry, that shall yourself," quoth he thereto,
 "For ye be fine and nimble it to do;
 Of all the beasts, which in the forest be,
 Is not a fitter for this turn than ye:
 Therefore, mine own dear brother, take good heart,
 And ever think a kingdom is your part."
 Loth was the Ape, though praised, to adven-
 Yet faintly gan into his work to enter,
 Afraid of every leaf that stirred him by,
 And every stick that underneath did lie:
 Upon his tiptoes nicely he up went,
 For making noise, and still his ear he lent
 To every sound that under heaven blew;
 Now went, now stopt, now crept, now backward drew,
 That it good sport had been him to have eyed:
 Yet at the last (so well he him applied),
 Through his fine handeling, and cleanly play,
 He all those royal signs had stolen away,
 And with the Fox's help them borne aside
 Into a secret corner unespied.

The two now fell to words with one another as to which
 of them should be king; but in the end the Fox, while
 asserting his superior merits as the contriver of the theft
 of which the other was only the manual executor, declared
 himself willing to let his friend have both crown and
 government, on condition only that he should be ruled
 and counselled in all affairs by him, and that he should
 take an oath to that effect. They then dressed them-
 selves,—the Ape, however, inly quaking as he put on
 the royal crown and skin,—and, taking their way to-
 gether into the forest, struck no little terror into the two
 first animals they encountered, which chanced to be the
 Sheep and the Ass. Other doughtier beasts took the
 Ape for the true Lion, and for a time, with Reynold's
 able assistance, the deception prospered beautifully.

The Ape, thus seised of the regal throne,
 Eftsoons by counsel of the Fox alone

Gan to provide for all things in assurance,
 That so his rule might lenger^d have endurance.
 First to his gate he pointed^e a strong guard,
 That none might enter but with issue hard :
 Then, for the safeguard of his personage,
 He did appoint a warlike equipage
 Of foreign beasts, not in the forest bred,
 But part by land and part by water fed ;
 For tyranny is with strange aid supported.
 Then unto him all monstrous beasts resorted
 Bred of two kinds, as griffins, minotaurs,
 Crocodiles, dragons, beavers, and centaurs :
 With those himself he strengthened mightily
 That fear he need no force of enemy.
 Then gan he rule and tyrannize at will,
 Like as the Fox did guide his graceless skill ;
 And all wild beasts made vassals of his pleasures,
 And with their spoils enlarged his private treasures.
 No care of justice, nor no rule of reason,
 No temperance, nor no regard of season,
 Did thenceforth ever enter in his mind ;
 But cruelty, the sign of currish kind ;
 And sdainful pride, and wilful arrogance ;
 Such follows those whom fortune doth advance.
 But the false Fox most kindly^f played his part :
 For whatsoever mother-wit or art
 Could work, he put in proof: no practice sly,
 No counterpoint of cunning policy,
 No reach, no breach, that might him profit bring,
 But he the same did to his purpose wring.
 Nought suffered he the Ape to give or grant,
 But through his hand alone must pass the fiant.^g
 All offices, all leases by him leapt,
 And of them all, whatso he liked, he kept.
 Justice he sold injustice for to buy,
 And for to purchase for his progeny.
 Ill might it prosper, that ill gotten was ;
 But, so he got it, little did he pass.
 He fed his cubs with fat of all the soil,
 And with the sweet of other's sweating toil ;

^d Longer.^e Appointed.

According to his nature.

^g Warrant.

He crammed them with crumbs of benefices,
And filled their mouths with meeds of malefices ;
He clothed them with all colours^h save white,
And loaded them with lordships and with might,
So much as they were able well to bear,
That with the weight their backs nigh broken were :
He chaffered chairs in which churchmen were set,
And breach of laws to privy farm did let :
No statute so established might be,
Nor ordinance so needful, but that he
Would violate, though not with violence,
Yet under colour of the confidence
The which the Ape reposed in him alone,
And reckoned him the kingdom's corner stone.
And ever, when he ought would bring to pass,
His long experience the platform was :
And, when he ought not pleasing would put by,
The cloak was care of thrift, and husbandry,
For to increase the common treasure's store ;
But his own treasure he increased more,
And lifted up his lofty towers thereby,
That they began to threat the neighbour sky ;
The whiles the prince's palaces fell fast
To ruin (for what thing can ever last ?)
And whilst the other peers, for poverty,
Were forced their ancient houses to let lie,
And their old castles to the ground to fall,
Which their forefathers famous over all
Had founded for the kingdom's ornament ;
And for their memories' long monument.
But he no count made of nobility,
Nor the wild beasts whom arms did glorify,
The realm's chief strength and girland of the crown ;
All these through feigned crimes he thrust adown,
Or made them dwell in darkness of disgrace :
For none but whom he list might come in place.
Of men of arms he had but small regard,
But kept them low, and strained very hard.
For men of learning little he esteemed ;
His wisdom he above their learning deemed.

^h The accent on the second syllable.

As for the rascal commons, least he cared ;
For not so common was his bounty shared :
Let God (said he), if please, care for the many,
I for myself must care before else any :
So did he good to none, to many ill,
So did he all the kingdom rob and pill.
Yet none durst speak, ne none durst of him plain ;
So great he was in grace, and rich through gain.

At last, however, the attention of heaven was drawn to what was thus passing on the earth.

Now when high Jove, in whose almighty hand
The care of kings and power of empires stand,
Sitting one day within his turret high,
From whence he views with his black-lidded eye,
Whatso the heaven in his wide vault contains,
And all that in the deepest earth remains ;
And troubled kingdom of wild beasts beheld,
Whom not their kindly sovereign did weld,
But an usurping Ape, with guile suborned,
Had all subversed ; he disdainfully it scorned
In his great heart, and hardly did refrain,
But that with thunderbolts he had him slain,
And driven down to hell, his duest meed.

On farther consideration Jupiter called Mercury to him, and commanded him to fly forthwith to the forest, and both inquire into and redress all wrongs there done and doing.

The Son of Maia, soon as he received
That word, straight with his azure wings he cleaved
The liquid clouds, and lucid firmament ;
Ne staid, till that he came with steep descent
Unto the place where his prescript did show.
There stooping, like an arrow from a bow,
He soft arrived on the grassy plain,
And fairly paced forth with easy pain,
Till that unto the palace nigh he came.
Then gan he to himself new shape to frame ;
And that fair face, and that ambrosial hue,
Which wons to deck the gods' immortal crew,
And beautify the shiny firmament,
He doffed, unfit for that rude rabblement.

Having first asked some questions about the king and his government of the passers by, then

— on his head his dreadful hat he dight,
Which maketh him invisible in sight,
And mocketh the eyes of all the lookers on,
Making them think it but a vision.
Through power of that, he runs through enemies' swords ;
Through power of that, he passeth through the hordes
Of ravenous wild beasts, and doth beguile
Their greedy mouths of the expected spoil ;
Through power of that, his cunning thieveries
He wons to work, that none the same espies :
And, through the power of that, he putteth on
What shape he list in apparition,
That on his head he wore, and in his hand
He took Caduceus his snaky wand,
With which the damned ghosts he governeth,
And furies rules, and Tartar tempereth.
With that he causeth sleep to seize the eyes,
And fear the hearts, of all his enemies ;
And, when him list, an universal night
Throughout the world he makes on every wight ;
As when his sire with Alcumena lay.

Taking his way, thus dight, into the court, and gliding unseen and unhindered through lines of guards and into every most secret place, the god soon had abundant evidence of the lawlessness, disorder, and oppression that reigned.

Which when he did with lothful eyes behold,
He would no more endure, but came his way,
And cast to seek the Lion, where he may,
That he might work the avengement for this shame
On those two caitiffs which had bred him blame :
And, seeking all the forest busily,
At last he found, where sleeping he did lie.
The wicked weed, which there the Fox did lay,
From underneath his head he took away,
And then him waking forced up to rise.
The Lion looking up gan him avise,
As one late in a trance, what had of long
Become of him : for fantasy is strong.

“Arise,” said Mercury, “thou sluggish beast,
That here liest senseless, like the corpse deceast,
The whilst thy kingdom from thy head is rent,
And thy throne royal with dishonour blent:
Arise, and do thyself redeem from shame,
And be avenged on those that breed thy blame.”
Thereat enraged, soon he gan upstart,
Grinding his teeth, and grating his great heart:
And, rousing up himself, for his rough hide
He gan to reach; but no where it espied:
Therewith he gan full terribly to roar,
And chafed at that indignity right sore.
But when his crown and sceptre both he wanted,
Lord! how he fumed, and swelled, and raged, and panted;
And threatened death, and thousand deadly dolours;
To them that had purloined his princely honours,
With that in haste, disrobed as he was,
He toward his own palace forth did pass;
And all the way he roared as he went,
That all the forest with astonishment
Thereof did tremble, and the beasts therein
Fled fast away from that so dreadful din.
At last he came unto his mansion,
Where all the gates he found fast locked anon,
And many warders round about them stood:
With that he roared aloud, as he were wood,
That all the palace quaked at the stound,
As if it quite were riven from the ground,
And all within were dead and heartless left;
And the Ape himself, as one whose wits were reft,
Fled here and there, and every corner sought,
To hide himself from his own feared thought.
But the false Fox, when he the Lion heard,
Fled closely forth, straightway of death afeard,
And to the Lion came, full lowly creeping,
With feigned face, and watery eye half weeping,
To excuse his former treason and abusion,
And turning all unto the Ape’s confusion:
Nathless¹ the royal beast forbore believing,
But bade him stay at ease till further preeving.]

Nevertheless.

¹ Proving.

Then when he saw no entrance to him granted,
 Roaring yet louder that all hearts it daunted,
 Upon those gates with force he fiercely flew,
 And, rending them in pieces, felly slew
 Those warders strange, and all that else he met.
 But the Ape still flying he no where might get:
 From room to room, from beam to beam he fled
 All breathless, and for fear now almost dead:
 Yet him at last the Lion spied, and caught,
 And forth with shame unto his judgment brought.
 Then all the beasts he caused assembled be,
 To hear their doom, and sad ensample see:
 The Fox, first author of that treachery,
 He did uncase, and then away let fly.
 But the Ape's long tail (which then he had) he quite
 Cut off, and both ears pared of their height;
 Since which, all apes but half their ears have left,
 And of their tails are utterly bereft.

“ So,” concludes the poem,

— “ Mother Hubbard her discourse did end;
 Which pardon me if I amiss have penned;
 For weak was my remembrance it to hold,
 And bad her tongue that it so bluntly told.”

5. *The Ruins of Rome, by Bellay*, is a series of thirty-three sonnets, translated from that French poet's work ‘*Le Premier Livre des Antiquitez de Rome*,’ &c. The translation is easy and flowing, but is of no remarkable poetic merit, any more than the original, the spirit of which is rather that of eloquence than of poetry.

6. *Muipotmos, or, The Fate of the Butterfly*, is, unlike the other pieces, dated 1590, and has therefore been supposed to have been previously published by itself in that year. If there was any such edition, however, no copy, we believe, is now known to exist. The date 1590, if it be not a typographical error, may possibly have been prefixed to indicate the real events of which there can scarcely, we think, be a doubt that the poem is a veiled representation, although the commentators give us no help towards solving the riddle. nor indeed any hint that there is a riddle to be solved. The short prose dedica-

tion to the Lady Carey, in which the poet refers to his claim of kindred, by her vouchsafed, or acknowledged, has been already noticed.* “Most brave and bountiful lady,” it gracefully commences, “for so excellent favours as I have received at your sweet hands, to offer these few leaves as in recompense should be as to offer flowers to the gods for their divine benefits.” The poem itself, which extends to fifty-five eight-line stanzas, is very spirited, and in some parts highly finished. It opens thus :

I sing of deadly dolorous debate,
 Stirred up through wrathful Nemesis’ despite,
 Betwixt two mighty ones of great estate,
 Drawn into arms, and proof of mortal fight,
 Through proud ambition and heart-swelling hate,
 Whilst neither could the other’s greater might
 And sdainful scorn endure ; that from small jar
 Their wraths at length broke into open war.

The root whereof and tragical effect,
 Vouchsafe, O thou the mournfullest Muse of nine,
 That won’tst the tragic stage for to direct,
 In funeral complaints and wailful tine,
 Reveal to me, and all the means detect,
 Through which sad Clarion did at last decline
 To lowest wretchedness. And is there then
 Such rancour in the hearts of mighty men ?

The narrative thus solemnly introduced can hardly be a mere story of a spider and a fly, although Clarion, the eldest son and heir of Muscarol, is immediately afterwards described as the fairest and hitherto the most fortunate and prosperous of all flies, as well as the most beautiful and dearest of all living things in his father’s sight. Muscarol is spoken of as a royal personage ; and Clarion is thus described :—

The fresh young fly, in whom the kindly fire
 Of lustful youth began to kindle fast,
 Did much disdain to subject his desire
 To loathsome sloth, or hours in ease to waste ;
 But joyed to range abroad in fresh attire,
 Through the wide compass of the airy coast ;

* Vol. I. p. 9.

And, with unwearied wings, each part to inquire
Of the wide rule of his renowned sire.

For he so swift and nimble was of flight,
That from this lower tract he dared to sty^k
Up to the clouds, and thence with pinions light
To mount aloft unto the crystal sky,
To view the workmanship of heaven's height:
Whence down descending he along would fly
Upon the streaming rivers, sport to find;
And oft would dare to tempt the troublous wind.

So on a summer's day, when season mild
With gentle calm the world had quieted,
And high in heaven Hyperion's fiery child
Ascending did his beams abroad dispread,
Whiles all the heavens on lower creatures smiled,
Young Clarion, with vauntful lustihead,
After his guise did cast abroad to fare;
And thereto gan his furnitures prepare.

His breast-plate first, that was of substance pure,
Before his noble heart he firmly bound,
That might his life from iron death assure,
And ward his gentle corpse from cruel wound:
For it by art was framed to endure
The bit of baleful steel and bitter stound,
No less than that which Vulcan made to shield
Achilles' life from fate of Trojan field.

And then about his shoulders broad he threw
An hairy hide of some wild beast, whom he
In salvage forest by adventure slew
And reft the spoil his ornament to be;
Which, spreading all his back with dreadful view
Made all that him so horrible did see
Think him Alcides with the lion's skin,
When the Næmean conquest he did win.

Upon his head a glistering burganet,
The which was wrought by wondrous device,
And curiously engraven, he did set:
The metal was of rare and passing price;
Not Bilbo steel, nor brass from Corinth fet,^l
Nor costly orichalch from strange Phœnice;

^k Press upwards.

^l Fetched.

But such as could both Phœbus' arrows ward,
And the hailing darts of heaven beating hard.

Therein two deadly weapons fixed he bore,
Strongly outlanced towards either side,
Like two sharp spears, his enemies to gore:
Like as a warlike brigandine, applied
To fight, lays forth her threatful pikes afore
The engines which in them sad death do hide.
So did this fly outstretch his fearful horns,
Yet so as him their terror more adorns.

Lastly his shiny wings as silver bright,
Painted with thousand colours passing far
All painter's skill, he did about him dight:
Not half so many sundry colours are
In Iris' bow; ne heaven doth shine so bright,
Distinguished with many a twinkling star;
Nor Juno's bird, in her eye-spotted train,
So many goodly colours doth contain.

Ne (may it be withouten peril spoken)
The archer god, the son of Cytheree,
That joys on wretched lovers to be wroken,^m
And heaped spoils of bleeding hearts to see,
Bears in his wings so many a changeful token.
Ah! my liege lord,ⁿ forgive it unto me,
If ought against thine honour I have told;
Yet sure those wings were fairer manifold.

Full many a lady fair, in court full oft
Beholding them, him secretly envied,
And wished that two such fans, so silken soft,
And golden fair, her love would her provide;
Or that, when them the gorgeous fly had doft,
Some one, that would with grace be gratified,
From him would steal them privily away,
And bring to her so precious a prey.

The origin of these wings makes a sparkling little episode:—

Report is that dame Venus on a day
In spring, when flowers do clothe the fruitful ground,

^m Wreaked, avenged.

ⁿ Cupid.

Walking abroad with all her nymphs to play,
 Bade her fair damsels flocking her around
 To gather flowers, her forehead to array :
 Amongst the rest a gentle nymph was found,
 Hight Astery, excelling all the crew
 In courteous usage and unstained hue.

Who being nimbler-jointed than the rest,
 And more industrious, gathered more store
 Of the field's honour, than the others best ;
 Which they in secret hearts envying sore
 Told Venus, when her as the worthiest
 She praised, that Cupid (as they heard before)
 Did lend her secret aid, in gathering
 Into her lap the children of the Spring.

The goddess, on this, remembering the woes that had
 arisen from the secret love of her son for Psyche, turned
 the nymph into a butterfly, and, in memory of her al-
 leged guilt, placed in her wings all the flowers with
 which she had so plenteously filled her lap. Since then
 all butterflies, at least of that species, have borne such
 many-coloured wings.

The narrative then goes on :—

Thus the fresh Clarion, being ready dight,
 Unto his journey did himself address,
 And with good speed began to take his flight,
 Over the fields, in his frank lustiness,
 And all the champaign o'er he soared light ;
 And all the country wide he did possess,
 Feeding upon their pleasures bounteously,
 That none gainsaid, nor none did him envy.

The woods, the rivers, and the meadows green,
 With his air-cutting wings he measured wide,
 Ne did he leave the mountains bare unseen,
 Nor the rank grassy fens' delights untried.
 But none of these, however sweet they been,
 Mote please his fancy, nor him cause to abide :
 His choiceful sense with every change doth flit ;
 No common things may please a wavering wit

To the gay gardens his unstaid desire
 Him wholly carried, to refresh his sprites :

There lavish Nature in her best attire,
 Pours forth sweet odours and alluring sights;
 And Art, with her contending, doth aspire,
 To excel the natural with made delights:
 And all, that fair or pleasant may be found,
 In riotous excess doth there abound.

There he arriving, round about doth fly,
 From bed to bed, from one to other border;
 And takes survey, with curious busy eye.
 Of every flower and herb there set in order:
 Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
 Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
 Ne with his feet their silken leaves deface.
 But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And evermore with most variety,
 And change of sweetness (for all change is sweet),
 He casts his glutton sense to satisfy,
 Now sucking of the sap of herb most meet,
 Or of the dew which yet on them does lie,
 Now in the same bathing his tender feet:
 And then he percheth on some branch thereby,
 To weather him, and his moist wings to dry.

What more felicity can fall to creature
 Than to enjoy delight with liberty,
 And to be lord of all the works of Nature,
 To reign in the air from the earth to highest sky,
 To feed on flowers and weeds of glorious feature,
 To take whatever thing doth please the eye?
 Who rests not pleased with such happiness,
 Well worthy he to taste of wretchedness.

But no earthly happiness is sure or of long continuance.
 It happened that in this same garden there had built his
 hateful mansion and taken up his abode the envious and
 wily Aragnol—

The foe of fair things, the author of confusion,
 The shame of nature, the bond-slave of spite.

He was the son of Arachne, "the most fine-fingered
 workwoman on ground," who was turned into a spider
 for presuming to challenge Minerva to a contest in
 needlework, and being of course vanquished by the god-

dess. Arachne chose for the display of her skill the story of Jupiter carrying off Europa through the sea ;— in the wondrous work the lady, borne away on the back of her divine lover transformed into a bull,

— seemed still back unto the land to look,
And her play-fellows' aid to call, and fear
The dashing of the waves, that up she took
Her dainty feet, and garments gathered near :
But, Lord ! how she in every member shook,
Whenas the land she saw no more appear
But a wild wilderness of waters deep :
Then gan she greatly to lament and weep.

Before the bull she pictured winged Love,
With his young brother Sport, light fluttering
Upon the waves, as each had been a dove ;
The one his bow and shafts, the other spring^o
A burning tead^p about his head did move,
As in their sire's new love both triumphing :
And many nymphs about them flocking round,
And many Tritons with their horns did sound.

And, round about, her work she did empale
With 'a fair border wrought of sundry flowers,
Enwoven with an ivy-winding trail :
A goodly work, full fit for kingly bowers ;
Such as dame Pallas, such as Envy pale,
That all good things with venomous tooth devours,
Could not accuse. Then gan the goddess bright
Herself likewise unto her work to dight.

She made the story of the old debate,
Which she with Neptune did for Athens try :
Twelve gods do sit around in royal state,
And Jove in midst with awful majesty,
To judge the strife between them stirred late :
Each of the gods by his like visnomy
Eath^a to be known ; but Jove above them all,
By his great looks and power imperial.

Before them stands the God of Seas in place,
Claiming that sea-coast city as his right,

• Springal, or youth.

^p Torch.

^a Easy.

And strikes the rocks with his three-forked mace ;
 Whenceforth issues a warlike steed in sight,
 The sign by which he challengeth the place ;
 That all the gods, which saw his wondrous might,
 Did surely deem the victory his due :
 But seldom seen,^r forejudgment proveth true.

Then to herself she gives her Aegide shield,
 And steel-head spear, and morion on her head,
 Such as she oft is seen in warlike field :
 Then set she forth, how with her weapon dread
 She smote the ground, the which straight forth did
 yield

A fruitful olive tree, with berries spread,
 That all the gods admired ; then all the story
 She compassed with a wreath of olives hoary.

Amongst these leaves she made a butterfly,
 With excellent device and wondrous sleight,
 Fluttering among the olives wantonly,
 That seemed to live, so like it was in sight .
 The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
 The silken down with which his back is dight,
 His broad outstretched horns, his hairy thighs,
 His glorious colours. and his glistening eyes.

Which when Arachne saw, as overlaid
 And mastered with workmanship so rare,
 She stood astonied long, ne nought gainsaid .
 And with fast fixed eyes on her did stare,
 And by her silence, sign of one dismayed,
 The victory did yield her as her share ;
 Yet did she inly fret and felly burn,
 And all her blood to poisonous rancour turn.

Remembering the part that the butterfly had thus had in
 his mother's discomfiture, Aragnol, swollen with revenge-
 ful malice, set himself to destroy Clarion ;

And weaving straight a net with many a fold
 About the cave, in which he lurking dwelt,
 With fine small cords about it stretched wide,
 So finely spun that scarce they could be spied.

^r It is seldom seen that.

Not any damsel, which her vaunteth most
 In skilful knitting of soft silken twine;
 Nor any weaver, which his work doth boast
 In diaper, in damask, or in line;
 Nor any skilled in workmanship embost;
 Nor any skilled in loops of fingering fine;
 Might in their divers cunning ever dare
 With this so curious network to compare.

The careless Clarion was soon caught in this "cursed cobweb;" upon which the "grisly tyrant" rushing out of his den,

Under the left wing strook his weapon sly
 Into his heart;—

and so ends the tale.

7. *Visions of the World's Vanity*.—These are twelve Sonnets, which appear to be also addressed to Lady Carey, and may be suspected to have a reference to the same hidden subject with the *Muipotmos*. Their burthen is the ruin that may be often brought even upon the greatest and strongest things by the least and weakest. The following are two of them:—

Looking far forth into the ocean wide,
 A goodly ship with banners bravely dight,
 And flag in her top-gallant, I espied
 Through the main sea making her merry flight;
 Fair blew the wind into her bosom right;
 And the heavens looked lovely all the while;
 That she did seem to dance, as in delight,
 And at her own felicity did smile.
 All suddenly there clove unto her keel
 A little fish, that men call Remora,
 Which stopped her course, and held her by the heel,
 That wind nor tide could move her thence away.
 Strange thing, me seemeth, that so small a thing
 Should able be so great an one to wring.

A mighty lion, lord of all the wood,
 Having his hunger thoroughly satisfied
 With prey of beasts and spoil of living blood,
 Safe in his dreadless den him thought to hide:
 His sternness was his praise, his strength his pride,
 And all his glory in his cruel claws.
 I saw a wasp, that fiercely him defied,

And bade him battle even to his jaws :
 Sore he him stung, that it the blood forth draw
 And his proud heart is filled with fretting ire
 In vain he threats his teeth, his tail, his paws,
 And from his bloody eyes doth sparkle fire :
 That dead himself he wisheth for despite.
 So weakest may annoy the most of might !

The remainder of the collection published by Ponsonby is made up of fifteen Sonnets entitled 'The Visions of Bellay,' and seven entitled 'The Visions of Petrarch, formerly translated.' The six first of the latter are, with the exception of a few words, exactly the same with those printed in Vander Noodt's *Theatre of Wordlings* in 1569 :* of the former, eleven are translations into rhyme of sonnets of Bellay's, of which there are blank verse translations in Vander Noodt's book ; the other four are rhyme translations of sonnets by Bellay different from the rest of the fifteen which are given in blank verse by Vander Noodt. Several of these sonnets are very fine. Here is one of those translated from Bellay :—

I saw a spring out of a rock forth rail,^a
 As clear as crystal gainst the sunny beams,
 The bottom yellow, like the golden grail ;
 That bright Pactolus washeth with his streams ;
 It seemed that art and nature had assembled
 All pleasure there, for which man's heart could long
 And there a noise alluring sleep soft trembled,
 Of many accords more sweet than mermaid's song :
 The seats and benches shone as ivory,
 And hundred nymphs sate side by side about ;
 When from nigh hills, with hideous outcry,
 A troupe of Satyrs in the place did rout,
 Which with their villain feet the stream did ray,^u
 Threw down the seats, and drove the nymphs away.†

* See Vol. I. p. 17.

^a Flow.

^t Gravel.

^u Discolour, disturb.

† The blank verse translation of this sonnet in Vander Noodt's book is as follows :—

I saw a fresh spring rise out of a rock,
 Clear as crystal against the sunny beams,
 The bottom yellow like the shining sand,

The following is the Sixth of the 'Visions of Petrarch':—

At last so fair a lady did I spy,
 That thinking yet* on her I burn and quake;
 On herbs and flowers she walked pensively,
 Mild, but yet love she proudly did forsake:
 White seemed her robes, yet woven so they were
 As snow and gold together had been wrought:
 Above the waist a dark cloud shrouded her,
 A stinging serpent by the heel her caught;
 Wherewith she languished as the gathered flower;
 And, well assured, she mounted up to joy.
 Alas, on earth† so nothing doth endure,
 But bitter grief and sorrowful annoy: ‡
 Which make this life wretched and miserable,
 Tossed with storms of fortune variable.§

What is called the Seventh of these Visions of Petrarch seems to be original, and to be addressed to Lady Carey by the poet in his own name. It is as follows:—

* In Vander Noodt, *in thinking*.

† In Vander Noodt, *in earth*.

‡ In Vander Noodt, *that doth our hearts annoy*.

§ These two last lines are not in Vander Noodt; and all the other sonnets there, except the first and third, are likewise without the thirteenth and fourteenth lines.

That golden Pactole drives upon the plain.
 It seemed that art and nature strived to join
 There in one place all pleasures of the eye.
 There was to hear a noise alluring sleep,
 Of many accords, more sweet than mermaids' songs.
 The seats and benches shone as ivory;
 An hundred nymphs sat side by side about:
 When from nigh hills a naked rout of Fauns
 With hideous cry assembled on the place,
 Which with their feet unclean the water fouled,
 Threw down the seats, and drove the nymphs to flight.

It is very evident that the version in rhyme is grounded upon these lines, which in several instances are only altered in the termination.

When I behold this tickle trustless state
 Of vain world's glory, flitting to and fro,
 And mortal men tossed by troublous fate
 In restless seas of wretchedness and woe;
 I wish I might this weary life forego,
 And shortly turn unto my happy rest,
 Where my free spirit might not any moe
 Be vexed with sights, that do her peace molest.
 And ye, fair lady, in whose bounteous breast
 All heavenly grace and virtue shrined is,
 When ye these rhymes do read, and view the rest,
 Loathe this base world, and think of heaven's bliss:
 And, though ye be the fairest of God's creatures,
 Yet think, that death shall spoil your goodly features.

The biography of Spenser is to a great extent a series of assumptions, or of assertions repeated by one writer after another, but resting originally upon little or no evidence. Thus, although, as we have mentioned,* it is commonly stated that he returned from Ireland with Lord Grey in August, 1582, for anything that is positively known he may never have been in England in the ten years between 1580 and 1590. It appears at any rate that he retained the office, to which he was appointed in 1581,† of clerk in the Irish Court of Chancery till the 22nd of June, 1588, when he resigned it upon being appointed clerk to the Council of Munster. The manner, too, in which he is mentioned in a book entitled 'A Discourse of Civil Life,' &c., by Ludowick Bryskett, 4to., Lon. 1606, would rather lead to the inference that he had remained in Ireland after he ceased to be secretary to Lord Grey. This Discourse, though not printed till 1606, is addressed to Lord Grey, who died in 1593, and the very first sentence shows that it must have been written some time after 1582:—"When it pleased you, my good Lord, upon the decease of Maister John Chaloner, Her Majesty's Secretary of this State [of Ireland], *which you then governed as Lord Deputy*

* Vol. I. p. 98.

† Vol. I. p. 97.

of this realm, to make choice of me to supply that place, and to recommend me by your honourable letters to that effect, I received a very sufficient testimony of your good opinion and favourable inclination towards me." After observing that, whether through his own unworthiness or the labour and practice of others, Grey's recommendation in his behalf did not take effect, Bryskett proceeds to describe a party which had some time ago assembled at his cottage near Dublin, consisting of Dr. Long, Primate of Armagh; Sir Robert Dillon, Knight; Mr. Dormer, the Queen's Solicitor; Captain Christopher Carleil; Captain Thomas Norreis; Captain Warham St. Leger; Captain Nicholas Dawtrey; Mr. Edmund Spenser, whom he describes as "late your lordship's secretary;" and Mr. Smith, apothecary. Dr. Long became Archbishop of Armagh in 1584, and died in 1589; so that the meeting must have taken place between these two years. Further, as the archbishop appears to be spoken of by Bryskett as still alive when he wrote, the Discourse was probably written not later than 1589; and in that case the meeting could hardly have happened later than 1587 or 1588. The Discourse is an account of the conversation of Bryskett's assembled guests; in the course of which Spenser is made to speak of "having already undertaken a work, under the title of the Fairy Queen, to represent all the moral virtues," &c. This work he says he had "already well entered into;" and it is afterwards mentioned that some parcels of it had been seen by some of the company. There is nothing in the account to lead us to suppose that Spenser had by this time taken up his residence at Kilcolman, or become possessed of that property; it would seem most probable that he was resident in Dublin or the vicinity. If he had really been in England, he may, indeed, have been at this time passing through Dublin on his way to take possession of his property of Kilcolman immediately after obtaining the grant; there is a sonnet addressed by him to Gabriel Harvey (to which attention was first directed by George Chalmers), dated Dublin, 18th July, 1586; and the meeting

of friends at which he was present in Bryskett's cottage may have taken place at that time.

According to Mr. Hardiman,* it may be here noticed, the date of the grant to Spenser by the crown of the manor of Kilcolman is the 26th of October, 1591, not the 27th of June, 1586, as commonly stated.† Mr. Hardiman quotes as his authority the original *fiat* in the Rolls Office, Dublin. But we cannot reconcile some apparently well-supported facts with the supposition that Spenser had not taken up his abode at Kilcolman before 1591.

After the publication of the *Fairy Queen* in 1590,‡ the biographers tell us, Spenser returned to Ireland. This appears to be an inference from the expression of Ponsonby, the bookseller or printer, in the advertisement prefixed to the collection of Spenser's minor pieces which he published in 1591, that of other small poems of the same author some had "been diversly embezzled and purloined from him since his departure over sea." It is assumed that Ponsonby means to say that Spenser's lost poems had been stolen from him since his return to Ireland in that or the preceding year, or in other words within the few last months. But it is in the highest degree improbable that such should have been the fact—that the poems after having been preserved safe for years should have been lost just before they were wanted for publication; and it is evident from the rest of the passage that such is not its meaning. Ponsonby is manifestly speaking of something of much older date. "I have endeavoured," he says, "to get into my hands such small poems of the same author's as I heard were dispersed abroad in sundry hands, and not easy to be come by by himself, some of them having been diversly embezzled and purloined," &c. The purloining of a number of manuscripts in various ways may very well have happened in the course of ten or even of five years—that is to say, whether we suppose Spenser's "departure over

* Irish Minstrelsy, I. 319, &c.

† See Vol. I. p. 99.

‡ See Vol. I. p. 99.

sea" to have taken place in 1580 or in 1586 (and the expression would rather imply that there had been only one such departure, or that he had been in Ireland ever since he went over with Lord Grey in 1580); but it is not at all likely that it could have happened in the course of a few months. Besides, it appears that in February, 1591, Spenser received from Queen Elizabeth a pension of fifty pounds a year; and the patent seems to have been understood as conferring upon him the post of Poet Laureate. It is surely more probable that he was still in England when this royal bounty was bestowed upon him than that he had previously gone back again to Ireland, and that it was then sent thither after him. Whether he may have been in this country, then, or no when Ponsonby's collection was published, we see no reason for doubting that it was prepared under his sanction, and that the materials were supplied by himself. It seems more probable that he remained in England throughout the year 1590, and at least till the spring of 1591. There is no appearance of his visit having been a hurried one. We know that he wrote his *Ruins of Time* while here. Perhaps it was during this visit that he resided for some time near Alton in Hampshire, as Aubrey, the antiquary of the latter part of the next century, says he was told that he did by Mr. Samuel Woodford, a poet who wrote a paraphrase of the Psalms, and lived himself in those parts. "In this delicate sweet air," it is added, "he [Spenser] enjoyed his muse, and writ good part of his verses."*

His biographers, who send him home to Ireland in 1590, bring him back again to London by the end of the following year, on the evidence of the poem which falls next to be noticed, entitled 'Daphnaida, an Elegy upon the Death of the noble and virtuous Douglas Howard, daughter and heir of Henry Lord Howard, Viscount Byndon, and wife of Arthur Gorges, Esquire;' the Dedication of which to Helena, Marquesse (or Mar-

* Letters written by eminent Persons, &c., and Lives by John Aubrey; 2 vols. 8vo. 1813; II. 541.

chioness) of Northampton is dated "London, this first of January, 1591." According to the common manner of dating in that age, this would mean what we should now call 1st January, 1592. If Spenser was really in London in January, 1592, we should be inclined to believe that he had been in this country all the year 1591—that, instead of having crossed the sea again so soon, for no object that is known or that has been attempted to be assigned, he had, being here, after so long an absence from his native country and all his old connexions, protracted his stay over the two years. But we suspect that in this instance the date, January, 1591, is used in the modern meaning. The Marchioness of Northampton to whom the *Daphnaida* is dedicated was Helena, daughter of Wolfgangus Swavenburgh, a Swede, surviving and third wife of the only person who ever was Marquis of Northampton, William Parr, the brother of Henry VIII.'s last queen, Catherine Parr. The Marquis had by this time been dead for twenty years; and the Marchioness, who survived till 1635, had remarried Sir Thomas Gorges of Longford, uncle of the deceased lady the subject of the elegy. The husband of the latter, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Arthur Gorges, "has hitherto," Mr. Todd observes, "been recorded as a man of genius without a proof of the assertion;" and he gives a short quotation from an unfinished poem of his, entitled 'The Olympian Catastrophe.' Sir Arthur Gorges is also, however, the author of the English translation of Bacon's tract, *De Sapientia Veterum* (The Wisdom of the Ancients), published in 1619, in which all the poetical quotations are rendered into verse, frequently with considerable spirit. Spenser in this Dedication calls him "a lover of learning and virtue," and speaks of the particular good will which he bears unto him. The elegy itself is very beautiful. It begins,

Whatever man be he whose heavy mind,
 With grief of mournful great mishap oppressed,
 Fit matter for his care's increase would find,
 Let read the rueful plaint herein expressed,
 Of one, I ween, the woefullest man alive,

Even sad Alcyon, whose empierced breast
Sharp sorrow did in thousand pieces rive.

But whoso else in pleasure findeth sense,
Or in this wretched life doth take delight,
Let him be banished far away from hence:
Ne let the Sacred Sisters here be hight,*
Though they of sorrow heavily can sing;
For even their heavy song would breed delight;
But here no tunes, save sobs and groans, shall ring.

Instead of them, and their sweet harmony,
Let those Three Fatal Sisters, whose sad hands
Do weave the direful threads of destiny,
And in their wrath break off the vital bands,
Approach hereto; and let the dreadful Queen
Of Darkness deep come from the Stygian strands,
And grisly ghosts, to hear this doleful teen.†

Walking forth in the gloom of an evening in early
winter, the poet proceeds to tell us,

————— when the weary sun,
After his day's long labour drew to rest,
And sweaty steeds, now having overrun
The compassed sky, gan water in the west,

he began to muse on the misery in which men live—
“and I,” he adds, “of many most, most miserable man”
—a thought, he intimates, which never gives him rest,
conceived “through meditation of this world's vainness
and life's wretchedness.” In this mood he perceived
coming towards him “a sorry wight” clad all in black,
with a Jacob staff devoutly crossed in his hand, “like to
some pilgrim come from far away.”

His careless locks uncombed and unshorn,
Hung long adown, and beard all overgrown,
That well he seemed to be some wight forlorn:
Down to the earth his heavy eyes were thrown,
As loathing light; and ever as he went
He sighed soft, and inly deep did groan,
As if his heart in pieces would have rent.

* Called.

† Loss.

As he approaches, the poet thinks he resembles Alcyon, whom he knew ;—

Alcyon he, the jolly shepherd swain
That wont full merrily to pipe and dance,
And fill with pleasance every wood and plain.

Yet half in doubt, because of his disguise,
I softly said, Alcyon ! Therewithal
He looked aside as in disdainful wise,
Yet stayed not, till I again did call :
Then, turning back, he said, with hollow sound,
“ Who is it that doth name me, woeful thrall,
The wretched’st man that treads this day on ground ? ”

The poet begs him to tell his grief to one, “ whom,” he says,

————— “ like woefulness, impressed deep,
Hath made fit mate thy wretched case to hear.”

Among other considerations he urges the desirableness of freeing himself in the opinion of the world from the guilt of having died by his own hand.

“ Who life does loathe, and longs to be unbound
From the strong shackles of frail flesh,” quoth he,
“ Nought cares at all what they, that live on ground,
Deem the occasion of his death to be ;
Rather desires to be forgotten quite,
Than question made of his calamity ;
For heart’s deep sorrow hates both life and light.”

He consents nevertheless at last to relate the story of his calamity. “ Whilome,” he begins, “ I used (as thou right well dost know),”

“ My little flock on western downs to keep,
Not far from where Sabrina’s stream doth flow ”—

that is, near the Severn.

“ It there befell, as I the fields did range
Fearless and free, a fair young lioness,
White as the native rose before the change
Which Venus’ blood did in her leaves impress,
I spied playing on the grassy plain

Her youthful sports and kindly wantonness,
That did all other beasts in beauty stain.

“ So well I wrought with mildness and with pain,
That I her caught disporting on the green,
And brought away fast bound with silver chain.

“ And afterwards I handled her so fair,
That, though by kind she stout and salvage were,
For being born an ancient lion's heir,
And of the race that all wild beasts do fear,
Yet I her framed and won so to my bent,
That she became so meek and mild of cheer,
As the least lamb in all my flock that went :

“ For she in field wherever I did wend,
Would wend with me, and wait by me all day.”

He long enjoyed this happiness; but at last “a cruel satyr, with his murderous dart,” greedy of mischief, ranging all about, by a fatal wound reft from him his “sweet companion.”

“ Out of the world thus was she reft away,
Out of the world, unworthy such a spoil,
And borne to heaven, for heaven a fitter prey;
Much fitter than the lion, which with toil
Alcides slew, and fixed in firmament;
Her now I seek throughout this earthly soil,
And seeking miss, and missing do lament.”

The poet does not understand what he means by this riddle of a “loved lioness;” but he explains by telling him that Daphne, whom he knew, is dead. Then, after a pause of weeping and wailing, he breaks forth afresh;—

“ What man henceforth that breatheth vital air
Will honour heaven, or heavenly powers adore,
Which so unjustly doth their judgments share
Mongst earthly wights, as to afflict so sore
The innocent, as those which do transgress,
And do not spare the best or fairest, more
Than worst or foulest, but do both oppress?

" In pureness, and in all celestial grace
That men admire in goodly womankind,
She did excel, and seemed of angels' race,
Living on earth like angel new divined,*
Adorned with wisdom and with chastity,
And all the dowries of a noble mind,
Which did her beauty much more beautify.

" Ne let Eliza, royal shepherdess,
The praises of my parted love envy,
For she hath praises in all plenteousness
Poured upon her, like showers of Castaly,
By her own shepherd, Colin, her own shepherd,
That her with heavenly hymns doth deify,
Of rustic muse full hardly to be bettered.

" She is the rose, the glory of the day,
And mine the primrose in the lowly shade :
Mine, ah ! not mine ; amiss I mine did say :
Not mine, but His, which mine awhile her made ;
Mine to be His, with Him to live for aye.
O that so fair a flower so soon should fade,
And through untimely tempest fall away !

" She fell away in her first age's spring,
Whilst yet her leaf was green, and fresh her rind,
And whilst her branch fair blossoms forth did bring ;
She fell away against all course of kind.
For age to die is right, but youth is wrong ;
She fell away like fruit blown down with wind.
Weep, shepherd ! weep, to make my undersong.

" Yet ere that life her lodging did forsake,
She, all resolved, and ready to remove,
Calling to me (aye me !) this wise bespake ;
' Aleyon ! ah, my first and latest love !
Ah ! why does my Aleyon weep and mourn,
And grieve my ghost, that ill mote him behove,
As if to me had chanced some evil turn !

" " I go, and long desired have to go ;
I go with gladness to my wished rest,

* Made divine, deified.

Whereas^a no world's sad care nor wasting woe
 May come, their happy quiet to molest;
 But saints and angels in celestial thrones
 Eternally Him praise that hath them blest;
 There shall I be amongst those blessed ones.

“ ‘ Yet, ere I go, a pledge I leave with thee
 Of the late love the which betwixt us passed,
 My young Ambrosia ; in lieu of me,
 Love her ; so shall our love for ever last.
 Thus, dear ! adieu, whom I expect ere long.’
 So, having said, away she softly passed.
 Weep, shepherd ! weep, to make mine undersong.”

What misery, he goes on, is his as often as he recalls those piercing words :—

“ And when those pallid cheeks and ashy hue,
 In which sad Death his portraiture had writ,
 And when those hollow eyes and deadly view,
 On which the cloud of ghastly night did sit,
 I match with that sweet smile and cheerful brow,
 Which all the world subdued unto it,
 How happy was I then, and wretched now !

“ How happy was I when I saw her lead
 The shepherds' daughters dancing in a round !
 How trimly would she trace and softly tread
 The tender grass, with rosy girland crowned !
 And when she list advance her heavenly voice,
 Both nymphs and muses nigh she made astound,
 And flocks and shepherds caused to rejoice.

“ But now, ye shepherd lasses ! who shall lead
 Your wandering troops, or sing your virelays ?
 Or who shall dight your bowers, sith she is dead
 That was the lady of your holidays ?
 Let now your bliss be turned into bale,
 And into plaints convert your joyous plays,
 And with the same fill every hill and dale.

.

“ Let birds be silent on the naked spray,
 And shady woods resound with dreadful yells ;
 Let streaming floods their hasty courses stay,

^a Where.

And parching drouth dry up the crystal wells,
 Let the earth be barren, and bring forth no flowers,
 And the air be filled with noise of doleful knells,
 And wandering spirits walk untimely hours.

“And Nature, nurse of every living thing,
 Let rest herself from her long weariness,
 And cease henceforth things kindly forth to bring,
 But hideous monsters full of ugliness;
 For she it is that hath me done this wrong,
 No nurse, but stepdame, cruel, merciless.
 Weep, shepherd! weep, to make my undersong.”

In a Fourth Fit he exclaims that cruel death ever takes away the good and righteous “to plague the unrighteous which alive remain.” But “I,” he adds,

——— “will walk this wandering pilgrimage,
 Throughout the world from one to other end,
 And in affliction waste my better age:
 My bread shall be the anguish of my mind,
 My drink the tears which from mine eyes do rain,
 My bed the ground that hardest I may find;
 So will I wilfully increase my pain.”

‘The Fifth Fit is as follows:—

“Henceforth I hate whatever Nature made,
 And in her workmanship no pleasure find,
 For they be all but vain, and quickly fade;
 So soon as on them blows the northern wind,
 They tarry not, but flit and fall away,
 Leaving behind them nought but grief of mind,
 And mocking such as think they long will stay

“I hate the heaven, because it doth withhold
 Me from my love, and eke my love from me;
 I hate the earth, because it is the mould
 Of fleshly slime and frail mortality;
 I hate the fire, because to nought it flies;
 I hate the air, because sighs of it be;
 I hate the sea, because it tears supplies.

“I hate the day, because it lendeth light
 To see all things, and not my love to see;
 I hate the darkness and the dreary night,

Because they breed sad balefulness in me;
 I hate all times, because all times do fly
 So fast away, and may not stayed be,
 But as a speedy post that passeth by.

"I hate to speak, my voice is spent with crying;
 I hate to hear, loud complaints have dulled mine ears;
 I hate to taste, for food withholds my dying;
 I hate to see, mine eyes are dimmed with tears;
 I hate to smell, no sweet on earth is left;
 I hate to feel, my flesh is numbed with fears:
 So all my senses from me are bereft.

"I hate all men, and shun all womankind;
 The one, because as I they wretched are;
 The other, for because I do not find
 My love with them, that wont to be their star:
 And life I hate, because it will not last;
 And death I hate, because it life doth mar;
 And all I hate that is to come or past.

"So all the world, and all in it I hate,
 Because it changeth ever to and fro,
 And never standeth in one certain state,
 But, still unstedfast, round about doth go
 Like a mill-wheel in midst of misery,
 Driven with streams of wretchedness and woe,
 That dying lives, and living still does die."

In the Sixth Fit he returns to the thought, Why does he not die? He must stay; his Daphne in departing bade him live. Yet, while he remains in this wretched vale, "my weary feet," he continues, "shall ever wandering be;

"Ne will I rest my feet for feebleness,
 Ne will I rest my limbs for frailty,
 Ne will I rest mine eyes for heaviness.

"But, as the mother of the gods, that sought
 For fair Eurydice, her daughter dear,
 Throughout the world, with woeful heavy thought;
 So will I travel whilst I tarry here,
 Ne will I lodge, ne will I ever lin,^b

^b Cease, give over.

Ne, when as drooping Titan draweth near
To loose his team, will I take up my inn.

"Ne sleep (the harbinger of weary wights
Shall ever lodge upon mine eyelids more
Ne shall with rest refresh my fainting sprites,
Nor failing force to former strength restore :
But I will wake and sorrow all the night
With Philumene,^c my fortune to deplore ;
With Philumene, the partner of my plight.

"And ever as I see the star to fall,
And underground to go to give them light
Which dwell in darkness, I to mind will call
How my fair star (that shined on me so bright)
Fell suddenly and faded under ground ;
Since whose departure, day is turned to night,
And night without a Venus' star is found.

"But soon as day doth shew his dewy face,
And calls forth men unto their toilsome trade,
I will withdraw me to some darksome place,
Or some drear cave, or solitary shade ;
There will I sigh, and sorrow all day long,
And the huge burden of my cares unlade.
Weep, shepherd ! weep, to make my undersong."

And the following is the Seventh and last Fit, with the conclusion of the poem :—

"Henceforth mine eyes shall never more behold
Fair thing on earth, ne feed on false delight
Of ought that framed is of mortal mould,
Sith that my fairest flower is faded quite ;
For all I see is vain and transitory,
Ne will be held in any stedfast plight,
But in a moment lose their grace and glory.

"And ye, fond men ! on fortune's wheel that ride,
Or in ought under heaven repose assurance,
Be it riches, beauty, or honour's pride,
Be sure that they shall have no long endurance,
But ere ye be aware will flit away ;
For nought of them is yours, but the only usance
Of a small time, which none ascertain may.

^c Philomel, the Nightingale.

“ And ye, true lovers! whom disastrous chance
 Hath far exiled from your lady’s grace,
 To mourn in sorrow and sad sufferance,
 When ye do hear me in that desert place
 Lamenting loud my Daphne’s elegy,
 Help me to wail my miserable case;
 And when life parts vouchsafe to close mine eye.

“ And ye, more happy lovers! which enjoy
 The presence of your dearest loves’ delight,
 When ye do hear my sorrowful annoy,
 Yet pity me in your empassioned sprite,
 And think that such mishap, as chanced to me,
 May happen unto the most happiest wight;
 For all men’s states alike unstedfast be.

“ And ye, poor pilgrims, that with restless toil
 Weary yourselves in wandering desert ways,
 Till that you come where ye your vows assoil;
 When passing by ye read these woeful lays
 On my grave written, rue my Daphne’s wrong,
 And mourn for me that languish out my days.
 Cease, Shepherd! cease, and end thy under-song.

Thus when he ended had his heavy plaint,
 The heaviest plaint that ever I heard sound,
 His cheeks waxed pale, and sprites began to faint,
 As if again he would have fallen to ground;
 Which when I saw, I, stepping to him light,
 Amoved him out of his stony swound,^d
 And gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no way recomforted would be,
 Nor suffer solace to approach him nigh,
 But, casting up a sdainful eye at me
 That in his trance I would not let him lie,
 Did rend his hair and beat his blubbered face,
 As one disposed wilfully to die,
 That I sore grieved to see his wretched case.

Tho,^e when the pang was somewhat overpast,
 And the outrageous passion nigh appeased,
 I him desired, sith day was overcast,

^d Swoon.

^e Then.

And dark night fast approached, to be pleased
 To turn aside unto my cabinet,
 And stay with me till he were better eased
 Of that strong stound which him so sore beset.

But by no means I could him win thereto,
 Ne longer him entreat with me to stay,
 But without taking leave he forth did go
 With staggering pace and dismal look's dismay,
 As if that Death he in the face had seen,
 Or hellish hags had met upon the way ;
 But what of him became I cannot ween.

Whether he returned to Ireland in 1591 or in 1592, Spenser appears to have resided at Kilcolman for the following three or four years. Our next accounts of him are derived from certain curious documents which Mr. Hardiman has published. It appears that in 1593 Maurice Lord Roche, Viscount Fermoy, petitioned the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, stating, that "where [whereas] one Edmond Spenser, gentleman, hath lately exhibited suit against your suppliant for three ploughlands, parcels of Shanballymore (your suppliant's inheritance), before the Vice-president and Council of Munster, which land hath been heretofore decreed for your suppliant against the said Spenser and others under whom he conveyed ; and, nevertheless, for that the said Spenser, being Clerk of the Council in the said province, and did assign his office unto one Nicholas Curteys, among other agreements, with covenant that during his life he should be free in the said office for his causes, by occasion of which immunity he doth multiply suits against your suppliant in the said province, upon pretended title of others." At the same time, it appears, Lord Roche presented another petition against Joan Ny Callaghan, whom he therein states to be his opponent "by supportation and maintainance of Edmond Spenser, gentleman, a heavy adversary unto your suppliant." Moreover in a third petition he complained "that Edmond Spenser, of Kilcolman, gentleman, hath entered

into three ploughlands, parcel of Ballingerath, and dis-seised your suppliant thereof, and continueth by countenance and greatness the possession thereof, and maketh great waste of the wood of the said land, and converteth a great deal of corn growing thereupon to his proper use, to the damage of the complainant of two hundred pounds sterling." "Whereunto," adds the record in the Rolls Office, "the said Edmond Spenser appearing in person had several days prefixed unto him peremptorily to answer, which he neglected to do." Therefore, it is finally stated, "after a day of grace given," on the 12th of February, 1594, Lord Roche was decreed his possession. All this does not look as if the poet had been indifferent to his rights of property, real or imaginary; nor should we have inferred that he would be from anything that is known of him—whether from his history or from his writings, from his prose or from his verse. It is probable, also, that he was improvident, or a bad manager of money; Camden, in mentioning his death in his *History of the Reign of Elizabeth*, says that, through a fate common to the fraternity of poets, he was always poor; and this, rather than rapacity, may be supposed to have urged whatever of hardness there was in his proceedings. It is said, however, that he has not left a favourable impression upon the popular mind in Ireland. "His name," Mr. Hardiman observes, quoting as his authority *Trotter's Walks in Ireland*, "is still remembered in the vicinity of Kilcolman; but the people entertain no sentiments of respect or affection for his memory."

It would appear from what Lord Roche states, that in or before the year 1593 Spenser had disposed of his office of Clerk of the Council of Munster, to which it may be remembered that he was appointed in June, 1588. Mr. Todd must therefore be wrong in supposing that he still held this office in the year 1596, because a note in an old and probably coeval handwriting on a manuscript of his 'View of Ireland' in the Library of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, states that that treatise "was written by Edward [Edmund] Spenser,

Clerk of the Council of the Province of Munster in Ireland, in anno 1596." The meaning must be only that the treatise was written in that year. The office in question, which appears to have passed immediately from Spenser to Nicholas Curteys, was afterwards held by Spenser's friend Bryskett; and by him it was surrendered 31st March, 1600, in order that the Queen might give it, with the custody of the signet of the province, to Richard Boyle, afterwards the first, or Great, Earl of Cork.

Continuing, as we have hitherto done, to follow the order of their publication, the next of Spenser's poems that we have to notice is his *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, which, accompanied by several other pieces, was published by Ponsonby in a quarto volume at London in 1595.

Colin Clout's Come Home Again is dedicated to Sir Walter Raleigh in a short address, dated, in the printed copy, "From my house at Kilcolman, December the 27th, 1591." It has, however, been generally supposed that 1591 must be a misprint for either 1594 or 1595. Mr. Todd remarks, 1. That the poem contains a lamentation on the death of Ferdinando Earl of Derby, under the name of Amyntas, which did not happen till April, 1594; 2. That there are allusions in it to Daniel's 'Complaint of Rosamond,' published in 1592, and also to the same poet's tragedy of 'Cleopatra,' published in 1594; 3. That it refers apparently to the circumstance of Raleigh's disgrace at court in consequence of his amour with the daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, which did not take place till the summer of 1592. It might be added that the undoubted publication of the poem in 1595 seems to make it further improbable that the Dedication should have been penned in 1591, even if the poem itself had been written so long before. But perhaps these reasons are not so conclusive as they at first sight appear. The allusion to the death of the Earl of Derby, admitting him to be meant by Amyntas, may possibly have been an after insertion. So may the passage in which Daniel is spoken of, unless we may

suppose that his 'Delia' and 'Rosamond' might have been seen by Spenser before they were published. The passage about Raleigh, again, seems to refer not to his imprisonment in the Tower in 1592, but to his retreat from court for some other reason in 1589; no expression is used carrying with it any allusion either to a prison or a lady. And then, for the Dedication, let us look to its terms: the poet requests Raleigh to accept the poem "in part of payment of the infinite debt, in which," says he, "I acknowledge myself bounden unto you for your singular favours, and sundry good turns, showed to me *at my late being in England*." What recent visit to England is here meant, if the Dedication is to be taken as having been written in either 1595 or 1594? There is no trace of Spenser having been in England in either of these years, or even in 1593, or after January, 1592, even if we should hold that to be the date of the Dedication of the *Daphnaida*. But, independently of its ambiguity, it is just as probable that the date of that Dedication may be misprinted as that there may be an error in the date of the present Dedication. It is certainly scarcely possible that he could have been at Kilcolman on the 27th of December in the one year and at London on the 1st of January in the year following. At all events, the subject of the present poem is undoubtedly his visit to England in the close of the year 1589. He observes to Raleigh in his Dedication that the pastoral, as he calls it, agrees "with the truth in circumstance and matter." Colin Clout is his designation for himself, long ago adopted in the *Shepherd's Calendar*; and the title, *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, would seem to express, still more strongly than the language of the Dedication, that it had been written very soon after his return to Ireland. One reason which he gives for sending the poem to Raleigh is, that, as he expresses himself, "you may see that I am not always idle, though not greatly well occupied;" and he concludes by beseeching Raleigh to protect it with his good countenance against the malice of evil mouths, which," he adds, "are always wide open to carp at and misconstrue my simple meaning."

Colin Clout's Come Home Again is a poem of great beauty; and it is, besides, in the highest degree interesting both from its bearing upon the personal history of Spenser himself, and from its numerous references to his contemporaries. Spenser introduces himself as "the Shepherd's Boy (best known by that name) that after Tityrus [or Chaucer] first sung his lay." As he sate one day "charming (or modulating) his oaten pipe unto his peers," the other shepherd swains sitting round him, one of them, Hobinol (that is his old friend Harvey) breaks out into a lamentation of how great a loss all the nation of the shepherds has suffered from his absence; and asks him to relate the events of his late voyage. This, he answers, is the very thing he desires to do; for, he proceeds, alluding to Elizabeth, whom he calls Cynthia,

— "since I saw that angel's blessed eye,
Her world's bright sun, her heaven's fairest light,
My mind, full of my thoughts' satiety,
Doth feed on sweet contentment of that sight:
Since that same day in nought I take delight,
Ne feeling have in any earthly pleasure,
But in remembrance of that glory bright,
My life's sole bliss, my heart's eternal treasure."

And then he commences as follows with Raleigh's visit to him at Kilcolman:—

"One day," quoth he, "I sate (as was my trade)^f
Under the foot of Mole, that mountain hoar,
Keeping my sheep amongst the coolly shade
Of the green alders by the Mulla's shore;
There a strange shepherd chanced to find me out,
Whether allured with my pipe's delight,
Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
Or thither led by chance, I know not right:
Whom when I asked from what place he came,
And how he hight, himself he did ycleepes
The Shepherd of the Océan by name,
And said he came far from the main-sea deep.

^f Custom.

^s Call.

He, sitting me beside in that same shade,
 Provoked me to play some pleasant fit;
 And, when he heard the music which I made,
 He found himself full greatly pleased at it:
 Yet, emuling my pipe, he took in hond
 My pipe, before that emuled of many,
 And played thereon: (for well that skill he conned;)
 Himself as skilful in that art as any.
 He piped, I sung; and, when he sung, I piped:
 By change of turns, each making other merry;
 Neither envying other, nor envied,
 So piped we, until we both were weary."

The subject of his song to the Shepherd of the Ocean was, he afterwards informs them, the love of his river Bregog for its neighbouring stream the Mulla, the same fable that is alluded to in the first of the two Cantos of Mutability. The Bregog is, or was, a stream flowing from the Mountains of Mole, or Ballyhowra Hills, about a mile to the east of Kilcolman Castle; the name in Irish signifies *false* or *sly*, and the stream had lost itself below ground in part of its course; whence the poet invents his story of its finding its way by stealth to its beloved Mulla, the daughter of old Mole; yet not with so much secrecy

————— "but it was descried,
 And told her father by a shepherd's boy,
 Who, wondrous wroth, for that so foul despite,
 In great revenge did roll down from his hill
 Huge mighty stones, the which encumber might
 His passage, and his water-courses spill.
 So of a river, which he was of old,
 He none was made, but scattered all to nought:
 And, lost among those rocks into him rolled;
 Did lose his name: so dear his love he bought."

Raleigh's song, on the other hand, he says,

————— "was all a lamentable lay
 Of great unkindness and of usage hard,
 Of Cynthia the Lady of the Sea,
 Which from her presence faultless him debarred.

And ever and anon, with singulfs rife,^h
 He cried out, to make his undersong;
 Ah! my love's queen, and goddess of my life,
 Who shall me pity, when thou dost me wrong?"

Then he goes on:—

"When thus our pipes we both had wearied well,"
 Quoth he, "and each an end of singing made,
 He gan to cast great liking to my lore,
 And great disliking to my luckless lot,
 That banished had myself, like wight forlore,
 Into that waste, where I was quite forgot.
 The which to leave, thenceforth he counselled me.
 Unmeet for man, in whom was aught regardful,
 And wend with him, his Cynthia to see;
 Whose grace was great, and bounty most rewardful.
 Besides her peerless skill in makingⁱ well,
 And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,
 Such as all womankind did far excel;
 Such as the world admired, and praised it:
 So what with hope of good, and hate of ill,
 He me persuaded forth with him to fare.
 Nought took I with me, but mine oaten quill:
 Small needments else need shepherd to prepare.
 So to the sea we came; the sea, that is
 A world of waters heaped up on high,
 Rolling like mountains in wild wilderness,
 Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse cry."

This is evidently, and indeed is admitted on all hands to be, an account of his visit to England in company with Raleigh in 1589; * how then can Raleigh's lamentable lay of Cynthia's unkindness, which he is represented as singing previous to their setting out, have had any thing to do with Elizabeth's imprisonment of him for his amour with her maid of honour in 1592?

He continues the description of his voyage as follows:—

^h Sobs.

ⁱ Poetry.

* See Vol. I. p. 99.

Who life doth loathe, and longs death to behold,
 Before he die, already dead with fear,
 And yet would live with heart half stony cold,
 Let him to sea, and he shall see it there.
 And yet, as ghastly dreadful as it seems,
 Bold men, presuming life for gain to sell,
 Dare tempt that gulf, and in those wandering streams
 Seek ways unknown, ways leading down to hell.
 For, as we stood there waiting on the strand,
 Behold, an huge great vessel to us came,
 Dancing upon the water's back to land,
 As if it scorned the danger of the same :
 Yet was it but a wooden frame and frail,
 Glued together with some subtile matter ;
 Yet had it arms and wings, and head and tail,
 And life to move itself upon the water.
 Strange thing ! how bold and swift the monster was,
 That neither cared for wind, nor hail, nor rain,
 Nor swelling waves, but thorough them did pass
 So proudly, that she made them roar again.
 The same aboard us gently did receive,
 And without harm us far away did bear,
 So far that land, our mother, us did leave,
 And nought but sea and heaven to us appear.
 Then heartless quite, and full of inward fear,
 That shepherd I besought to me to tell,
 Under what sky, or in what world we were,
 In which I saw no living people dwell.
 Who, me recomforting all that he might,
 Told me that that same was the regiment^j
 Of a great shepherdess, that Cynthia hight,
 His liege, his lady, and his life's regent.—
 " If then," quoth I, " a shepherdess she be,
 Where be the flocks and herds which she doth keep ?
 And where may I the hills and pastures see,
 On which she useth for to feed her sheep ?"
 " These be the hills," quoth he, " the surges high,
 On which fair Cynthia her herds doth feed :
 Her herds be thousand fishes with their fry.
 Which in the bosom of the billows breed.
 Of them the shepherd which hath charge in chief,

^j Government, dominion.

Is Triton, blowing loud his wreathed horn ;
 At sound whereof, they all for their relief
 Wend to and fro at evening and at morn.
 And Proteus eke with him does drive his herd
 Of stinking seals and porcupines together,
 With hoary head and dewy dropping beard,
 Compelling them which way he list, and whither.
 And I, among the rest, of many least,
 Have in the ocean charge to me assigned ;
 Where I will live or die at her behest,
 And serve and honour her with faithful mind.
 Besides, an hundred nymphs all heavenly born,
 And of immortal race, do still attend
 To wash fair Cynthia's sheep, when they be shorn,
 And fold them up, when they have made an end."

Triton here is evidently the Lord High Admiral, Lord Howard of Effingham ; and Proteus must be some other high naval officer ; but the editors give us no help as to these matters.

Afterwards we have this description of England :—

" Both heaven and heavenly graces do much more,"
 Quoth he, " abound in that same land than this.
 For there all happy peace and plenteous store
 Conspire in one to make contented bliss :
 No wailing there nor wretchedness is heard
 No bloody issues nor no leprosy,
 No grisly famine, nor no raging sword,^k
 No nightly bodrags,^l nor no hue and cries ;
 The shepherds there abroad may safely lie,
 On hills and downs, withouten dread or danger :
 No ravenous wolves the good man's hope destroy,
 Nor outlaws fell affray the forest ranger.
 There learned arts do flourish in great honour
 And poets' wits are had in peerless price :
 Religion hath lay power, to rest upon her,^m
 Advancing virtue and suppressing vice.
 For end, all good, all grace there freely grows,
 Had people grace it gratefully to use :

^k Sword.

^l Border incursions. It should probably be *bodrags*.

^m That is, upon lay power.

For God his gifts there plenteously bestows,
But graceless men them greatly do abuse."

Elizabeth herself is thus splendidly described:—

"I would her liken to a crown of lilies,
Upon a virgin bride's adorned head,
With roses dight and gooldsⁿ and daffadillies;
Or like the circlet of a turtle true;
In which all colours of the rainbow be;
Or like fair Phœbe's girland shining new,
In which all pure perfection one may see.
But vain it is to think, by paragon
Of earthly things, to judge of things divine:
Her power, her mercy, and her wisdom, none
Can deem, but who the Godhead can define.
Why then do I, base shepherd, bold and blind,
Presume the things so sacred to profane?
More fit it is to adore, with humble mind,
The image of the heavens in shape humane."

Then follows a remarkable passage, in which many of the contemporary English poets are introduced:—

"The Shepherd of the Oeeän," quoth he,
"Unto that goddess' grace me first enhanced,
And to mine oaten pipe inclined her ear,
That she thenceforth therein gan take delight;
And it desired at timely hours to hear,
All were my notes but rude and roughly dight;
For not by measure of her own great mind,
And wondrous worth, she mott^o my simple song,
But joyed that country shepherd ought could find
Worth harkening to, amongst the learned throng."

"Why?" said Alexis then, "what needeth she
That is so great a shephërdess herself,
And hath so many shepherds in her fee,
To hear thee sing, a simple silly elf?
Or be the shepherds which do serve her lazy,
That they list not their merry pipes apply?
Or be their pipes untunable and crazy,
That they cannot her honour worthily?"
"Ah! nay," said Colin, "neither so, nor so:

ⁿ Marygolds.

^o Meted, measured.

For better shepherds be not under sky,
Nor better able, when they list to blow
Their pipes aloud, her name to glorify.
There is good Harpalus, now wexen aged
In faithful service of fair Cynthia :
And there is Corydon, though meanly waged,
Yet ablest wit of most I know this day.
And there is sad Alcyon bent to mourn,
Though fit to frame an everlasting ditty,
Whose gentle sprite for Daphne's death doth turn
Sweet lays of love to endless plaints of pity.
Ah ! pensive boy, pursue that brave conceit
In thy sweet Eglantine of Meriflure ;
Lift up thy notes unto their wonted height,
That may thy muse and mates to mirth allure.
There eke is Palin worthy of great praise,
All be he envy at my rustic quill :
And there is pleasing Alcon, could he raise
His tunes from lays to matter of more skill.
And there is old Palemon free from spite,
Whose careful pipe may make the hearer rue :
Yet he himself may rued be more right,
That sung so long until quite hoarse he grew.
And there is Alabaster thoroughly taught
In all this skill, though knowen yet to few ;
Yet, were he known to Cynthia as he ought,
His Eliseis would be read anew.
Who lives that can match that heroic song,
Which he hath of that mighty princess made ?
O dreaded Dread, do not thyself that wrong,
To let thy fame lie so in hidden shade :
But call it forth, O call him forth to thee,
To end thy glory which he hath begun :
That, when he finished hath as it should be,
No braver poem can be under sun.
Nor Po nor Tiber's swans so much renowned,
Nor all the brood of Greece so highly praised,
Can match that muse when it with bays is crowned.
And to the pitch of her perfection raised.
And there is a new shepherd late up sprung,
The which doth all afore him far surpass ;
Appearing well in that well tuned song,
Which late he sung unto a scornful lass.
Yet doth his trembling Muse but lowly fly,

As daring not too rashly mount on height,
And doth her tender plumes as yet but try
In love's soft lays and looser thoughts' delight.
Then rouse thy feathers quickly, Daniel,
And to what course thou please thyself advance:
But most, me seems, thy accent will excel
In tragic plaints and passionate mischance.
And there that Shepherd of the Ocean is,
That spends his wit in love's consuming smart:
Full sweetly tempered is that muse of his,
That can empierce a prince's mighty heart,
There also is (ah no, he is not now!)
But since I said he is, he quite is gone,
Amyntas quite is gone, and lies full low,
Having his Amaryllis left to moan.
Help, O ye shepherds, help ye all in this,
Help Amaryllis this her loss to mourn:
Her loss is yours, your loss Amyntas is,
Amyntas, flower of shepherds' pride forlorn:
He whilst he lived was the noblest swain,
That ever piped in an oaten quill:
Both did he other, which could pipe, maintain,
And eke could pipe himself with passing skill.
And there, though last not least, is Aetion;
A gentler shepherd may no where be found:
Whose muse, full of high thought's invention,
Doth like himself heroically sound.
All these, and many others mo remain,
Now, after Astrophel is dead and gone:
But, while as Astrophel did live and reign,
Amongst all these was none his paragon.
All these do flourish in their sundry kind,
And do their Cynthia immortal make:
Yet found I liking in her royal mind,
Not for my skill, but for that shepherd's sake."

Here Harpalus is supposed to be Barnaby Googe, the author, among other productions, of a collection of "Eclogues, Epitaphs, and Sonnets," published in 1563, or, as has been suggested by Mr. Collier, perhaps Lord Buckhurst; Corydon, Abraham Fraunce, author of "The Lamentation of Corydon for the Love of Alexis" (from the Latin), 1588; Alcyon, undoubtedly Sir Arthur

Gorges, introduced under the same appellation in the *Daphnida*, *Eglantine of Meriflure* being, apparently, the title of some unpublished poem of his; *Palin*, *Thomas Chaloner*, mentioned by *Puttenham* as among those most eminent for eclogue and pastoral poesy, or, as *Malone* thinks, *George Peele*, the dramatist; *Alcon*, *Thomas Watson*, author of a *Collection of Sonnets*, published in 1591, or, according to *Malone*, *Thomas Lodge*, the dramatist; *Palemon*, certainly *Thomas Churchyard*, a very voluminous poet, as has been conclusively shown by *Mr. Collier*,* and not *Arthur Golding* as suggested by *Malone*; and *Amyntas*, as already stated, the *Earl of Derby*. The *Shepherd of the Ocean*, of course, is *Raleigh*; and *Astrophel* is *Sir Philip Sidney*; and *Alabaster* and *Daniel* are real names. The most interesting of the notices is that of *Aetion*, which *Mr. Todd* conceives to be intended for *Drayton*, but by which it is now generally supposed that *Shakespeare* is most probably meant, as *Malone* contends. *Drayton* had published nothing in an heroic strain even in 1595; and, if he had, still it would be difficult to assign any meaning to the assertion that his muse did *like himself* heroically sound. On the other hand *Shakespeare's* name seems to be pointedly alluded to.

A shepherdess named *Lucida* now observes to *Colin* that he has said nothing of any of the nymphs in *Cynthia's* retinue; it would seem as if he had found favour with none of them.

“ Ah far be it,” quoth *Colin Clout*, “ fro me,
That I of gentle maids should ill deserve;
For that myself I do profess to be
Vassal to one, whom all my days I serve;
The beam of beauty sparkled from above,
The flower of virtue and pure chastity,
The blossom of sweet joy and perfect love,
The pearl of peerless grace and modesty:
To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
To her my heart I nightly martyrize:

* See his *History of the Stage*, II. 431.

To her my love I lowly do prostrate,
 To her my life I wholly sacrifice :
 My thought, my heart, my love, my life is she,
 And I hers ever only, ever one :
 One ever I all vowed hers to be,
 One ever I, and other's never none."

This was surely written before Rosalind had been forgotten in a new passion ; yet by the time of the death of the Earl of Derby in April 1594 Spenser was certainly far advanced in his courtship of, if not on the point of marriage with, another love. Here are the most striking parts of the tribute to the court ladies :—

"They all," quoth he, "me graced goodly well,
 That all I praise ; but in the highest place,
 Urania, sister unto Astrophel,
 In whose brave mind, as in a golden coffer,
 All heavenly gifts and riches locked are ;
 More rich than pearls of Ind, or gold of Opher,
 And in her sex more wonderful and rare.
 Ne less praise-worthy I Theana read,
 Whose goodly beams, though they be over-dight
 With mourning stole of careful widowhead,
 Yet through that darksome vale do glister bright ;
 She is the well of bounty and brave mind,
 Excelling most in glory and great light ;
 She is the ornament of womankind,
 And court's chief girland with all virtues dight.

Ne less praise-worthy is her sister dear,
 Fair Marian, the Muses' only darling :
 Whose beauty shineth as the morning clear,
 With silver dew upon the roses pearling.
 Ne less praise-worthy is Mansilia,
 Best known by bearing up great Cynthia's train :
 That same is she to whom Daphnaida
 Upon her niece's death I did complain :
 She is the pattern of true womanhead,
 And only mirror of femininity :
 Worthy next after Cynthia to tread,
 As she is next her in nobility.

Ne less praiseworthy Stella do I read,
 Though nought my praises of her needed are,
 Whom verse of noblest shepherd lately dead
 Hath praised and raised above each other star
 Ne less praiseworthy are the sisters three,
 The honour of the noble family
 Of which I meanest boast myself to be,
 And most that unto them I am so nigh;
 Phyllis, Charyllis, and sweet Amaryllis.
 Phyllis, the fair, is eldest of the three:
 The next to her is bountiful Charyllis:
 But the youngest is the highest in degree.
 Phyllis, the flower of rare perfection,
 Fair spreading forth her leaves with fresh delight,
 That, with their beauty's amorous reflexion,
 Bereave of sense each rash beholder's sight.
 But sweet Charyllis is the paragon
 Of peerless price, and ornament of praise,
 Admired by all, yet envied of none,
 Through the mild temperance of her goodly rays.
 Thrice happy do I hold thee, noble swain,
 The which art of so rich a spoil possessed,
 And, it embracing dear without disdain,
 Hast sole possession in so chaste a breast;
 Of all the shepherds' daughters which there be,
 And yet there be the fairest under sky,
 Or that elsewhere I ever yet did see,
 A fairer nymph yet never saw mine eye:
 She is the pride and primrose of the rest,
 Made by the Maker self to be admired;
 And like a goodly beacon high addressed,
 That is with sparks of heavenly beauty fired,
 But Amaryllis, whether fortunate
 Or else unfortunate may I aread,
 That freed is from Cupid's yoke by fate,
 Since which she doth new bands' adventure dread,—
 Shepherd, whatever thou hast heard to be
 In this or that praised diversly apart,
 In her thou mayst them all assembled see,
 And sealed up in the treasure of her heart.

Here Urania is the Countess of Pembroke; Theana,
 Anne Countess of Warwick, already eulogised in *The*

Ruins of Time; Marian, her sister, Margaret Countess of Cumberland; Marsilia, the Marchioness of Northampton, to whom the *Daphnaida* is dedicated; Stella, the object of Sir Philip Sidney's first affection, the Lady Penelope Devereux, now the widow of Lord Rich; and Phyllis, Charyllis, and Amaryllis, the three daughters of Sir John Spenser, Lady Carey, Lady Compton, and Lady Derby, of whom an account has already been given.* Besides these there are mentioned two Irish ladies, Galathea and Neæra; and two others, Flavia and Candida, also undiscovered.

A portion, at least, of the further enthusiastic celebration of Elizabeth must also be given:—

“ Every gift, and every goodly meed,
Which she on me bestowed, demands a day;
And every day, in which she did a deed,
Demands a year it duly to display.
Her words were like a stream of honey fleeting,
The which doth softly trickle from the hive:
Able to melt the hearer's heart unweeting,
And eke to make the dead again alive.
Her deeds were like great clusters of ripe grapes,
Which load the bunches of the fruitful vine;
Offering to fall into each mouth that gapes,
And fill the same with store of timely wine.
Her looks were like beams of the morning sun,
Forth looking through the windows of the east,
When first the fleecy cattle have begun
Upon the pearled grass to make their feast.
Her thoughts are like the fume of frankincense,
Which from a golden censor forth doth rise,
And throwing forth sweet odours mounts fro thence
In rolling globes up to the vaulted skies.

“ Her great excellence
Lifts me above the measure of my might,
That, being filled with furious insolence,
I feel myself like one yrap't in sprite.

* See Vol. I. pp. 9, 10.

Yet will I think of her, yet will I speak,
 So long as life my limbs doth hold together;
 And, whenas death these vital bands shall break,
 Her name recorded I will leave for ever.

And, long while after I am dead and rotten,
 Amongst the shepherds' daughters dancing round,
 My lays made of her shall not be forgotten,
 But sung by them with flowery girlands crowned."

He is then asked why he ever left that happy land, and came back to the barren soil where he now is, there to dwell with cold, and care, and penury. His answer seems to imply that all had not gone quite smooth with him at court:—

"Sooth to say, it is no sort of life,
 For shepherd fit to lead in that same place,
 Where each one seeks with malice, and with strife,
 To thrust down other into foul disgrace,
 Himself to raise: and he doth soonest rise
 That best can handle his deceitful wit
 In subtile shifts, and finest sleights' devise,
 Either by slandering his well-deemed name,
 Through leasings lewd, and feigned forgery;
 Or else by breeding him some blot of blame,
 By creeping close into his secrecy;
 To which him needs a guileful hollow heart,
 Masked with fair dissembling courtesy,
 A filed tongue, furnished with terms of art,
 No art of school, but courtiers' schoolery.
 For arts of school have there small countenance,
 Counted but toys to busy idle brains.

For each man's worth is measured by his weed,
 As harts by horns, or asses by their ears:
 Yet asses been not all whose ears exceed,
 Nor yet all harts that horns the highest bears.
 For highest looks have not the highest mind,
 Nor haughty words most full of highest thoughts;
 But are like bladders blown up with wind,
 That being pricked do vanish into noughts.
 Even such is all their vaunted vanity,

Nought else but smoke, that fumeth soon away,
 Such is their glory that in simple eye
 Seem greatest, when their garments are most gay.
 So they themselves for praise of fools do sell,
 And all their wealth for painting on a wall;
 With price whereof they buy a golden bell,
 And purchase highest rooms in bower and hall:
 Whiles single Truth and simple Honesty
 Do wander up and down despised of all;
 Their plain attire such glorious gallantry
 Disdains so much, that none them in doth call."

Hobinol, or Harvey, here interposes, observing that he well remembers when he himself went to court "to wait on Lobbin," there were many worthy persons there. Lobbin is probably the Earl of Leicester; and it has been supposed that the Dido lamented in the eleventh eclogue of the *Shepherd's Calendar* was an illegitimate daughter of his.*

After this comes a great passage on the Love that flourishes at court as contrasted with that of simple shepherds:—

"And is Love then," said Corylas, "once known
 In court, and his sweet lore professed there?
 I weened sure he was our god alone,
 And only wonned in fields and forests here:"
 "Not so," quoth he, "Love most aboundeth there
 For all the walls and windows there are writ
 All full of love, and love, and love my dear,
 And all their talk and study is of it.
 Ne any there doth brave or valiant seem,
 Unless that some gay mistress' badge he bears:
 Ne any one himself doth aught esteem,
 Unless he swim in love up to the ears.
 But they of Love, and of his sacred lere,
 (As it should be) all otherwise devise,
 Than we poor shepherds are accustomed here,
 And him do sue and serve all otherwise.
 For with lewd speeches, and licentious deeds,
 His mighty mysteries they do profane.

* See Vol. I. pp. 83-88.

But we poor shepherds, whether rightly so,
 Or through our rudeness into error led,
 Do make religion how we rashly go
 To serve that god, that is so greatly dread;
 For him the greatest of the gods we deem,
 Born without sire or couples of one kind;
 For Venus self doth solely couples seem,
 Both male and female through commixture joined:
 So pure and spotless Cupid forth she brought,
 And in the gardens of Adonis nurst:
 Where growing he his own perfection wrought,
 And shortly was of all the gods the first.
 Then got he bow and shafts of gold and lead,
 In which so fell and puissant he grew,
 That Jove himself his power began to dread,
 And, taking up to heaven, him godded new.
 From thence he shoots his arrows everywhere
 Into the world, at random as he will.

So we him worship, so we him adore
 With humble hearts to heaven uplifted high."

"Shepherd, it seems that some celestial rage
 Of Love," quoth Cuddy, "is breathed into thy breast.

Well may it seem, by this thy deep insight,
 That of that god the priest thou shouldest be:
 So well thou wot'st the mystery of his might,
 As if his godhead thou didst present see."

On this launching out afresh in exaltation of the
 mighty deity, he exclaims:—

"Long before the world he was ybore,
 And bred above in Venus' bosom dear:
 For by his power the world was made of yore,
 And all that therein wondrous doth appear.

The lion chose his mate, the turtle dove
 Her dear, the dolphin his own dolphinet;
 But man, that had the spark of reason's might
 More than the rest to rule his passion,
 Chose for his love the fairest in his sight,

Like as himself was fairest by creation :
 For beauty is the bait which with delight
 Doth man allure for to enlarge his kind ;
 Beauty, the burning lamp of heaven's light,
 Darting her beams into each feeble mind :
 Against whose power nor god nor man can find
 Defence, ne ward the danger of the wound ;
 But, being hurt, seek to be medicined
 Of her that first did stir that mortal stound.
 Then do they cry and call to Love apace,
 With prayers loud importuning the sky,
 Whence he them hears : and, when he list shew grace,
 Does grant them grace that otherwise would die.
 So Love is lord of all the world by right,
 And rules their creatures by his powerful saw :
 All being made the vassals of his might,
 Through secret sense which thereto doth them draw."

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The conclusion of the poem is of singular interest in reference to Spenser's personal history. It is our last notice of Rosalind. When he has ended his laudation of Cupid, a shepherdess called Melissa observes that all true lovers are greatly bound to him, but, most of all, all women are his debtors. Then ill has he been requited, rejoins Hobinol, for having so long loved one of them so fondly.

" Indeed," said Lucid, " I have often heard
 Fair Rosalind of divers foully blamed
 For being to that swain too cruel hard ;
 That her bright glory else hath much defamed.
 But who can tell what cause had that fair maid
 To use him so that used her so well ;
 Or who with blame can justly her upbraid,
 For loving not ? for who can love compel ?
 And, sooth to say, it is foolhardy thing,
 Rashly to witen^p creatures so divine ;
 For demigods they be, and first did spring
 From heaven, though graft in frailness feminine."

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"Ah! shepherds," then said Colin, "ye ne weet
 How great a guilt upon your heads ye draw,
 To make so bold a doom, with words unmeet,
 Of things celestial which ye never saw.
 For she is not like as the other crew
 Of shepherds' daughters which amongst you be,
 But of divine regard and heavenly hue,
 Excelling all that ever ye did see.
 Not then to her that scorned thing so base,
 But to myself the blame that looked so high:
 So high her thoughts as she herself have place,
 And loathe each lowly thing with lofty eye.
 Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
 To simple swain, sith her I may not love:
 Yet that I may her honour paravant,¹
 And praise her worth, though far my wit above.
 Such grace shall be some guerdon for the grief,
 And long affliction which I have endured:
 Such grace sometimes shall give me some relief,
 And ease of pain which cannot be recured.
 And ye, my fellow shepherds, which do see
 And hear the languors of my too long dying,
 Unto the world for ever witness be,
 That hers I die, nought to the world denying
 This simple trophy of her great conquest."—

So, having ended, he from ground did rise;
 And after him uprose eke all the rest:
 All loth to part, but that the glooming skies
 Warned them to draw their bleating flocks to rest.

Rosalind, then, it may be presumed, was still living when this fine poem was written; and the language in which she is here spoken of is that of a heart which had rather ceased to hope than ceased to love. At the same time, the love too, as will happen in that case, is less violent than it had been.

The other pieces published along with *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, were several poems to the memory of Sir Philip Sidney, of which, however, only the first, entitled *Astrophel, a Pastoral Elegy*, is by Spenser. It is a short effusion of about 200 lines, "dedicated to the

¹ Publicly.

most beautiful and virtuous lady, the Countess of Essex," that is to say, to Sidney's widow, Frances Walsingham, who two or three years after losing her first husband, the subject of the present elegy, had remarried privately with Elizabeth's celebrated favourite. The lady, however, whom the poem celebrates, is Sidney's first love, made famous in his own verses under the same name, Stella, by which she is designated both here and in *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*; the beautiful Lady Penelope Devereux, sister of his widow's present husband. The following are extracts:—

A gentle shepherd born in Arcady,
Of gentlest race that ever shepherd bore,
About the grassy banks of Hæmony
Did keep his sheep, his little stock and store.
Full carefully he kept them day and night,
In fairest fields; and Astrophel he hight.

In one thing only failing of the best,
That he was not so happy as the rest;

He grew up fast in goodness and in grace,
And doubly fair wox both in mind and face.

Which daily more and more he did augment,
With gentle usage and demeanour mild:
That all men's hearts with secret ravishment
He stole away, and weetingly beguiled.
Ne spite itself, that all good things doth spill,
Found aught in him, that she could say was ill.

His sports were fair, his joyance innocent,
Sweet without sour, and honey without gall;
And he himself seemed made for merriment,
Merrily masking both in bower and hall.
There was no pleasure nor delightful play,
When Astrophel so ever was away.

For he could pipe, and dance, and carol sweet,
Amongst the shepherds in their shearing feast;
As summer's lark that with her song doth greet
The dawning day forthcoming from the east.

And lays of love he also could compose :
Thrice happy she, whom he to praise did chose.

And many a nymph both of the wood and brook,
Soon as his oaten pipe began to shrill,
Both crystal wells and shady groves forsook,
To hear the charms of his enchanting skill ;
And brought him presents, flowers if it were prime,
Or mellow fruit if it were harvest-time.

But he for none of them did care a whit,
Yet woodgods for them often sighed sore.

Stella the fair, the fairest star in sky,

Her he did love, her he alone did honour,
His thoughts, his rhymes, his songs were all upon her.

Ne her with idle words alone he wowed,
And verses vain (yet verses are not vain),
But with brave deeds to her sole service vowed.

In wrestling nimble, and in renning swift,
In shooting steady, and in swimming strong :
Well made to strike, to throw, to leap, to lift,
And all the sports that shepherds are among.
In every one he vanquished every one,
He vanquished all, and vanquished was of none.

No beast so savage but he could it kill ;
No chase so hard, but he therein had skill.

It fortun'd as he that perilous game
In foreign soil pursued far away ;
Into a forest wide and waste he came,
Where store he heard to be of salvage prey.
So wide a forest and so waste as this,
Nor famous Arden, nor foul Arlow, is.

So as he raged amongst that beastly rout,
 A cruel beast of most accursed brood
 Upon him turned (despair makes cowards stout),
 And, with fell tooth accustomed to blood,
 Launched his thigh with so mischievous might,
 That it both bone and muscles rived quite.

Ah! wretched boy, the shape of drearihead,
 And sad ensample of man's sudden end:
 Full little faileth but thou shalt be dead,
 Unpitied, unplaind, of foe or friend!
 Whilst none is nigh, thine eyelids up to close,
 And kiss thy lips like faded leaves of rose.

A sort of shepherds sueing of the chace,
 As they the forest ranged on a day,
 By fate or fortune came unto the place,
 Where as the luckless boy yet bleeding lay.

They stopped his wound, (too late to stop it was!)
 And in their arms then softly did him rear:
 Tho (as he willed) unto his loved lass,
 His dearest love, him dolefully did bear.

She, when she saw her love in such a plight,

Her yellow locks that shone so bright and long,
 As sunny beams in fairest summer's day,
 She fiercely tore, and with outrageous wrong
 From her red cheeks the roses rent away.

His pallid face, impictured with death,
 She bathed oft with tears, and dried oft:
 And with sweet kisses sucked the wasting breath
 Out of his lips like lilies pale and soft.
 And oft she called to him, who answered nought,
 But only by his looks did tell his thought.

At last, when pain his vital powers had spent,
 His wasted life her weary lodge forewent.

Which when she saw, she stayed not a whit,
 But after him did make untimely haste :
 Forthwith her ghost out of her corpse did flit,
 And followed her make like turtle chaste ;
 To prove that death their hearts cannot divide,
 Which living were in love so firmly tied.

The gods, which all things see, this same beheld,
 And, pitying this pair of lovers true,
 Transformed them there lying on the field
 Into one flower that is both red and blue ;
 It first grows red, and then to blue doth fade,
 Like Astrophel, which thereinto was made.

And in the midst thereof a star appears,
 As fairly formed as any star in skies ;
 Resembling Stella in her freshest years,
 Forth darting beams of beauty from her eyes :
 And all the day it standeth full of dew,
 Which is the tears that from her eyes did flow.

That herb of some Starlight is called by name,
 Of others Penthia, though not so well :
 But thou, wherever thou dost find the same,
 From this day forth do call it Astrophel :
 And whensoever thou it up dost take,
 Do pluck it softly for that shepherd's sake.

Stella, for all that is here said, was still extant, and lived for many years after this ; she had both married and buried one husband in Sidney's life-time, Robert second Lord Rich, whose widow she now was ; and she afterwards became the wife of Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy, whom James I. upon his coming to the throne created Earl of Devonshire.

The other pieces appear to be by Sidney's sister, the Countess of Pembroke, here called Clorinda ; by Spenser's friend Bryskett, supposed to be Thestylis, which name also occurs in *Colin Clout's Come Home Again* ; by a writer of the name of Matthew Roydon ; and by two unknown writers. The several poems may be supposed to have been collected by Spenser. What with its high poetry, and the personal interest attaching to

much of what it contained, a more exciting volume than this would be at its first appearance can hardly be conceived.

The same year brought forth another volume in 12mo., also printed for Ponsonby, entitled 'Amoretti and Epithalamion, written not long since by Edmund Spenser.' The *Amoretti* are a series of eighty-eight Sonnets, detailing the history of a new affection and courtship: and the *Epithalamion* is a marriage song on its successful termination. The volume was probably published early in 1595; for it is entered in the Stationers' Registers on the 19th of November in the preceding year. It is possible, indeed, although not perhaps probable, that it may have been brought out before the volume containing *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*. It is dedicated by Ponsonby "to the Right Worshipful Robert Needham, Knight," in a short address, in which he distinctly states that it is published in Spenser's absence, and seems to state that the manuscript came over in the same ship in which Needham had recently been conveyed from Ireland. He speaks of the author's "gentle muse" having been "for his former perfection long wished for in England." That Spenser was at this time absent from England further appears from a Sonnet to the author by G. W. Senior (perhaps George Whetstone) prefixed to the volume, in which, after affirming that,

— "while this muse in foreign land doth stray,
Invention sleeps, and pens are cast aside,"

he adds,

"Then, hie thee home, that art our perfect guide,
And with thy wit illustrate England's fame,
Daunting thereby our neighbours' ancient pride,
That do, for poesy, challenge chiefest name;"

alluding, we suppose, to the Scottish poets.

Spenser's Sonnets, though only the relaxations of his muse on a private theme, are for the most part at least ingenious and graceful compositions, and are far from meriting the disparaging terms in which they are spoken

of by Drummond of Hawthornden, who, as quoted by Ritson in his *Bibliographia Poetica*, says, "I am not of their opinion who think them his; for they are so childish, that it were not well to give them so honourable a father." Drummond forgot that a sonnet was not to Spenser what it was to himself, a performance that tasked his poetical powers to their most elaborate exercise. But, if he was not satisfied with the external evidence for the authenticity of these Sonnets, what would he have had? Drummond's incredulity, however, is exceeded in absurdity by the theory of his countryman the late George Chalmers, who, in his 'Supplemental Apology for the Believers in the Shakspeare Papers,' contends that these *Amoretti* of Spenser's are addressed to Queen Elizabeth, and that their two great objects were, "an apology for not proceeding with the Fairy Queen, and an attempt to clear himself from the cloud under which he wandered in darkness and dismay." This is not so much like the conceit of a person of little judgment (which Chalmers was) as of one deprived of his judgment altogether. Spenser's Sonnets need no Oedipus. There is not a line in them that is not readily intelligible, and perfectly natural, if we take them in what we suppose Chalmers himself would not have denied to be their professed or obvious sense.

If, however, they had been more attentively read in this sense, the portion of the poet's life of which they are the history would have been somewhat better understood than it has been by his biographers, and in particular one prevailing misconception would have been corrected. It has been supposed that the new mistress who is the subject of these Sonnets was a person so humbly born that Spenser, in making her his wife, may be said to have stepped quite out of his own rank in life and made what is called a low marriage. Thus, Mr. Todd speaks of "the lowliness of her origin;"* and in a formal pedigree which Mr. F. C. Spenser of Halifax gives in his communication to the *Gentleman's Magazine* as furnished to him by

* Works of Spenser, Vol. I. p. cxii.

Sir William Betham, Bart., Ulster King of Arms, and which is stated by Sir William to have been compiled by him "from the Records of Ireland," she is described as "daughter of —, a peasant of obscure family." We do not know what the "Records of Ireland" may say upon the subject; but at least we do not believe that there is any other evidence to this effect. The common account seems to rest entirely upon the description of her in the Tenth Canto of the Sixth Book of the *Fairy Queen*, where, being represented as dancing with the three Graces, and worthy to be herself a fourth, she is declared to be nevertheless "but a country lass." But "a country lass" surely does not necessarily mean a peasant girl. It would be, in the circumstances, a very natural and appropriate designation for any provincial beauty belonging to the middle ranks. Cibber in his 'Lives of the Poets' calls Spenser's mistress "a merchant's daughter;" and there is every appearance that such she was. It is impossible, at any rate, to read the Sonnets from beginning to end, and to retain the notion that she was of the humble station commonly supposed. They do not contain an expression from which any such inference can be drawn. Every thing that is said of her implies that she belonged to the same class with her lover, and that, although not of elevated rank or distinguished birth, her habits and accomplishments were those of a gentlewoman. In one place she is spoken of as living near the sea; the marriage appears to have been solemnized in Cork; and she was probably the daughter of a merchant residing in that city or the vicinity. This would give a peculiar propriety and significance to the appeal in the *Epithalamion*, "Tell me, ye merchants' daughters," &c.

Here is the First Sonnet:—

Happy, ye leaves! whenas those lily hands,
Which hold my life in their dead-doing might,
Shall handle you, and hold in love's soft bands,
Like captives trembling at the victor's sight.
And happy lines! on which, with starry light,

Those lamping eyes will deign sometimes to look,
 And read the sorrows of my dying sprite,
 Written with tears in heart's close-bleeding book.
 And happy rhymes! bathed in the sacred brook
 Of Helicon, whence she derived is;
 When ye behold that angel's blessed look,
 My soul's long-lacked food, my heaven's bliss;
 Leaves, lines, and rhymes, seek her to please alone,
 Whom if ye please I care for other none!

But this, although it stands at the head of the series, may perhaps have been written at a later date than many that follow it, and merely by way of introduction or preface to the rest after they were collected. There is nothing in it to prevent our supposing it to have been indited by the poet at the end instead of at the beginning or in the middle of his courtship. At all events his suit was by no means at once successful; the lady had to be long and perseveringly wooed before she was won; and the first forty or fifty sonnets record hardly any thing but her pride and obduracy. The chronological progress of the affair is very clear. As the Sonnets and Epithalamion were finished and probably in England before the end of 1594, the marriage, which it is intimated took place on St. Barnabas day, may be assigned to the 11th of June in that year. Upon this supposition everything is consistent. The courtship, as we trace its history in the Sonnets, ran through the preceding year and a half and a little more; and the commencement of this new affection may be therefore fixed in the latter part of the year 1592, some reasonable time after the poet had, in his *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, which we assume to have been written for the greater part in the close of the year 1591, discharged his heart of its last languid fervours for Rosalind.

The Fourth Sonnet announces the looking forth of a new year out of Janus' gate, that is to say, the return of a first of January. The Fifth is as follows:

Shining.

Rudely thou wrongest my dear heart's desire,
 In finding fault with her too portly pride :
 The thing which I do most in her admire,
 Is of the world unworthy most envied :
 For in those lofty looks is close implied
 Scorn of base things, and sdain of foul dishonour ;
 Threatening rash eyes which gaze on her so wide,
 That loosely they ne dare to look upon her.
 Such pride is praise ; such portliness is honour ;
 That boldened innocence bears in her eyes ;
 And her fair countenance, like a goodly banner,
 Spreads in defiance of all enemies.
 Was never in this world ought worthy tried,
 Without some spark of such self-pleasing pride.

Most commonly, however, he takes a different view of this part of the lady's character, and of her bearing towards him. As for instance in the Tenth Sonnet :—

Unrighteous Lord of Love, what law is this,
 That me thou makest thus tormented be,
 The whiles she lordeth in licentious bliss
 Of her free will, scorning both thee and me ?
 See how the tyranness doth joy to see
 The huge massacres which her eyes do make ;
 And humbled hearts brings captive unto thee,
 That thou of them may'st mighty vengeance take.
 But her proud heart do thou a little shake,
 And that high look, with which she doth control
 All this world's pride, bow to a baser make,
 And all her faults in thy black book enrol :
 That I may laugh at her in equal sort,
 As she doth laugh at me, and makes my pain her sport.

In the Fourteenth he speaks of having received a repulse which had for the time made him abandon his suit. In the Nineteenth we find the middle of April arrived, when

The merry cuckow, messenger of spring,
 His trumpet shrill hath thrice already sounded ;

and the Twenty-second brings us to Easter. In the Twenty-seventh he reminds her that, beautiful as she is, all her beauty will in time be forgotten, save only what of it shall be kept in the recollection of men by this verse of his, "that never shall expire." In the Twenty-eighth he speaks of her giving him great hope that she will relent by her wearing that day a laurel-leaf, being the badge which he himself bears; alluding perhaps to the appointment he is understood to have held of Poet Laureate. In the Twenty-ninth it is mentioned that this laurel or bay had been presented to her by him. In the Thirty-third he addresses himself to Lodwick—that is, to his friend Lodowick Bryskett—and apologises for not finishing his Fairy Queen, on the plea that to do so in his present situation he would require two wits or minds, the one which is all he has got being wholly occupied and "tossed with troublous fit of a proud love." In the Thirty-fourth he compares his mistress to a star that was wont to direct him with her bright ray, and that is now overcast with clouds. This would seem to indicate that his suit had once known a brighter time, however brief, than has shone upon it since the commencement of his sonnet-writing. The following, which is the Thirty-seventh, is not very like the description of the daughter of an obscure peasant:—

What guile is this, that those her golden tresses
She doth attire under a net of gold;
And with sly skill so cunningly them dresses.
That which is gold, or hair, may scarce be told?
Is it that men's frail eyes, which gaze too bold,
She may entangle in that golden snare;
And, being caught, may craftily enfold
Their weaker hearts, which are not well aware?
Take heed, therefore, mine eyes, how ye do stare
Henceforth too rashly on that guileful net,
In which, if ever ye entrapped are,
Out of her bands ye by no means shall get.
Fondness it were for any, being free,
To covet fetters, though they golden be!

In the Thirty-ninth he records how he had been glad-

dened and revived by her having lately smiled on him in a time of sadness; and the same subject is pursued in the Fortieth, which is as follows:—

Mark when she smiles with amiable cheer,
And tell me whereto can ye liken it;
When on each eyelid sweetly do appear
An hundred graces as in shade to sit.
Likest it seemeth, in my simple wit,
Unto the fair sunshine in summer's day,
That, when a dreadful storm away is flit,
Through the broad world doth spread his goodly ray;
At sight whereof, each bird that sits on spray,
And every beast that to his den was fled,
Comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
And to the light lift up their drooping head.
So my storm-beaten heart likewise is cheered
With that sunshine, when cloudy looks are cleared.

It may be observed that we have here nearly the same expression—"An hundred graces on her eyelid sate," &c., which E. K. in his gloss on the Sixth Eclogue of the *Shepherd's Calendar* quotes as occurring in one of Spenser's now lost *Pageants*.*

In the Forty-third Sonnet he complains indignantly of her having tied his tongue with proud restraint, or prohibited him from speaking to her; and he makes mention of "her deep wit, that true heart's thoughts can spell." In the Forty-sixth we find him noting that whenever in visiting her he has staid his prefixed time she forces him to go away. In the Fiftieth he speaks of having been ill. From the Fifty-second it may be gathered that they were probably not so placed as to meet every day; having returned home from seeing her, he describes himself as doomed "long-while alone in languor to remain." This is the Fifty-fourth:—

Of this world's theatre in which we stay,
My love, like the spectator, idly sits;
Beholding me, that all the pageants play,

* See Vol. I., p. 28.

Disguising diversely my troubled wits.
 Sometimes I joy when glad occasion fits,
 And mask in mirth like to a comedy :
 Soon after, when my joy to sorrow flits,
 I wail, and make my woes a tragedy.
 Yet she, beholding me with constant eye,
 Delights not in my mirth, nor rues my smart :
 But, when I laugh, she mocks ; and, when I cry,
 She laughs, and hardens evermore her heart.
 What then can move her ? if not mirth nor moan,
 She is no woman, but a senseless stone.

The Sixtieth Sonnet is the one from which the year of Spenser's birth has been deduced. The astronomers, he observes, assign to each of the planets a certain cycle. Thus Mars completes his sphere in sixty of our years. Then he goes on :—

So, since the winged god his planet clear
 Began in me to move, one year is spent :
 The which doth longer unto me appear
 Than all those forty which my life out-went.
 Then by that count, which lovers' books invent,
 The sphere of Cupid forty years contains :
 Which I have wasted in long languishment.

One part of the meaning of this, at any rate, is clear enough ; his suit has now gone on for about a year. And the previous portion of his life, he seems to state, had extended over forty years ; so that he was now forty-one. This was in the end of the year 1593 ; so that he would appear to have been born in 1552.

The Sixty-second Sonnet brings us to another new year, which is described as having begun his course "with show of morning mild." And from about this time, too, the fair lady begins to mitigate her severity, and the prospects of her lover to brighten. The following are the Sixty-fourth, Sixty-fifth, and Sixty-sixth Sonnets :—

Coming to kiss her lips (such grace I found)
 Me seemed, I smelt a garden of sweet flowers,
 That dainty odours from them threw around,
 For damsels fit to deck their lovers' bowers.

Her lips did smell like unto gillyflowers;
 Her ruddy cheeks, like unto roses red;
 Her snowy brows, like budded bellamoures;^t
 Her lovely eyes, like pinks but newly spread;
 Her goodly bosom, like a strawberry bed;
 Her neck, like to a bunch of columbines;
 Her breast, like lilies, ere their leaves be shed;
 Her nipples, like young blossomed jessamines:
 Such fragrant flowers do give most odorous smell;
 But her sweet odour did them all excel.

The doubt which ye misdeem, fair love, is vain,
 That fondly fear to lose your liberty;
 When, losing one, two liberties ye gain,
 And make him bond that bondage erst did fly.
 Sweet be the bands the which true love doth tie
 Without constraint, or dread of any ill:
 The gentle bird feels no captivity
 Within her cage; but sings, and feeds her fill.
 There pride dare not approach, nor discord spill
 The league twixt them, that loyal love hath bound:
 But simple truth, and mutual good-will,
 Seeks with sweet peace to salve each other's wound:
 There Faith doth fearless dwell in brazen tower,
 And spotless Pleasure builds her sacred bower.

To all those happy blessings, which ye have
 With plenteous hand by heaven upon you thrown;
 This one disparagement they to you gave,
 That ye your love lent to so mean a one.
 Ye, whose high worth's surpassing paragon
 Could not on earth have found one fit for mate,
 Ne but in heaven matchable to none,
 Why did ye stoop unto so lowly state?
 But ye thereby much greater glory get,
 Than had ye sorted with a prince's peer:
 For, now your light doth more itself dilate,
 And, in my darkness, greater doth appear.
 Yet, since your light hath once enlumined me,
 With my reflex yours shall increased be.

These last lines surely have anything rather than the

^t What flower or plant this is the glossaries do not explain.

appearance of having been addressed to a peasant girl, or to any one greatly inferior in condition to the writer. We add the Sixty-seventh :—

Like as a huntsman after weary chase,
 Seeing the game from him escaped away,
 Sits down to rest him in some shady place,
 With panting hounds beguiled of their prey :
 So, after long pursuit and vain assay,
 When I all weary had the chase forsook,
 The gentle deer returned the self-same way,
 Thinking to quench her thirst at the next brook :
 There she, beholding me with milder look,
 Sought not to fly, but fearless still did bide ;
 Till I in hand her yet half-trembling took,
 And with her own good will her firmly tied.
 Strange thing, me seemed, to see a beast so wild
 So goodly won, with her own will beguiled.

The Sixty-eighth is written on Good-Friday. And here are the Sixty-ninth, Seventieth, and Seventy-first :—

The famous warriors of the antique world
 Used trophies to erect in stately wise ;
 In which they would the records have enrolled
 Of their great deeds and valorous emprise.
 What trophy then shall I most fit devise,
 In which I may record the memory
 Of my love's conquest, peerless beauty's prize,
 Adorned with honour, love, and chastity !
 Even this verse, vowed to eternity,
 Shall be thereof immortal monument ;
 And tell her praise to all posterity,
 That may admire such world's rare wonderment ;
 The happy purchase of my glorious spoil,
 Gotten at last with labour and long toil.

Fresh Spring, the herald of love's mighty king,
 In whose coat-armour richly are displayed
 All sorts of flowers, the which on earth do spring,
 In goodly colours gloriously arrayed ;
 Go to my love, where she is careless laid,
 Yet in her winter's bower not well awake ;
 Tell her the joyous time will not be stayed,

Unless she do him by the forelock take;
 Bid her therefore herself soon ready make,
 To wait on Love amongst his lovely crew;
 Where every one, that misseth then her make,
 Shall be by him amerced with penance due.
 Make haste, therefore, sweet love, whilst it is prime;
 For none can call again the passed time.

I joy to see how, in your drawn work,
 Yourself unto the bee ye do compare;
 And me unto the spider, that doth lurk
 In close await, to catch her unaware:
 Right so yourself were caught in cunning snare
 Of a dear foe, and thrall'd to his love;
 In whose strait bands ye now captived are
 So firmly, that ye never may remove.
 But, as your work is woven all about
 With woodbine flowers and fragrant eglantine;
 So sweet your prison you in time shall prove,
 With many dear delights bedecked fine.
 And all thenceforth eternal peace shall see
 Between the spider and the gentle bee.

Here again we have plainly a lady, with her elegant accomplishments and her leisure, not "a country lass" in the sense in which the biographers understand the expression.

In the Seventy-fourth Sonnet, Spenser records the circumstance that his mother, his queen, and his love bore all the same name, Elizabeth. In the Seventy-eighth he mourns her temporary absence. In the Eightieth he intimates that he has now finished the Six Books of his *Fairy Queen*: this would be in the spring of 1594. The following are the Eighty-first and Eighty-second; the last we shall quote:—

Fair is my love, when her fair golden hairs
 With the loose wind ye waving chance to mark;
 Fair, when the rose in her red cheeks appears;
 Or in her eyes the fire of love does spark.
 Fair, when her breast, like a rich laden bark,
 With precious merchandise she forth doth lay;
 Fair, when that cloud of pride, which oft doth dark

Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away.
 But fairest she, whenso she doth display
 The gate with pearls and rubies richly dight,
 Through which her words so wise do make their way
 To bear the message of her gentle sprite.
 The rest be works of nature's wonderment:
 But this the work of heart's astonishment.
 Joy of my life! full oft for loving you
 I bless my lot, that was so lucky placed:
 But then the more your own mishap I rue,
 That are so much by so mean love embased.
 For, had the equal heavens so much you graced
 In this as in the rest, ye mote invent^u
 Some heavenly wit, whose verse could have enchased
 Your glorious name in golden monument.
 But since ye deigned so goodly to relent
 To me your thrall, in whom is little worth;
 That little, that I am, shall all be spent
 In setting your immortal praises forth:
 Whose lofty argument, uplifting me,
 Shall lift you up unto an high degree.

From the Eighty-fifth Sonnet we gather that some venomous tongue, carrying "false forged lies" to the lady's ear, had stirred up her anger against the poet, and made dispeace between them. The Eighty-sixth, Eighty-seventh, and Eighty-eighth express the unhappiness of the lover in his temporary absence from his mistress.

We shall give the greater part of the *Epithalamion*, which is probably the noblest marriage song ever sung:—

Ye learned sisters, which have oftentimes
 Been to me aiding, others to adorn,
 Whom ye thought worthy of your graceful rhymes,
 That even the greatest did not greatly scorn
 To hear their names sung in your simple lays,
 But joyed in their praise;
 And when ye list your own mishaps to mourn,
 Which death, or love, or fortune's wreck did raise,
 Your string could soon to sadder tenor turn,

^u Find.

And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your doleful dreariment :
Now lay those sorrowful complaints aside ;
And, having all your heads with garlands crowned,
Help me mine own love's praises to resound ;
Ne let the same of any be envied :
So Orpheus did for his own bride !
So I unto my self alone will sing ;
The woods shall to me answer, and my echo ring.

Early, before the world's light-giving lamp
His golden beam upon the hills doth spread,
Having dispersed the night's uncheerful damp,
Do ye awake ; and, with fresh lustihead,
Go to the bower of my beloved love,
My truest turtle dove ;
Bid her awake ; for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his mask to move,
With his bright tead that flames with many a flake,
And many a bachelor to wait on him,
In their fresh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore, and soon her dight,
For lo ! the wished day is come at last,
That shall, for all the pains and sorrows past,
Pay to her usury of long delight :
And, whilst she doth her dight,
Do ye to her of joy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Bring with you all the nymphs that you can hear
Both of the rivers and the forests green,
And of the sea that neighbours to her near :
All with gay garlands goodly well beseen.
And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay girland,
For my fair love, of lilies and of roses,
Bound truelove wise, with a blue silk riband.
And let them make great store of bridal posies,
And let them eke bring store of other flowers,
To deck the bridal bowers.
And let the ground wheras her foot shall tread,
For fear the stones her tender foot should wrong,
Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapered like the discoloured mead.

Which done, do at her chamber door await,
 For she will waken straight;
 The whiles do ye this song unto her sing,
 The woods shall to you answer, and your echo ring.

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Wake now, my love, awake; for it is time;
 The rosy Morn long since left Tithon's bed,
 All ready to her silver coach to climb;
 And Phœbus gins to show his glorious head.
 Hark! how the cheerful birds do chant their lays,
 And carol of Love's praise.
 The merry lark her matins sings aloft;
 The thrush replies; the mavis descant plays:
 The ouzel shrills; the ruddock warbles soft;
 So goodly all agree, with sweet concert,
 To this day's merriment.
 Ah! my dear love, why do ye sleep thus long,
 When meeter were that ye should now awake,
 To await the coming of your joyous make,
 And hearken to the birds' love-learned song,
 The dewy leaves among!
 For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
 That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

My love is now awake out of her dream,
 And her fair eyes, like stars that dimmed were
 With darksome clouds, now show their goodly beams
 More bright than Hesperus his head doth rear.
 Come now, ye damsels, daughters of delight,
 Help quickly her to dight:
 But first come ye fair Hours, which were begot
 In Jove's sweet paradise of day and night;
 Which do the seasons of the year allot,
 And all, that ever in this world is fair,
 Do make and still repair:
 And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian queen,
 The which do still adorn her beauty's pride,
 Help to adorn my beautifullest bride:
 And, as ye her array, still throw between
 Some graces to be seen;
 And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing.
 The whiles the woods shall answer, and your echo ring.

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O fairest Phœbus ! father of the muse !
 If ever I did honour thee aright,
 Or sing the thing that might thy mind delight,
 Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse ;
 But let this day, let this one day, be mine ;
 Let all the rest be thine.
 Then I thy sovereign praises loud will sing,
 That all the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

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Lo ! where she comes along with portly pace,
 Like Phœbe, from her chamber of the east,
 Arising forth to run her mighty race,
 Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
 So well it her beseems, that ye would ween
 Some angel she had been.
 Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire,
 Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,
 Do like a golden mantle her attire ;
 And, being crowned with a garland green,
 Seem like some maiden queen.
 Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
 So many gazers as on her do stare,
 Upon the lowly ground affixed are ;
 Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
 But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
 So far from being proud.
 Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
 So fair a creature in your town before ;
 So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
 Adorned with beauty's grace and virtue's store ?
 Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,
 Her forehead ivory white,
 Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded,
 Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
 Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncruddled,
 Her paps like lilies budded,
 Her snowy neck like to a marble tower ;
 And all her body like a palace fair,
 Ascending up, with many a stately stair,
 To honour's seat and chastity's sweet bower.

Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,
 Upon her so to gaze,
 Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
 To which the woods did answer, and your echo ring?

Open the temple gates unto my love,
 Open them wide that she may enter in,
 And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
 And all the pillars deck with girlands trim,
 For to receive this saint with honour due,
 That cometh in to you.
 With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
 She cometh in, before the Almighty's view;
 Of her ye virgins learn obedience,
 When so ye come into those holy places,
 To humble your proud faces:
 Bring her up to the high altar, that she may
 The sacred ceremonies there partake,
 The which do endless matrimony make;
 And let the roaring organs loudly play
 The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
 The whiles, with hollow throats,
 The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
 Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
 And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
 How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
 And the pure snow, with goodly vermeil stain
 Like crimson dyed in grain:
 That even the angels, which continually
 About the sacred altar do remain,
 Forget their service and about her fly,
 Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair,
 The more they on it stare.
 But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
 Are governed with goodly modesty,
 That suffers not one look to glance awry
 Which may let in a little thought unsound.
 Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
 The pledge of all our band!
 Sing, ye sweet angels, Hallelujah sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Now all is done : bring home the bride again ;
 Bring home the triumph of our victory :
 Bring home with you the glory of her gain,
 With joyance bring her and with jollity.
 Never had man more joyful day than this,
 Whom heaven would heap with bliss ;
 Make feast therefore now all this livelong day ;
 This day for ever to me holy is .
 Pour out the wine without restraint or stay,
 Pour not by cups, but by the belly full,
 Pour out to all that wull,
 And sprinkle all the posts and walls with wine,
 That they may sweat, and drunken be withal.
 Crown ye God Bacchus with a coronal,
 And Hymen also crown with wreaths of vine
 And let the Graces dance unto the rest,
 For they can do it best :
 The whiles the maidens do their carol sing,
 To which the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

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Ah ! when will this long weary day have end,
 And lend me leave to come unto my love ?
 How slowly do the hours their numbers spend ?
 How slowly does sad Time his feathers move ?
 Haste thee, O fairest planet, to thy home,
 Within the western foam :
 Thy tired steeds long since have need of rest.
 Long though it be, at last I see it gloom,
 And the bright evening-star with golden crest
 Appear out of the east.
 Fair child of beauty ! glorious lamp of love !
 That all the host of heaven in ranks dost lead,
 And guidest lovers through the night's sad dread,
 How cheerfully thou lookest from above,
 And seem'st to laugh atween thy twinkling light,
 As joying in the sight
 Of these glad many, which for joy do sing,
 That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring !

Now cease, ye damsels, your delights forepast ;
 Enough it is that all the day was yours :
 Now day is done, and night is nighing fast,
 Now bring the bride into the bridal bowers.

The night is come, now soon her disarray,
 And in her bed her lay ;
 Lay her in lilies and in violets,
 And silken curtains over her display,
 And odoured sheets, and arras coverlets.
 Behold how goodly my fair love does lie,
 In proud humility !
 Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took
 In Tempe, lying on the flowery grass,
 Twixt sleep and wake, after she weary was,
 With bathing in the Acidalian brook.
 Now it is night, ye damsels may be gone,
 And leave my love alone,
 And leave likewise your former lay to sing :
 The woods no more shall answer, nor your echo ring.

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The poem concludes with the following L'Envoy :—

Song, made in lieu of many ornaments
 With which my love should duly have been decked,
 Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
 Ye would not stay your due time to expect,
 But promised both to recompense ;
 Be unto her a goodly ornament,
 And for short time an endless monument !

Spenser came over again to England in 1596, bringing with him the three latter Books of his *Fairy Queen*, which, as has been already stated, were published along with a re-impression of the former three in the course of that year. In the same year appeared also in one quarto volume his *Prothalamion*, or Spousal Verse on the marriages of the Ladies Elizabeth and Katherine Somerset, daughters of the Earl of Worcester, accompanied by the *Daphnida* ; and in another his *Four Hymns*, in honour of Love, of Beauty, of Heavenly Love, and of Heavenly Beauty. The Dedication of these Hymns to the Countesses of Cumberland and Warwick is dated "Greenwich, this first of September, 1596." He had, he says, composed the two first in the greener times of his youth ; "and," he adds, "finding that the same too much pleased those of like age and

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disposition, which, being too vehemently carried with that kind of affection, do rather suck out poison to their strong passion than honey to their honest delight, I was moved by the one of you two most excellent ladies to call in the same;" but this he was unable to do, "by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad;" wherefore, "at least to amend, and, by way of retraction, to reform them," he had now composed the two others, which he beseeches the two ladies to accept, in lieu of the great graces and honourable favours which they daily show unto him, until such time as he may, by better means, yield them some more notable testimony of his thankful mind and dutiful devotion.* But he lived to write, or at least to publish, nothing more. The additional Cantos of the Fairy Queen first appeared in the next (the first folio) edition of the poem, which was published in 1609. Four short poems, making seventy or eighty lines in all, were, we believe, first given in the first edition of his collected Works, published in folio, in 1611. His prose treatise, entitled 'A View of the State of Ireland, written dialogue-wise between Eudoxus and Irenaeus,' which appears to have been composed, or at least finished, during this visit to England in 1596, was first published by Sir James Ware, at Dublin, in 1633. Mr. Todd has reprinted in his edition of the poet's works (8 vols., 8vo. Lond. 1805) four Sonnets recovered from old publications; the first, that addressed to Gabriel Harvey, dated from Dublin, the 18th of July, 1586; the second prefixed to an English translation of an Italian treatise published in 1595; the third prefixed to a work published in 1596; and the fourth to one published in 1599. A prose translation by Spenser of a Greek dialogue entitled 'Axiochus,' on the shortness and uncertainty of life, is said to have been printed in Scotland in 1592; but no copy is now known

* The Hymn of Heavenly Beauty, which is a very splendid composition, will be found entire in the third volume of 'Sketches of the History of Learning and Literature in England' (Weekly Volume, No. xxxvi.).

to exist. A poem entitled 'Britain's Ida,' which was published as his in 1628, is undoubtedly spurious.

Spenser is supposed to have returned to Ireland some time in 1597. The last authentic notice of him that has been discovered is a letter from the Queen to the Irish government, dated the 30th of September, 1598, recommending him to be sheriff of Cork. But in the next month the breaking out of Tyrone's rebellion drove him with all his family from Kilcolman. Ben Jonson told Drummond of Hawthornden that, after having plundered him of his goods, the rebels burned his house and a little child new born, but that he and his wife escaped. He came over to London, and died at an inn in King Street, Westminster, on the 16th of January, 1599.

His body was interred in Westminster Abbey, and it is said to have been by his own desire that his grave was made next to that of Chaucer. The funeral, Camden tells us, was at the charge of the Earl of Essex; and he adds, that the pall was held up by poets, and that mournful elegies and poems, with the pens that wrote them, were thrown into the grave. A friend has called our attention to an unnoticed passage in Browne's 'Britannia's Pastorals,' at the end of the first Song of the second Book, from which it appears that Queen Elizabeth had ordered a monument to the great poet's memory, but that the order had been intercepted by somebody's avarice. Having described the universal amazement and sorrow occasioned by Spenser's death, Browne proceeds:—

Mighty Nereus' queen,
 In memory of what was heard and seen,
 Employed a factor, fitted well with store
 Of richest gems, refined Indian ore,
 To raise, in honour of his worthy name,
 A Pyramis, whose head, like winged Fame,
 Should pierce the clouds, yea seem the stars to kiss,
 And Mausolus' great tomb might shroud in his.
 Her will had been performance, had not fate,
 That never knew how to commiserate,
 Suborned curst avarice to lie in wait
 For that rich prey: (gold is a taking bait)

Who, closely lurking like a subtle snake
Under the covert of a thorny brake,
Seized on the factor by fair Thetis sent,
And robbed our Colin of his monument.

Then follows a bitter imprecation, and a promise that, if he live a few years more, he (Browne) will write a satire that shall

— jerk to death this infamy of men.

Spenser's actual monument in Westminster Abbey was erected, more than thirty years after his death, at a cost of forty pounds, by the famous Anne, Countess of Dorset by her first husband, and of Pembroke and Montgomery by her second, and Baroness de Clifford in her own right. The monument was restored, and the inscription rectified as to dates, in 1778, at the expense of his college at Cambridge.

Spenser is described by Aubrey, on the information of Mr. Beeston, as having been a little man, who wore short hair, a little band, and little cuffs. There are two pictures of him at Pembroke Hall; another in the possession of the Earl of Kinnoul at Dupplin Castle; another in Lord Chesterfield's collection.

APPENDIX.

THE illustration of Spenser's personal history is only incidentally one of the objects of the present work, and chiefly in so far as any light is thrown upon his life by his poetry, or upon his poetry by his life; but we will here arrange more distinctly and comprehensively than has yet been done the known facts respecting his descendants and family connexions; with the addition of some that have not till now been laid before the public.

The first investigation which this subject received was from Dr. Birch, in his *Life of Spenser*, prefixed to the edition of *The Fairy Queen*, published in 3 vols. 4to., in 1751. Some important additional particulars were added by George Chalmers in his '*Supplemental Apology for the Believers in the Shakespeare Papers*,' 1799. All Birch's and Chalmers's statements are incorporated, along with some further information, in Mr. Todd's *Life of the Poet*, prefixed to his edition of his *Works* in 8 vols. 8vo., 1805. Other facts have since been communicated by Mr. T. Crofton Croker, in his '*Researches in the South of Ireland*,' 4to., 1824; by Mr. J. Hardiman, in his '*Irish Minstrelsy*,' 2 vols. 8vo., 1831; by the Rev. J. Mitford, in the *Life*, prefixed to the edition of '*Spenser's Poetical Works*,' in 5 vols. 8vo., 1839; and by Mr. F. C. Spenser, of Halifax, in a paper printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1842.

The entire number of the descendants of Edmund Spenser, mentioned in these various accounts, amounts to above twenty; but at least six or seven of them must be considered as very doubtful. We will enumerate them in their order:

1. SYLVANUS SPENSER is admitted on all hands to have been the eldest son of Edmund Spenser and his wife, of whom we know only that her name was Elizabeth. It appears from a curious document, of which Mr. Hardiman has given an abstract from the original in the Rolls Office, Dublin, that before the year 1603 the poet's widow had

contracted a second marriage with one Roger Seckerstone. The document in which this fact is stated is a petition from Sylvanus Spenser to the Lord Chancellor of Ireland; representing that the evidences of his late father's lands of Kilcolman, and others, to which he was heir, were unjustly withheld from him by his mother and her new husband, and praying remedy. Sylvanus Spenser married Ellen, eldest daughter of David Nangle, or Nagle, of Moneanymy, and of Ellen Roche, daughter of William Roche, of Ballyhowly. Both these estates are in the county of Cork: Moneanymy, or Monanymy, lying a little way south from Kilcolman. Both the Nagles and the Roches were Roman Catholic families; and this connexion, as will be seen, had an important influence upon the fate of the Spensers. The mother of Edmund Burke, we may notice in passing, who was a Miss Nagle, and a Catholic lady, is said to have been the grand-niece of this wife of Sylvanus Spenser; and perhaps the great orator derived his Christian name in this way from the great poet. Sylvanus Spenser, who was probably born in 1595, died before 1638; and left according to the common account two sons, Edmund and William, but according to the pedigree drawn up by Sir William Betham, and published in Mr. F. C. Spenser's paper, also a third named Nathaniel.

2. LAWRENCE SPENSER, of Bandon Bridge, in the county of Cork, second son of the poet, is mentioned only by Sir W. Betham, according to whom he died before 1654, and is not known to have left any descendants, or to have been married.

3. PEREGRINE SPENSER, youngest son of the poet, was married; his eldest brother Sylvanus having, "in order," as it is stated, "to prefer him in marriage," made over to him a part of the estate which he inherited from his father, namely, the lands of Rinny, or Renny, near Kilcolman. According to Mr. Hardiman he died in 1641; but Mr. Todd refers to a MS. in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, in which he is described on the 4th of May, 1642, as "a Protestant, resident about the barony of Fermoy, and so impoverished by the troubles as to be unable to pay his debts." He left a son, Hugolin.

4. CATHERINE SPENSER, eldest daughter of the poet, is mentioned only by Sir W. Betham, who places her between Sylvanus and Lawrence, and marries her to William Wiseman, of Bandon Bridge, but assigns her no descendants.

5. EDMUND SPENSER, eldest son of Sylvanus, had his estates erected into the manor of Kilcolman by royal letters patent confirmatory, on the 18th of February, 1638 (to remedy defective titles). He undoubtedly died unmarried, or at least without leaving any descendants, although the pedigree drawn up by Sir W. Betham, probably by an error in the way in which it is printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, assigns to him the children of his brother William.

6. WILLIAM SPENSER, second son of Sylvanus, became his elder brother's heir. Mr. Hardiman has printed from the Irish Privy Council Book preserved in Dublin Castle, the following interesting letter from Cromwell, dated Whitehall, 27th March, 1657:—"To our right trusty and right well-beloved our Council in Ireland: A petition hath been exhibited unto us by William Spenser, setting forth, that, being but seven years old at the beginning of the rebellion in Ireland [1641], he repaired with his mother (his father being then dead) to the city of Cork, and during the rebellion continued in the English quarters. That he never bore arms or acted against the Commonwealth of England. That his grandfather Edmund Spenser, and his father, were both Protestants, from whom an estate of lands in the barony of Fermoy, in the county of Cork, descended on him, which during the rebellion yielded him little or nothing towards his relief. That the said estate hath been lately given out to the soldiers in satisfaction of their arrears, only upon the account of his professing the Popish religion, which, since his coming to years of discretion, he hath, as he professes, utterly renounced. That his grandfather was that Spenser who, by his writings touching the reduction of the Irish to civility, brought on him the odium of that nation; and for those works, and his other good services, Queen Elizabeth conferred on him the estate which the said William Spenser now claims. We have also been informed that the gentleman is of civil conversation, and that the extremity his wants have brought him to have not prevailed over him to put him upon indirect or evil practices for a livelihood. And, if upon inquiry you shall find his case to be such, we judge it just and reasonable, and do therefore desire and authorize you, that he be forthwith restored to his estate, and that reprisal lands be given to the soldiers elsewhere; in the doing whereof our satisfaction will be greater by the continuation of that estate to the issue of his grandfather, for whose eminent deserts and services to the commonwealth

that estate was first given him. We rest your loving friend, OLIVER P."—The estate of Kilcolman was, in fact, restored to William Spenser; but, as far as we can make out, not till after the Restoration. And he had afterwards a royal grant, dated 31st July, 1678, of other lands in the counties of Galway and Roscommon, to the extent of nearly two thousand acres. Ballinasloe, at a later date so famous for its fair, was one of the properties he obtained in Roscommon. At the Revolution he joined King William, and is stated in a representation of his claims, which appears to have been drawn up about 1700 or 1701, to have rendered important public services by acting as a guide to the Earl of Athlone, in his military operations after the battle of the Boyne. For the part he took, it is affirmed, "he had 300 head of black cattle and 1500 sheep taken from him; his family was stripped, his house plundered, and his only son had above twenty wounds given him by the Irish army." In consideration, it is added, of these services and sufferings, his Majesty in 1697 granted him the forfeited estate of his cousin Hugolin, who had taken the opposite side, being the same lands of Renny, near Kilcolman, which had been made over to Hugolin's father Peregrine, by his elder brother Sylvanus, the father of this William. The interference, however of the Board of Trustees, appointed by Parliament in 1700 to determine the validity of these grants by the crown of Irish forfeited estates, prevented his deriving any benefit from the royal bounty, till he came over to England to urge his suit, when he obtained a confirmation of the grant through the influence of Congreve, the poet, who took an interest in him and introduced him to Montague (afterwards Earl of Halifax), then at the head of the Treasury. Dr. Birch describes him as a man somewhat advanced in years. According to Mr. Hardiman's account the grant in 1697 of Hugolin's forfeited estate, which extended to 332 acres, was to the son of this William. They were probably both included. On the 24th of November in the same year the father and son mortgaged all their estates in Cork, Galway, and Roscommon, for the sum of 2100*l.*; and on the 21st of February, 1716, they sold the lands of Ballinasloe to Frederic French, ancestor of their present possessor, the Earl of Clancarty. William Spenser, the date of whose death is not stated, left, by his wife Barbara, one son, Nathaniel, and one daughter, Susannah.

7. REV. NATHANIEL SPENSER, of Ballycanon, in the

county of Waterford, clerk, third son of Sylvanus Spenser, is mentioned only by Sir W. Betham, who states that he died intestate in 1669; having married Margaret, daughter of ——— Dean, Esq., by whom, however, he appears to have had no issue.

8. HUGOLIN SPENSER, son of Peregrine, the poet's youngest son, is supposed to have forfeited the lands of Renny, that would otherwise have descended to him from his father, by engaging in the rebellion of 1641 with his Catholic relations, the Nagles and Roches. He appears to have been a Catholic himself: the property, however, was restored to him after the Restoration by the Act of Settlement of 1663. But he forfeited it a second time, as we have seen, by siding with King James at the Revolution, and it then came into the possession of his cousin William. He himself was outlawed, and it does not appear to be known what became of him.

9. NATHANIEL SPENSER (2), styled of Renny (that small property being apparently all that now remained in the family), the only son of William, made his will 14th October, 1718, wherein he mentions three sons—Edmund, Nathaniel, and John, and a daughter Barbara. His wife's Christian name was Rosamond. He died in or about 1734; "and soon after this," says Mr. Hardiman, "the rest of the property passed away from the poet's name and family. The latter has long since become extinct."

10. SUSANNAH, or SUSAN, SPENSER, daughter of William. Of her nothing is known, except that she is mentioned in her brother's will.

11. EDMUND SPENSER (2), of Renny, eldest son of Nathaniel (2), married Ann, daughter of John Freeman, of Balinquil, in the county of Cork, Esq.

12. NATHANIEL SPENSER (3), second son of Nathaniel (2).

13. JOHN SPENSER, third son of Nathaniel (2).

14. BARBARA SPENSER, daughter of Nathaniel (2).

15. EDMUND SPENSER (3), called of Mallow, stated by Mr. Todd, from the information of Mr. Joseph Cooper Walker, to have been when he wrote (in 1805) yet remembered in Dublin as a lineal descendant of the poet. This is, no doubt, the same person who is mentioned by a writer in the 'Anthologia Hibernica,' in 1793, as having been resident a few years before at Mallow, and as having been "in possession of an original portrait of the poet, which he valued

so highly as to refuse 500*l.* which had been offered for it, with many curious records and papers concerning his venerable ancestor." We have no account, however, of the links of his ancestral descent. It is possible that he may be the same person already mentioned as Edmund Spenser (2).

16. MRS. BURNE, daughter of this Edmund Spenser of Mallow, married to Mr. Burne, who when Todd wrote filled, or had lately filled, some office in the English Custom-house. She, too, was said to have an original picture of the poet; but an inquiry after it was not attended with success.

17. MRS. SHERLOCK, of Cork, mentioned by Mr. Crofton Croker, on his own recollection, as residing in that city not more than six or seven years before he wrote (1824), who used frequently to boast of her descent from Spenser, "and," adds Mr. Croker, "I have been told possessed his picture, which she had more than once refused to dispose of, though by no means in affluent circumstances."

18. JOHN SPENSER (2), of Youghal. Mr. Mitford has printed at the end of his *Life of Spenser* a letter, dated from 7, Grove Terrace, York, 22nd July, 1839, and signed Robert Rouiere Pearce, in which it is asserted that the person who came over in the reign of King William to claim Spenser's estate (it should be the estate of Hugolin Spenser) was John Spenser, Esq., of Youghal; that this person not only raised a troop of horse at his own expense for King William, at the head of which he fell mortally wounded at the battle of the Boyne, but "lent his Protestant sovereign a considerable sum of money," "which," adds the writer, "as far as I know, has never been repaid;" that the fact of his death in the manner stated is recorded on a tablet in St. Mary's Collegiate Church, Youghal; and that a copy of his will still exists in the hands of the writer's mother, his descendant. It is quite certain that the claimant who came over to England after the Revolution was William Spenser, of Kilcolman; nor have we any evidence that this John Spenser of Youghal, if such a person existed, was any descendant of the poet. No known account or pedigree of the family contains such a name. Still Mr. Pearce may have some evidence in proof of his assertion which he has not produced.

19. MRS. DAY, asserted by Mr. R. R. Pearce to have been the daughter and heir of John Spenser (2), of Youghal.

20. THOMAS DAY, son of this Mrs. Day.

21. JOHN DAY, son of Thomas.

22. MRS. PEARCE, only daughter and surviving child of John Day.

23. ROBERT ROUIERE PEARCE, son of Mrs. Pearce.

To this list of names it may be added that Dr. Birch, writing in 1751, states that some of the descendants of Spenser were then remaining in the county of Cork. And, in a communication dated the 6th of June in the present year (1845), Mr. F. C. Spenser of Halifax informs us, that he has been for some time in correspondence with a direct female descendant of the poet in Ireland, through whose medium he is in possession of very important matter connected with his family.

In a subsequent communication Mr. Spenser states a few particulars respecting his own and the poet's Lancashire ancestors, in addition to those given in his paper published in the Gentleman's Magazine. The first of the Lancashire Spensers is Adam le Spenser of Hurstwood, who begins the pedigree about 1327, the first year of the reign of Edward III. But the same name, Adam del Spenser, is found in Cumberland (near Carlisle) in the reign of Edward II.; whence Mr. Spenser infers that the family had probably come to Lancashire from that quarter. With regard to the immediate ancestors of the poet, and of himself, Mr. Spenser says, "I have ascertained the very bench in the church of Burnley occupied by the family, and, I think, also their grave within the church. Although they are called *Yeomen* in the Church Register, I find them associated with the Townleys of Townley, and all the first gentry of the neighbourhood, in the parish business. The armorial bearings of the family are the same as Lord Spencer's and the Duke of Marlborough's, with the exception of three fleurs-de-lis on the bend, in place of three escallop shells, the former probably referring to services in the French wars of our Edwards." The property called *Spensers*, it seems, was disposed of by John Spenser, son of Edmund Spenser, in 1690.

The only person related to Spenser, before he had children of his own, of whom even the Christian name has hitherto been known, is his mother, and of her we know nothing more than that. The name of his father has not been discovered; nor has any of his biographers stated whether he had either sister or brother. It is certain, nevertheless, that, whatever may have been the fate of his own descendants, many of those of his father still exist, derived from a sister,

named Sarah, who probably accompanied the poet when he first went over to Ireland in 1580, and at any rate afterwards resided with him when he settled at Kilcolman. A full and very clear account of the descendants of Sarah Spenser and her husband will be found in the following extract of a communication with which we have been favoured by their representative, John Moore Travers, Esq., of Clifton, near Cork :—

“ The family of Travers were settled in the reign of Edward I. at Natesby, in Lancashire; which estate they held, in direct succession from father to son, till the reign of Philip and Mary; when it descended to Brian Travers; who sold it (or rather mortgaged it) to George Strickland; who sold it to a person of the name of Leyburne. This Brian Travers afterwards settled at Pill, in the neighbourhood of Bristol; having inherited the estate of Pill in right of his wife. He had a son named John Travers, who came to Ireland when Lord Grey de Wilton came over as Lord Lieutenant: and he was the first of the family of Travers that settled in Ireland. This John Travers married Sarah Spenser, the sister of Edmund Spenser, the poet; who granted to him as a marriage portion with his sister the Townlands of Ardenbane and Knocknacple, in Roche’s country, in the county of Cork; which was part of 3028 acres of land, part of the forfeited estate of the Earl of Desmond, granted by Queen Elizabeth to the said Edmund Spenser; in which grant Kilcolman Castle and Lake were comprised. There seems to have been some doubt as to the power of Edmund Spenser to convey away this land to Travers; and therefore he passed his bond to Travers for a sum of money, by way of guarantee of the title. These lands appear to have been held by the second son of John Travers; but they have not continued in his family. I know not in what way, or by whom, they were parted with; nor whether either the grant or the bond be in existence. But neither of them is in the possession of any of the family.

“ The above-named John Travers and Sarah Spenser, his wife, had two sons, viz., Robert Travers, the eldest, afterwards Sir Robert Travers, who married Elizabeth, the daughter of the Primate Boyle (ancestor of the Earls of Cork and Orrery and the Earls of Shannon), and was Judge Advocate in Ireland and Vicar-General of Cork. Sir Robert inherited and purchased several estates in the county of Cork, particularly in the baronies of Ibane and Barryroe, and his

principal seat, called Ballinamona, near Courtmacsherry, was situated in these baronies, the estates in which have ever since continued in his family, and are now in my possession, as the lineal descendant of Sir Robert. Sir Robert was killed at the battle of Knocknanness, in the county of Cork, in the rebellion of 1641.

"The second son of John Travers and Sarah Spenser was Zachary Travers. I do not know whom he married; however he left two sons, viz., Walter, who was the second Provost of Trinity College, Dublin (having succeeded Adam Loftus, who was the first Provost); and John, who, having the command of a troop of dragoons, under Lord Broghill, was killed in an ambushade, in the rebellion of Ireland, January, 1642. He left no issue; nor did the Provost, Walter, leave any. The estates of Zachary, which had descended to Walter, he devised to John Travers, the second son of Sir Robert Travers, who was his first cousin; and these estates, which were considerable, thus descended to John Travers of Garrycloyne, now residing at Birchhill, in the county of Cork.

"Sir Robert Travers left two sons, Richard and John; and two daughters—Margaret, who married Sir Richard Alworth, the ancestor of the present Lord Doneraile; and Elizabeth, who married Sir John Meade, the ancestor of the present Earl of Clanwilliam. Richard Travers, the eldest son of Sir Robert, who was my great-great-grandfather, married Ellen Stawell. The children of Sir Robert being very young when he was killed, many valuable documents and records of the family were lost, and the title-deeds only were preserved. Richard Travers had five sons. The eldest, Robert, married Hester Hodder; and had Boyle Travers, my grandfather, who married Anna-Maria Moore. Boyle Travers left two sons: John Moore Travers, who died without issue male; and Robert Travers, my father, to whom the estates in Ibane and Barryroc descended, with the family seat of Ballinamona, now in my possession. Robert Travers left three sons, viz.—myself; Boyle Travers, a General in her Majesty's service; and Thomas Otho Travers, a Captain in the service of the East India Company, who died July, 1844, at his seat of Leemount in the county of Cork."

We have to add that Mr. Travers's only child is the lady of Sir William St. Lawrence Clarke, of Gloucester Place, Portman Square, London.

In a subsequent letter Mr. Travers states that the impres-

sion on his mind is that John Travers and Spenser came to Ireland together; and that they were very probably related previously to the marriage of his ancestor with the poet's sister.*

* While the above notices are passing through the press, we find in an interesting article on "The Irish Rivers," in the *Dublin University Magazine* for October, 1845, an extract from a work called 'A Guide to the Blackwater,' by Mr. O'Flanagan, in which it is stated that "the last of the Spensers of whom we have an authentic account," lived at Renny, or Rinny, and had contracted an intimacy with his housekeeper, from which she inferred that he meant to marry her; and that this woman, who was also employed by her master as his barber, cut his throat while shaving him on the morning of the day on which he was to have been married to a lady in the neighbourhood. "In the small antique dwelling at Rinny," it is added, "is pointed out the room in which she did the deed." Was this Nathaniel Spenser, the 12th, or John Spenser, the 13th, in our list?

THE END.







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Spenser, and his poetry

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